McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI MARCH, 1906 No. 5

COMMERCIAL MACHIAVELLIANISM

BY

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SOME four hundred years ago there was living quietly in a little villa not far from the City of Florence, Italy, a man about forty-five years old, Niccolo Machiavelli by name. His serious occupation — followed at night after a day spent in superintending his estate and drinking wine with his rustic neighbors — was writing a treatise explaining how, in his judgment, the then existing government of Florence could bring that city back to a power and glory which it had lost. Signor Machiavelli was very well fitted for his task. He was not a scholar, in the strict sense of the term, but he was a man thoroughly familiar with his world. He knew its literature and its history. He was an able writer, perhaps the first prose writer Italy had ever produced. He was a man of large experience in politics, diplomacy, society. For fifteen years before taking to his little villa he had been the private secretary and confidential agent of that most powerful factor in the Florentine Republic — the Council of Ten, and in this position he had seen from the inside some of the most extraordinary events of the period. He had been with Cesare Borgia when that crafty general, having lured a large number of his enemies to a conference to discuss terms of peace, cut off their heads — for the good of his country! He had passed months at the court of Francis I, one of the greatest of French Mediaeval sovereigns, begging men and money to help Florence keep off her enemies. He had matched cunning with cunning; deceit with deceit; bullying with bullying; logic with logic in the leading diplomatic circles of Europe. He was a man of his world, too, always in the thick of the cleverest circle of his city, gossiping, carousing, agitating. He could run an enemy through with a sword, if need be; he could play the gallant with the best of them; he could turn a sonnet to suit the critical taste of his day; and he could write a pamphlet or a screed for the city gate as no other man in Florence. In short, Machiavelli was a versatile, brilliant, learned man of his times — but he was something more than most of such gentlemen, of whom Florence had many. He had a mind of extraordinary analytical power, a genius for construction, a warm devotion to his native city, and a patriotic passion for her glory.

Signor Machiavelli was altogether too young and too much in love with life and action to be spending his nights in writing a treatise on government if he could have helped himself. But he could not. He had lost his office by the overthrow of the Republic of Florence and the restoration of the old despotic power of the Medici. Machiavelli saw no chance for a restoration of the republic. But he believed he did see the way for an able Despot to make Florence all powerful in Italy. He decided to explain his views to the Medici. The world has always been divided as to why Machiavelli, a Republican and practically an exile because of his principles, should have attempted to teach a

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Despot how to make himself impregnable and his state glorious. There are those who say it was that he might be restored to place — and certainly Machiavelli, when he came to offer his treatise to the Medici, offered his services along with it, pleading that the work itself proved his fitness to serve a Despot,— which it certainly did; but there was a great deal more than a desire for a position in Machiavelli's mind. He loved his Florence — ardently, passionately desired her glory. He saw no chance for the success of a Republic. He believed a powerful and wise Despot could make a state glorious and it mattered little to him how Florence became a stable power if she only achieved the end, and so Machiavelli wrote his *Prince* — a work destined to become one of the few treatises which have crystallized a political theory into permanent form, a work that fits any age and will continue to fit any so long as human nature remains what it is.

And what was this theory that Signor Machiavelli worked out so well? So direct, so lucid, so comprehensive, and so frank is the *Prince* that a very brief analysis makes it clear. It opens with a definition of "the business of a Prince," which, says Machiavelli, "is to make his state great and to extend its borders." In Machiavelli's day the Prince so generally came into power by force or by adventurous brigandage that it was this class of rulers alone which he seriously considered in his treatise. Obviously the first requirement of a Prince who has secured power is an army, his chief art is the art of war. Even the prophets themselves stood or fell by their power to back up their teachings by force, Machiavelli claimed. Thus Moses succeeded because he had an army to back up his laws. Savonarola failed because "when the multitude ceased to have faith in him he was destitute of the means either to compel faith or to inspire confidence." It was a Mediaeval application of the more modern saying, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." But while Machiavelli places full stress on the necessity of making war in the most scientific and approved manner, he by no means limits his Prince's duties to raising and disciplining troops and to conducting aggressive campaigns. In his judgment there is another and no less important field of action for every Prince. It is that of secret intrigue and treachery, the place in which states are most surely undermined and destroyed. The chief weapons in this field are lying, treachery, cruelty; and Machiavelli calmly advises the use of each, always supporting his contention with ample historical illustrations.

Lying, in his opinion, is a sacred necessity. "A prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word," he says, "except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted his engagement still exist." Craftiness is to be cultivated sedulously. Indeed, Machiavelli impresses it upon his Prince that the fox is a worthy example to emulate. "As a Prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns, but the fox often wins when the lion would fail: I could give numerous proofs of this and those who have enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs."

Nor should he be afraid of cruelty. Like lying and treachery it is often necessary. In an army it is useful in helping keep troops in order. In governing a city it prevents uprisings.

These are hard practices and evidently make a man feared and hated. Machiavelli calls attention to this fact and argues it out logically: "It has sometimes been asked," he says, "whether it is better to be loved than feared, to which I answer that one should wish to be both, but that is a hard matter to be accomplished and I think if it is necessary to make a selection it is safer to be *feared* than to be loved. . . . Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to one who merely strives to be beloved; and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence."

As a general rule, Machiavelli lays it down that hatred is as easily incurred by good actions as by evil — and that when the strongest party is corrupt the Prince must comply with their disposition and content them. "He must renounce good or it will prove his ruin."

It is not a high notion of humanity that such doctrines as these presupposes. Machiavelli admits this frankly. Indeed, throughout his treatise he repeatedly claims that it is only possible to practice the methods he advises because men are generally so cowardly, so treacherous, and so selfish. For instance, in explaining the wisdom of not keeping promises he says, "I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part." And again in cautioning his Prince against having any pride in being considered just and good he says, "The manner in which men live is so different from that in which they ought to live, that he who deviates from the common course of practice and endeavors to act as duty dictates necessarily insures his own destruction. A Prince who wishes to maintain his power ought therefore to learn that he should not be always good."

It is thus by force, craft, and treachery, and by a wholesale application of the principle that every man has his price that the great Italian taught that power is to be secured. But this means enemies, for, whereas, a man beaten in an open contest waged according to the rules of war, may become a friend, he who has been stripped of his possessions by craft and treachery combined with force rarely, if ever, can be trusted.

How shall he deal with them? It is simple in Machiavelli's judgment. "Either make a man your friend or put it out of his power to be your enemy," he says. That is, take him into partnership or crush him. "He may revenge a slight injury, but a great one deprives him of his power to avenge. Hence the injury should be of such magnitude that the Prince shall have nothing to dread from his vengeance." That is, the only safe way to deal with a conquered enemy is to destroy him, and particularly is this true if that enemy has ever known freedom. Not only must you destroy all those you conquer, but under no circumstances should you help a rival power in any of its enterprises, even if those enterprises be quite foreign to those in which you are interested — nothing in which as far as you can foresee you ever will be interested, for the prince who contributes to the advancement of another power runs the risk of ruining his own. The rival may, through the help given him, so advance in power that it may one day ruin the Prince himself — that is, never help in any way anybody outside of your domain.

But while Machiavelli lays down forcibly and clearly the above rules as essential to securing and increasing worldly power, he repeatedly advises against the unguarded use of them. For instance, cruelty must always be "well applied" — that is, only exercised when it is absolutely necessary. Again, although a Prince must do evil when required to preserve and strengthen his domain, he must, above all, preserve an appearance of always doing good. "A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, *but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient.*

"I maintain that a Prince, and especially a new Prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may, from time to time, surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety; this last quality is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart."

These, briefly, are the famous principles of Machiavelli. In a word, it is the doctrine that the end justifies the means, that whatever is necessary in order to secure the glory of your country is right. Men should love their country more than their souls.

Machiavelli gave the *Prince* to the Florentine Despot, but he did not get his reward. Whether the treatise was too strong for the stomach of Lorenzo or not, we do not know. It was only after Machiavelli's death that the work was published, and no sooner was it out than a storm of indignation broke over it. Impious, infernal — no adjective was too strong to describe the popular judgment. The Republicans called him traitor because he sought to teach a tyrant how to become impregnable. The Despots hated him because he showed their hand. The church, outraged by his frank accounts of the discrepancies between her practices and principles, put the Prince under its ban and burnt Machiavelli in effigy. And yet Machiavelli had not invented Machiavellianism. He simply described as clearly and succinctly as he could the methods which his observation and study had taught him to be the most successful in ruling Italian cities. He had considered not at all the morality of methods — no despot who won glory did that. He had considered not at all that a man might lose his soul, might drive other men to destroy their souls, by these practices. The glory of the state — that in Machiavelli's mind was the end of all political action. If it cost men their souls why still the glory of the state justified the price. Italy had taught him this, yet Italy, when she saw her own theory stated in black and white, turned on the man who had analyzed her so plainly, and called him traitor. The world took up the cry and from that day to this has characterized the theory that the end justifies the means with the opprobrious title of Machiavellian. It has made an adjective of reproach of the great Florentine's name, as if he had let loose the evils inherent in the theory which bears his name. As a matter of fact, all that Machiavelli did was to work out the formula for worldly success followed by the ablest rulers of his own time. His crime in the eyes of Florence was that he revealed the formula.

But though the world repudiated the Machiavellian theory as soon as it saw the light, it by no means abandoned it. Again and again since the *Prince* first was written, four hundred years ago, its principles have been in as active operation as in the age of despots. Again and again those who hated and feared the theory have risen to overthrow it. What was the Reformation in essence but a revolt against Machiavellianism in the church. What was the French Revolution? Every age, indeed, has seen this theory intrude itself in Church or State, and has seen an attack upon it. Every country has had repeated struggles with it, so has every institution; indeed, so does every individual who aspires.

There has always been a trace of Machiavellianism in American life, but never in the history of our country has the formula been applied and openly defended, until the last two decades. To-day, however, one could easily reconstruct out of the mouths of our captains of industry a modern edition of the *Prince* which would serve quite as well as a text-book for the aspirant to financial power as the Prince of Machiavelli would have served Lorenzo Medici if he had had the brains, the daring, and the dexterity to apply it. The object of this modern treatise, like that of the Mediaeval one, would be to instruct in the art of acquiring and extending power; but while four hundred years ago it was acquiring power in order to make a state rich and glorious, to-day it is acquiring power in order to make oneself rich and glorious. Four hundred years ago it was a state which the Prince aspired to control, to-day it is a great business — a natural product like iron or coal or oil, a great food product like beef, a great interstate transportation line like the railroad, a great deposit for the savings of the poor like a life insurance company. These are the Kingdoms for which the modern man sighs. They do not come to him as an inheritance any more than in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Italian cities came to Despots by inheritance. They come by force, and to-day, as in Machiavelli's time, the chief art of the would-be captain of industry is war, the end of which is to acquire that which other men now control. It matters not at all that the man who owns the enterprise desired to extend the captain's power may have been a pioneer in the industry, may have been one of the first in the country to make sugar, or produce oil, raise cattle, or ice cars; it matters very little that he has developed his own markets, invented his own processes and machines; his property is wanted and he cannot be allowed to live free any more than in Machiavelli's judgment Cesare Borgia should have allowed the Italian princes whose domain skirted his and who were weaker than he to live free. Business is war then, not a peaceful pursuit.

And this commercial warfare has been developed by our modern captains to a science as perfect as the militarism of the nations. Its tactics are as admirable, its plans of campaign as clear and able. You want to control beef, for instance — an excellent kingdom to master, so steady and sure are its resources in a prosperous land. But how can you do it? It is an industry as old as the nation. It has been built up and is owned and managed by ten thousand cattlemen on a thousand hills and plains, by hundreds upon hundreds of dealers in the numberless cities and villages and country-sides of the land, by scores upon scores of railroads and steamship lines which compete to carry its products. Where is the central position which, controlled, will bring them all, cattle-raiser, transporter, marketman, under your direction or, if you prefer, drive them from the industry? Any modern captain will tell you it is in transportation. If you can, by any means, so control the railroads and steamships which ship the cattle first and the dressed meat later as to obtain better rates than anybody else, you can control ranchmen and dealers. For if you can ship what you buy cheaper than your competitors, you can afford to sell cheaper. The world buys where it can buy cheapest. In time the world's market is yours and when it is yours you can pay the ranchman your own price for cattle. There is nobody to offer him another. You can make your own rate for the transportation; you are the only shipper. You can demand of the consumer the highest price. There is nobody to offer him one lower.

Secure the special favor of the railroad then and the rest will be easy, as it is in all great military campaigns where the key to the position has been found and where all resources have been concentrated on its capture. And this favor secured, go after the dealer. If you are a courageous and plausible person, tell him frankly that his business belongs to you, and he had better sell at once. But he does not wish to sell. He has queer ideas about the business being his. He stands on what he calls his rights and a fight is as inevitable as it was in Machiavelli's time when some little Italian town accustomed to governing itself refused to turn over its keys to a big neighbor. And it is beautifully clear from the revelations of our captains of industry during the last thirty years of investigation on what plans the fight will be fought. Cut off his supply of meat. If he has none he sells none. But cattlemen cannot be prevented from selling. No, but if it costs the obstinate dealer more to get that meat to his market than it does you to get it to yours, he cannot sell at the price at which you sell. And here enters the railroad rebate — the modern battering-ram for crushing those who fight to save their own. Crushing them by preventing them getting the supply on which they feed at livable rates of transportation. We all understand it. For nearly forty years we have had it illustrated constantly before our eyes. Recently we have had it *ad nauseam*. Small dealers in oil and coal, and lumber and salt, and a hundred other things forced into combination, into bankruptcy, or into new lines of business — because they could not get a rate which enabled them to ship; the big shipper forcing the discrimination until his rival succumbed like a wall weakened by incessant battering.

But the besieging captain of to-day has other weapons than his formidable special rate. Have you ever watched, month after month, an attack on a recalcitrant business by some great leader? It is quite as interesting in its way as the study of the siege of Toulon, of Vicksburg, or of Port Arthur. Mines are run under the man's credit and exploded at the moment when they will cause the most confusion, abatis are constructed around his markets until whenever he would enter them he falls into entanglements which mean retreat or death, a system of incessant, deft sharp-shooting is kept up, picking off a bit of raw product here, delaying a car-load there; securing the countermand of an order at this point, bullying or wheedling into underselling at that, trumping up lawsuits, securing vexatious laws. For fertility of invention in harassing manœuvers I recommend the campaign of a modern captain of industry as far superior to the annoyances of the famous guerrila warfare of the Spaniards.

Now we will all admit that under the competitive system, in a sense, business is war; that is, men are each rightfully seeking to make his own venture as big and as powerful as his ability and energy permit, but in all war, even that of four hundred years ago, there are rules. Compare the use of the ancient battering-ram with the use of the modern one — the rebate. The former was recognized as a legitimate instrument, and the latter has always been declared illegitimate. That is, when an Italian Despot sallied forth to knock down the walls of a city he wanted to add to his domain he used an instrument which the laws allowed — but our modern captain uses as his principal weapon of conquest an instrument forbidden by all the laws of the game. As far as weapons of war are concerned, he really goes the Italian Despot one better. Not only that; he equals him easily in those practices which have always been supposed to be an Italian specialty, and which, as has already been pointed out, form the backbone of Machiavellianism as it is developed in the *Prince*. Consider the parallel. Our modern captain, like our mediaeval tyrant, must be prepared for cruelty. If he cannot win over a man and make him a convert to his scheme; or if he does not want him in his aggregation — he must put it out of his power to be his enemy — that is, he must crush him. Machiavelli suavely advises to do him an injury of such magnitude that the Prince shall have nothing to dread from his rival's vengeance. This will make you feared, of course, but the consoling observation Machiavelli offers to those who may gulp a bit at wholesale slaughter is that it is safer to be feared than loved. What is to-day half the power of a half-dozen of our leading captains of industry? It is that they are *feared* by thousands of men. What is it that drives many a railroad president to grant rebates — a crime in the eyes of the law for which he knows that if the government does its duty he will be fined and imprisoned? Fear of a warfare on his freight, his bonds, his stocks. Why do so many men with righteous causes of complaint throw up their hands at the approach of the captain of their particular industry? Because they know that resistance almost inevitably has ended in failure. Every one who knows Wall Street — the railroad business, the copper-steel, oil, beef business — knows that half the popular stock in trade of the leaders is that they have intelligently and persistently cultivated Machiavelli's counsel that it is safer to be feared than loved.

It is not only cruelty which is necessary in modern businesses. It is lying. Follow the testimony in the great insurance investigations of the past fall and compare it with the investigations of other years, and perjury sticks out at every corner, perjury so obvious in many cases that it is laughable. Follow the testimony of the leader of the great oil trust — that of many railroad men. When it is necessary they lie. No Borgia or Medici ever followed more wisely and carefully than our captains Machiavelli's great rule — "A prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word except when he can do it without injury to himself."

But while the Machiavellian rule that a Prince should do evil or good according as the one or other serves his interests can be shown by a multitude of documents to be followed faithfully and intelligently by the modern captain of industry, he is no less scrupulous in obeying Machiavelli's injunction not to do evil unnecessarily, that is to do it only when it is necessary to attain the end. Our modern captains of industry rarely lie or break the laws, bribe or practice cruelty, save for the sake of the end; that is they do not do these things for the sake of doing them as a Caligula or a Nero would have done. They do them for the good of the business. Listen to one of our railroad officials who, recently on the stand, testified to granting a rebate. "We knew it was illegal but it was the only way we could get our share of the business;" that is, the law is less important than the share of business.

In one great concern where for nearly forty years there is an unbroken record of law-breaking and of spying and of hard dealings, the repeated explanation has been that it was for the good of the business. Not long ago a Western Senator of the United States was found guilty of stealing public lands. A former colleague openly justified him on the ground that by this robbery the land had been opened up more quickly than it otherwise would have been. Wherever a case comes to the surface it is promptly justified as necessary to keep up the dividends, expand trade, meet competition, get your share of the business, stimulate commerce. That is, in the minds of our commercial leaders the end justifies the means as much as it ever did in the mind of Cesare Borgia, the monks of the Spanish Inquisition, of Napoleon Bonaparte, or of Count Metternich.

Probably at no period of the world's history where the Machiavellian formula has been the chief working one of a great social institution has its crowning principle — to give the whole fabric the color of charity — been so universally practised as it is to-day by our captains of industry. Cesare Borgia, Machiavelli's great model and that incredible villain, his father, Pope Alexander VI, troubled themselves precious little about screening their deeds with clemency and charity — their failure to do so was a chief cause of their final failure. Machiavelli realized this and it was his reason for repeatedly putting emphasis on the necessity of posing as a saint, however great a devil you may be. To-day there is hardly to be found in American industry a leader, however Machiavellian in practice, who does not seek to justify himself in the eyes of the public by some form of benefit to society. He may cultivate the arts, he may establish lectureships, he may endow colleges, he may build hospitals, but whoever he is — however truly a commercial brigand he is, he follows Machiavelli in appearing a social benefactor. It is instinct with him primarily — not calculation. There are few men, whatever their practices, who do not instinctively desire to be called honorable and generous, and to be considered gentlemen. The world has so advanced since Machiavelli's days, too, that few men are so unconscious of the social obligations that they do not try to square themselves with God and man for what they take contrary to the legal or the moral code. But what may be instinct at first inevitably becomes a calculation as they grow in brigandage. They see it pays to be known as public benefactors. That such a reputation will keep the public silent longer than any other. That a great gift may often head off a legislative investigation. It is an application of Napoleon's wisdom: When the people are restive, "gild a dome," that is, give them something new to see and talk about, distract their attention; that done, their sense of injustice is soon asleep.

Now this parallel between our modern industrial code and that of the *Prince* is not a mere fanciful one. It is a legitimate historical parallel easily reinforced by a multitude of documents as every one must admit who knows the industrial records of the United States for the last forty years. Commercial Machiavellianism is the accepted industrial formula. It is not only accepted and defended as necessary to our national prosperity and our happiness by those who practice it and profit by it, but the Nation, as a whole, winks at it. How often do we hear from the lips of eminently respectable citizens the words: "Business is business"? How often in justification of lying, "Everybody lies"? How often in defense of bribery the words of the Missouri judge, "Bribery at worst is merely a conventional crime"? How often the words of Tim Campbell of New York, "What 's the Constitution between friends"? That is, the public as a whole is coming to admit Machiavellianism as a business necessity and to justify it by the end.

Now looked at a little more closely, what is the business end our captains of industry seek? It certainly is not — never has been — except in rare cases, the mere accumulation of private wealth, the mere winning of personal power. These men who control the industrial world to-day are, as a rule, men of great imagination — men who have looked over a vast field of scattered forces and seen how they might bring them into harmony and direct them to definite ends, how in thus combining and organizing they might not only build in their own land one great and splendid industry in the place of the thousands of little ones now doing the work, but they might extend this great creation into foreign lands, thus enlarging American empire, piling up American power, enriching the American people. Our captains of industry are poets in their ways — poets who rhyme in steel and iron and coal, whose verses are great ships and railways and factories and shops. They create that the world may have more food and light and shelter and joy. They create for the joy of it — for the sake of feeling themselves grow, for the sake of doing for those they love. This, to a degree, is the vision of them all. These are noble ends, but they can only be kept so by noble means. Yet, almost immediately comes the realization that this dream of universal empire cannot be reached by the means which human law and justice prescribe. What of it? The man, hot with his vision, sees his end as greater than truth, than righteousness, than justice. He gradually, and perhaps unconsciously at first, works out a modern version of the half-pagan formula of Machiavelli to apply to a modern and Christian situation, and the world, dazzled by the magnificence of his achievement, justifies him as he does himself.

Now, is he right? Are we right? Is the Machiavellian system to-day so firmly implanted justified by its results as we see them to-day? What are the results? Take the material ones. Is there a great monopolistic trust in existence to-day which has carried out its avowed purpose of better and cheaper products, because of combination? In my judgment not one. The whole history of the trust aiming at monopoly has been that it never gave a pound of beef or a gallon of oil of any better quality or cheaper price than it is forced to do by competition. And why should we expect it to? Suppose that a trust builder started out honestly, fired by the vision of a world-wide machine — a benefit to man and a glory to his nation — and to accomplish this end he breaks laws, crushes rivals, lies, is cruel, treacherous, unscrupulous. How long will his vision resist his evil doing? Let us who have seen our visions fade by the hardening of our hearts answer. The ultimate end of public good, which let us grant that the man may have had at the start, is killed by the wrong doing necessary to secure his end. A selfish greed of power and gold replaces it. It cannot be otherwise. The ideal must deteriorate if the means used to realize it are vicious. Look at the history of the Life Insurance Companies as revealed recently. The men at their heads have wrought their own ruin by deliberately doing evil — doing evil because of their unbridled, increasing greed. Yet, no doubt, the day was when many of the men foremost in these scandals were fired by the nobility and the sacredness of their business, and looked with pride and exultation on the amount of the return they could by careful and devoted management, make to the thousands upon thousands of the poor who saved and denied themselves and struggled to provide for dependant wife or child. And yet these men came to struggle to secure for themselves and their families and friends the bulk of all the earnings coming from the money of those who had trusted them. Never, indeed, have we had a more perfect examples of the ultimate result of the Machiavellian formula — and that is the moral downfall of the man who practices it.

But the formula not only ruins the men who practice it — what does it do for the great body of young men who, as employes of a great corportaion, must, of necessity, know the meaning of the practices? Take the matter of bribing clerks in railroad freight offices to turn over information concerning the shipments of rival concerns. In at least one great trust this practice is so extensive as to have become a matter of elaborate bookkeeping. No clerk can be so stupid as not to know he is doing a wrong and harmful act when he betrays private information. He knows the money paid him for the information is a bribe. Yet the money comes from a great and powerful corporation. Even if he wants to refuse it he dares not lest he lose his position. His honor is sullied — his manhood shaken — his soul corrupted. There can be no estimation of the corruption of manliness which this practice alone has caused. There can be no condemnation too bitter of the men who have devised the system. They are corrupters of youth.

Think again of what must be the effect on a great body of young men employed by a trust, when they know their president has lied deliberately on the witness stand, has lied for the good of the business. There are plenty of such cases revealed in our commercial investigations. The young man loyal to his employer and yet trained to honor the truth must almost inevitably come to the conclusion that lying is one of the necessary implements in successful business — and as time goes on he probably will conclude that it is all right if it will aid in getting you anything you want. If the good of the business justifies lying, it justifies all other things — law-breaking, cruelty, treachery; unconsciously the young man besomes a Machiavellian in his theory of the relation of honor to business.

Not only does he come to defend these practices to himself; he soon will be adept in defending them to others. Let us suppose that the private secretary of some great captain of industry of to-day — a man who, for the good of the business, has found it necessary to put into practice the methods we have been considering — suppose this man's confidential secretary to be a man of keen and analytical mind, of clear power of expression, of an ardent enthusiasm for business, loving the particular industry whose captain he serves as Machiavelli loved Florence; ambitious to see it all-powerful as Machiavelli was ambitious to see his beautiful Florence powerful; and let it come to a point in his career, as it came in Machiavelli's when he was about forty-five years old, that his industry, after the loss of its first powerful head, retrogrades from a first to a second or a third place in the order of business industries — that it is in danger of falling still lower. The secretary sees the reason — the new management has loosened its grip. It no longer fights for the privileges the law forbids — no longer tracks its competitors in secret and in secret undermines them, no longer bribes or lies. Can you not imagine this secretary reared to believe that these things are essential in business and that business success is a paramount duty; can you not imagine him sitting down to frame for the guidance of those who, in his judgment, are ruining the business — the code which alone in his experience and judgment can make a business great? That is, our young men the country over are not only learning the essentials of commercial Machiavellianism and accepting them, but they are becoming their defenders. And when they reach this point clear thinking and unselfish actions will be as impossible to them as recent revelations show that they have become to an appalling number of our financial leaders. They are men lost to society — men lost to the state. There is but one name for this and that is treason. Indeed, I doubt if this trust question has a more serious phase than this corrupting of the minds and the hearts of youths.

But this Machiavellian formula affects more than our industrial life to-day. It is, to an alarming degree, the working formula of our political parties. It has reduced at least one great sport to a degradation which is a national scandal. It crops out in every art and profession. It has invaded even the field whose teachings are most fundamentally antagonistic to it — the field of the Christian religion. What are the scandals of our political life but the gross application of the great Italian's principles. We buy votes that our party may succeed. It is illegal, it is corrupt; but the success of the party is a higher law, to which we must sacrifice our common creed of morals. We stuff ballot boxes, run in repeaters, vote in blocks of five, juggle the returns, all for the glory of the party. We take the funds of corporations whose only object we know to be to provide a future protection and favor for themselves, we do it though it is in many places contrary to law, and everywhere contrary to sound morals. We tolerate, even support, in their aspirations unspeakable politicians like Addicks of Delaware, Depew of New York, Quay of Pennsylvania. The good of the party requires it. If by any chance scandals occur, bribery is too flagrant, the alliance between the Campaign Committee and the Corporations too obvious, the activities of the politicians too pernicious, we do our best not to force out the truth that we may correct the wrongs; we cover them with plausible explanations, condone them with scriptural quotations on the sin of judging our fellow man — as if the whole basis of government by the people was not judging him — protect them with the pious challenge "let him who is without sin cast the first stone," silence all critics by a bluster of righteous indignation as to the impossibility of people whose aims and words are so noble doing these vile things. It is the Machiavellian game of affirming you are virtuous whatever your practices. It is a great game, and, well played, it works a long time.

But it is impossible in a nation where business and politics are the two absorbing interests that the dominating creed of those interests should not influence all departments of life. It is inevitable that our art and our literature should not escape the Machiavellian hand which rules us. We see it in the overweening respect that we have for the "best-sellers" among books, the big prices of the artists. Quantity and price, not the integrity, sincerity, and freshness of the product, are unquestionable, powerful motives in artistic life to-day.

Most deplorable of all is the influence these doctrines have on the Church. In a poem published not long ago in a leading religious journal this line is found, "The Union right or *wrong*, still this will be my song." It is nothing but a new version of the Middle Age theory that for the glory of a country a man should be willing to sell his soul. And could anything be more brutally Machiavellian than the arguments recently brought to bear upon one great captain of industry by certain of those who were trying to induce him to contribute to foreign missions, that quite apart from the persons converted the mere commercial result of missionary effort to our land is worth a thousandfold every year of what is spent on missions!

It is this threatening saturation of all our activeties with commercial Machiavellianism which is the most alarming phase of American life to-day Unless it is checked it means a general demoralization of the sense of fair play, a general lowering of our intellectual honesty. Our indifference to it up to this point has, perhaps, been natural enough. The nation, as a whole, has been dazzled by its material success. There is no one of us with blood in his veins, with the love of great games and great fights in his heart, that is not stirred by the sight of growth, of expansion, of the piling up of wealth and power. These mammoth enterprises of ours, extending around the earth, fill us with exultant pride. We are an achieving people, we say. We recall, too, that these great material successes mean other things. They mean endowments for our colleges, buildings and equipment for our hospitals, fresh funds for our missions, parks in our cities, pictures in our museum. It is, perhaps, natural that in our pride at the magnificence of our results we should overlook the integrity of the means by which they are achieved, should fail to ask ourselves whether clear thinking, honest living, aspiring ideals, unselfish devotion to unselfish ends were growing as fast as endowments and buildings. It is certainly easy enough for any one to persuade himself for a time at least that material growth is its own justification, particularly when that success contributes to one's pet enterprises. At all events for many years warnings against the corruption inherent in our illegal and immoral business practices have been received by the majority of those to whom our public morals are entrusted with silence or apology. "Judge not lest ye be judged," "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," they tell us. Can there be greater blasphemy than to apply these noble Christian counsels to men convicted repeatedly of betraying their trusts, of perjuring themselves for business sake, of breaking and evading laws for greed. Even the continued revelations of these practices and the awful results in destroying character which are and have been coming to us daily this Fall have not been sufficient to disturb the complacency of many a smooth-tongued teacher. We still hear "wait — judge not lest ye be judged" uttered by eminent mouths as proof after proof is laid before us of the ruin of character which has been wrought by our long indifference to how a man made his money if he only made it and gave it to the church or college or city. This is no advocacy of hasty condemnation. To accuse without proof is a crime, but to excuse when you have proof is likewise a crime.

The issue is coming to be too distinct to evade. We must either declare for or against the Machiavellian theory. I am told that it is useless to trouble ourselves, that it will right itself. And that is true. It will right itself in the long run. We all of us may accept, root and branch, the Machiavellian theory, accept it, practice it in our business, in our homes, in society. We may make this country as truly Machiavellian as was the Age of Despots, but that will not defeat the ultimate triumph of eternal justice. The Good is the stronger principle. It finally prevails. All that we can do is temporarily to accelerate or to delay the stream of righteousness. We can help make our age Machiavellian, but all of the men of the earth combined cannot entrench that theory so firmly that a future age will not destroy our work. We cannot build so gloriously with it that a future age will not condemn us as we do the Despots of Italy. The question is whether we are going to throw our weight for or against the present system — whether we are going as a nation to tolerate it and let the future overthrow it, or whether we are going to try to take care of it ourselves.

There are many signs that we are choosing to do our own house-cleaning, that we have no intention of going down to history along with Cesare Borgia and Alexander VI, the Monks of the Inquisition and Count Metternich; that we are recognizing frankly that commercial Machiavellianism is our great present-day problem.

And if so, what is there to do about it? The first and most effective work is to air the formula, drag it out into the light, put it down in black and white, state it exactly as it is and as our captains practice it. How many of the very men who practice the Machiavellian formula would be willing to stand by it in the open if it were put to them in its bald truth? How many of them would openly put their names to the following creed?

"Success is the paramount duty. It can be attained in the highest degree only by force. At times it requires violence, cruelty, falsehood, perjury, treachery. Do not hesitate at these practices, only be sure they are necessary for the good of the business and be very careful to insist upon them always as wise and kind and that they work together for the greatest good of the greatest number." We all know that there is scarcely one of them so hardened that he would not pale at the thought of signing that creed and yet it is constructed substantially out of their own words as spoken at one time or another on the witness-stand.

The truth is the Machiavellian formula carries its own death potion with it. It cannot stand the light. It is only strong when it is out of sight — when it is unuttered. To-day, as four hundred years ago, state it bluntly and men disown it. Why was Machiavelli repudiated by Italy as soon as the *Prince* was published? Why has his name remained to this day in all nations an adjective of reproach? Because he set forth uncondemned a system which demands that men sell their souls for worldly glory. And never in any age, blind and hard and temporizing as men may have been, have they been willing to admit aloud that it pays to buy wealth or power or glory at the cost of the soul. They are willing to practice the formula so long as they can avoid hearing it;

those who profited by their success have been willing to support them so long as they could deaden their intellects by repeating "judge not lest ye be judged," but when it came to defending the Machiavellian creed aloud, they dared not do it. And herein lies our safety. The truth, nothing but the truth, ugly and cruel and relentless as it may be, is the cure for commercial Machiavellianism.

THE CROCUS

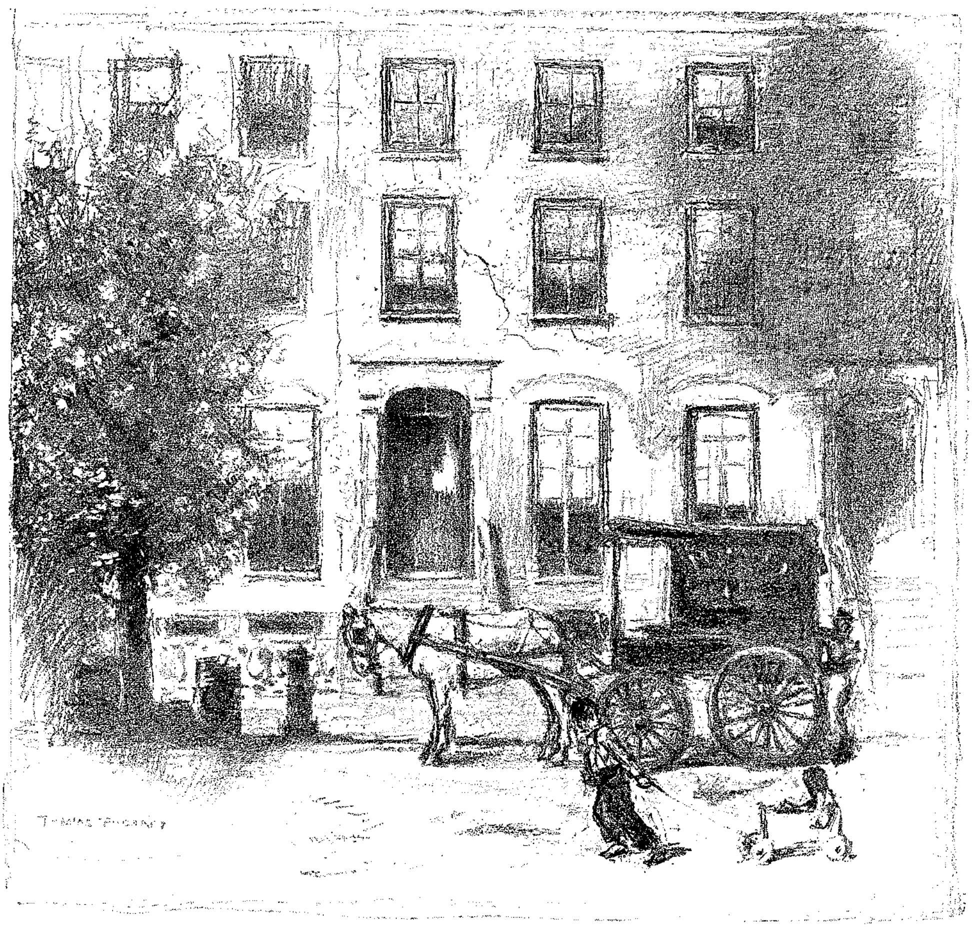
BY

HERBERT TRENCH

ON mountains the crocus
Ere hollows be clear
In the bed of the snowdrift
Will rise and appear;
Aloft the pure crocus
Born under the snow
In the sun is left trembling,
All bare to his glow,
Like the heart of the woman who listens
to love in the forests below:

'O light-born, how oft
Shall I drink in, like wine,
Thy body cloud-soft
Earth's marvel, yet mine?
How oft shall I dare
Unabsolvéd by death
In the flood of thy hair
And the flame of thy breath?
From the incense-boat Sun hast thou wandered,
a dream from a time beyond death?'

And she yearns to respond
To that strain out of reach,
To the glowing and subtle
Stream-spirit of speech;
But she weeps, — ah, too childish
For love is the span
Of the half-bestrung lyre
Of the language of man;
So she breathes the sun-song of the crocus, —
reveal it, repeat it, who can!



THE EXILES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

AUTHOR OF "IN LOVERS' MEETING," "THE STEADY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE street was a narrow lane of asphalt between two walls of brownstone house-fronts; and these two walls were so exactly alike that each seemed to be staring, with all its shutterless windows, across the roadway at the other, in the dumb amazement of a man meeting his double. Both were ruled lengthwise in the same four rows of windows. Each window was like all its fellows. All were arranged as regularly in line as the inch-marks on a yardstick; and at every third window in the lowest row, a house was marked off — as if it were a foot on the rule — by the projection of a brownstone stoop, from which a flight of steps led down to the sidewalk.

It had once been a street of homes; and, in its prosperous days, its stiff monotony must have realized the ideal of the lives that were lived there then according to the strictest conventions of respectability. But now it had fallen into shabbiness and disrepair, and its set, methodical air seemed only proper to such a street of boarding-houses where the conduct of life was chiefly an affair of subdividing identical days into sleeping, waking, and eating, joylessly, by the clock.

It was to this street that the dining-room maid in Mrs. Henry's boarding-house had to look for entertainment whenever she was tired of her round of cooking, serving, and washing-up. She was an Irish girl; and her name was Annie Freel; and her cheeks were still as fresh as pinks from the breezes of Donegal. She had the physique of a milkmaid and a rustic gracefulness of good health that was almost beautiful by contrast with the background of Mrs. Henry's faded dining-room — a background of rusty steel engravings in tarnished gilt frames, hung on a yellowed wall-paper that made the whole room look as if the innumerable meals that had been served there had given it the complexion of a dyspeptic.

She was sitting beside the grated basement window, peeling potatoes into a dish-pan, but she kept an eye on the "area" and the street; and whenever the wheels of a wagon sounded on the pavement, she stopped her work to watch it pass behind the fat, stone spindles of the area balustrade. The thermometer on the window frame marked 92°, and her face was wet. There were heat rings under her eyes; and her eyebrows were drawn in a frown that made no wrinkle on a forehead that had never been broken to worry. Whenever she looked away from the window, she glanced anxiously at the clock; it marked a quarter past eleven, and the groceries had not come.

She let her hand fall idle into the cool water of the pan, and stared at the dust floating in the sunlight.

The cook called hoarsely from the kitchen: "Annie!"

She started. "Yis?"

"What 're ye at?"

"Peelin' pitaties."

"What 's makin' ye so noisy?"

Annie looked down at her hands without answering.

"Why don't ye sing no more these days?" The voice was querulous.

Annie poised a potato to her knife and blushed to the tops of her ears. "It 's too warrm," she said.

A pan banged in the kitchen. "Warrm, d' ye call it? I call it drippin' danged hot!"

The girl did not reply; and the cook, after grumbling to herself for a while, resigned herself to a stifled silence.

A delivery wagon came clattering up the street, swung into the gutter, and pulled up with a jerk; and Annie dropped her potato and watched eagerly. When she saw a strange man climb down the wheel, she put her dish-pan on the deep window-sill and stood back from the light to regard him with a look of distress. He bustled down into the area and threw all his weight on a tug at the bell.

"Glory be!" the cook cried to her. "What 's that?"

She did not answer. She went to the door and took the basket without raising her eyes from it.

"The grocery man!" the cook greeted her in the kitchen. "Does he want to pluck the bell out be the root! That 's not Jawn?"

Annie shook her head. "No," she said vacantly, and turned to empty the basket on the serving table.

The cook studied a moment on the tone of that "No;" and then, taking up the chopper, she attacked the meat in the wooden chopping-bowl with vicious blows. She had the arm of a butcher — short but powerful — and a body of the same build; her hair was a greasy grey; her face was the flat-nosed type of slant-jawed Irish, that is so pathetically like an ape's.

Annie went out with the empty basket, but this time she met the man's eyes with a look of inquiry that held him until she could ask: "Where 's Mister Boland now?"

He grinned. "Jack? Oh, he 's quit. He 's got married. I don't know where he is."

She released her hold of the basket, her face as blank as a bewildered child's.

"Jack 'd sooner marry than work," he laughed. He added over his shoulder as he went, "Hot, ain't it?"

She shut the basement door, and stood for a long time with her fingers in the iron lattice, gazing out at the area with set eyes. When she turned back to the dining-room, she groped her way blindly through the dark hall. And when she sat down to her work again, her hands went about it mechanically under the fixed mask of her face.

"Is 't the heat that 's worryin' ye?" the cook asked at their luncheon. "Sure I know it is," she persisted, at the girl's listless denial. "It 's bad weather fer young blood.

Me own ould skull 's splittin' like the shell of a hard-boiled egg. Phew! Go in an' lay yersilf down, that 's a good child. It 's out 'n the fields y' ought to be, stackin' hay, 'stid of stewin' in a kitchen here. Go on, Annie, gurl, an' rest yersilf."

Annie went. In the little bedroom that opened off the kitchen, she stretched herself flat on her back and lay stiff. The pillow was hot to her head. She put her cold hand on her burning forehead, and her eyes settled in a wild stare on a picture of Christ that was tacked on the wall at the foot of the bed, with the heart in the open breast flaming red in a yellow aureole.

The cook muttered over her work: "Please God 't will let up a bit t' night . . . What 's happened that boy Jawn, I wonder. The young thief! She 's been lookin' fer 'm fer a week past. . . . Phew, but it 's hot! . . . If he 's playin' games with her, I 'll break his back."

The city baked its bricks and stones in a scorching sunlight all the afternoon, till the streets were as hot and dry as a kiln. Then with the slanting of the sun, a mist as warm as steam began to gather in from the Bay; the faint breeze that had been fluttering along on the housetops feebly, fell among the chimneys; the plumes of steam rose from the elevator buildings straight in the still air. The thick dusk closed down smothering all.

Annie came white from her room. She blundered from pan to pan in the fat-smoke of the kitchen, helping the cook. Dazed and stupid, in the glare of the dining-room, she served greasy food to the tables and poured ice-water in a dream. Swaying over the pan of steaming dishes — at the sink where the roaches gathered to the sound of trickling water — she washed a thousand glasses, cups and saucers, plates and spoons, knives, forks, pans and pots, deaf to the kindly garrulity of the cook who helped her. When it was done, she went back to her bed again. "Ah, go away, Mary," she said wearily. "Go away an' let be."

Mary took the kitchen rocking-chair and carried it out resolutely to the area. "As sure 's my name 's Mary McShane," she promised herself, "I 'll break the back o' that boy, Jawn! Here 's Saturda' night, an' no sight of 'm since this day week. Let 'm come now. Let 'm come. I 'll give 'm a piece o' me mind." And she sat down with her arms crossed to wait for him.

There was a fluttering of white skirts here and there on the porches across the road, where some boarders were sitting out; men dragged past with their straw hats in their hands and their coats on their arms; the clang of trolley gongs and the iron hum of trains on the elevated railroad came to her drowsily. She relaxed to an easier posture and began to fan herself with her apron as she rocked. Both motions ceased together. She closed her eyes.

She was awakened by an insistent "I say, cook! Cook!" and started up to see the young man whom she knew as "Mr. Beatty of the top-floor rear," leaning over her. He said: "What 's wrong with Annie?"

"Annie?" she gasped, wide awake. "Saints in Hiven —— "

"Oh, it 's nothing," he laughed. "She seemed to be acting rather strangely. Anything wrong?"

She put her hands up to rub her eyes in a pretense of sleepiness. "Ye scart the heart out o' me," she evaded him. "I was dreamin'."

He waited.

"Annie?" she said. "Sure, she 's worried, poor gurl, be the heat. She 's not well. She 's not well, at all."

"Well," he replied, "she seemed cool enough just now. She went out in a heavy jacket. . . . She asked me to answer the door bell for her. I was sitting on the steps there, having a smoke."

"Gone out? Gone out, is she? Ay, indeed, thin!" She settled back in her chair. "She must 've gone out to meet that Jawn of hers. To be sure! That 's it, to be sure. I thought 'twas sick she was. How 're ye standin' the heat yersilf?"

Her voice was transparent, sly. He sat down on the window sill, amused. "Not so bad. But this is hotter than Ireland, cook."

"Ireland?" She made an exaggerated gesture of despair. "Ireland!" She folded her hands in an eloquent resignation. "I was just dreamin' I was back to it. Aw, dear, dear! Will I never ferget it?"

He laughed. He asked in a bantering tone: "Would you like to go back?"

"Me?" she cried sharply. "Sure, what fer? What 's to go back to? Naw, naw. Whin ye 're ould there 's no goin' back to the young days — excipt while ye sleep. An' it 's the sorry wakin' ye have."

"That 's true," he said, to humor her.

"It is," she replied, unmollified, "but little enough ye know of it. Ye 'll learn whin ye 're a dodderin' ould man with no teeth to grip yer pipe to." She nodded at a memory of her own grandfather, drowsing before the peat fire of an evening, under the soot-blackened beams of the kitchen, with his pipe upside down in his mouth.

Beatty smiled. The talk of this old woman of the basement's underworld — with her plaintive Irish intonation and her comic Irish face and her amusing Irish "touchiness" — was as good as a play to him. "How long have you been out?" he asked.

"Long enough to learn better. Fourty year an' more."

"Well, why did you come then?"

She turned on him. "God knows! Why did I? Why did Annie gurl? Well may ye ask!" She tossed her head resentfully. "Beca'se roasted pitaties an' good buttermilk were too poor fer proud stummicks. Beca'se we wud be rich, as they tol' us we wud, here in Ameriky. An' what are we? The naygurs o' the town, livin' in cellars, servin' thim that pays us in the money that we came fer, an' gettin' none o' the fair words an' kindness we left behind. Sure at home they 're more neighborly to the brute beasts than y' are here to the humans." She looked out at the stifling street. "We 're strangers in a strange land, as Father Tierney says. We 're a joke to yez, an' that 's the best ye 'll iver make of us."

He sobered guiltily and looked down at his feet.

"An' Annie!" she broke out, "the simple crature, ust to big gossoons o' boys that swally their tongues whin they go coortin' an' have niver a word to say — what 's she to make o' this grinnin' Jawn of hers with all his blether? I know him. He 's the mate of a lad that came acrost me the first year I was out, with his hat on the corner of his head an' the divil in 's eye. An' he talked with me an' walked with me an' called me candy names, till there was nuthin' but the sound of his voice in me ears, an' the look of his smile in me eye the whole livelong day till he came again of an evenin'." Her voice broke. "Faith, the time he kissed me first — at the gate that was — I ran into the house trimblin' an' blushin' wi' the fear an' the delight of it, me hans shakin' so I cud scarce get me clo's off me to git into me bed, an' layin' a-wake weepin' an' smilin' tegither all night long to think of it. That 's the sort of fool I was. Th' angils jus' come to Hiven were no happier. . . . I was come to th' ither place before I was done with him. . . . . Poor Annie! Poor gurl!"

He looked at her, silenced and ashamed. She wiped her cheeks with her apron and sighed under a load of anxiety for Annie. He tried to think of something to say in apology and reassurance; and glancing from her, at a loss, he saw a dark figure climbing the stone steps, silhouetted against a street light. "There!" he whispered. "Is n't that — Yes it is. She 's coming back. She has n't met him. . . . That 's all right now. You must n't let her go out again."

"Thank Hiven," the cook said fervently. "I been keepin' her from goin' out with him any night these four weeks. She 's a mere child, raised in innocency. 'Twas not like her to steal out so."

"There must be something wrong with her," he suggested.

"There is that," she said. "There 's somethin' wantin' to her an' she 'll niver find it in this town, though she seek it iver so. A home of her own back o' the boor-trees — an' a dip o' bog fer to plant her pitaty slips in — an' a scraw fer her fire an' her man toastin' his big feet at it, an' the baby crawlin' between the legs of his chair, an' the neighbors droppin' in to gossip an' spit in the blaze — she 'll niver find it here! Niver, if she has my luck! An' it 's powerful small satisfaction she 'll get of writin' home to thim that has it, tellin' thim the big wages she earns an' sendin' thim money to Christmas — powerful small!"

While she had been talking, Beatty had seen a policeman stop to look up at the door and then saunter back toward his street corner. And Beatty was still frowning watchfully at the steps when he heard the cook say, "Whur 've ye been to, Annie?" He turned to see the girl standing behind the grated basement door.

In a thick, blurred voice, fumbling slowly over her words, she replied: "Is that — is that — Jawn?" And Beatty's pipe clicked suddenly on his teeth.

"No, 'tis not," the cook answered. "Go back to yer bed. He 'll not come t' night now. 'Tis too late."

"Is it?" she asked, in the simple tones of a child. "Is it too late, Mary?"

"It is that. Go to bed, gurl. Ye 're tired out."

"Oh?" she said softly. "It 's too late;" and she disappeared in the darkness.

Beatty caught a quick breath. "W-what is it? What 's the matter with her?"

The cook answered wearily: "I 've told ye, sor, but ye 'll not understan'."

"But there 's something wrong with her," he said huskily. "That 's not her natural voice."

"Let be, boy," she replied. "Her trouble 's come to her. We can do naught fer her now." She added, more gently: "We 're like a cat with our sores, sor. 'Tis best to let us go off be oursilves an' lick thim. . . . She 'll be quiet now. . . . It must 've been hot down town this day."

"Yes," he sighed. "I thought — I thought perhaps the heat had affected her. The papers are full of deaths and prostrations."

She nodded and nodded. After a silence, she said: "No doubt. The heat, too. Are y' a Noo Yorker born?"

He cleared his throat to answer: "No. A Canadian. An exile, like yourself."

"Ay," she said. "This is a great town fer young men. Ye get yer chanct here."

He did not reply, and she did not speak again. For a long time, they sat silent. Then they began to talk in low tones of anything but the thoughts that were in both their minds, until a stealthy rustle at the basement door brought them around with a start to see Annie, all in white, fumbling at the latch. She got the door open and drifted out into the light, bare-footed. Beatty stiffened at the sight of her face. The cook started up and caught her by the arm. She swung unsteadily. "That 's me money," she said tonelessly; and Beatty heard the ring of coins on the area paving.

"Annie! Annie!" the cook cried.

"An' that 's me purse," she said, dropping it.

The cook threw her arms about her. "Annie! Annie dear! What 's this fer? What ails ye, gurl?"

She put a hand down to loosen the cook's arm from her side. "'Twill burn ye," she said. "Me heart 's all afire there, like the pi'ture." A bit of silver fell from her sleeve and tinkled at her feet. She looked down at it. "I put it by fer Jawn . . . What 's become of Jawn? Jawn?"

The cook backed her to the rocking-chair and forced her to sit down. "Dang yer Jawn!" she cried. "Will ye drive us all daft?"

It was then, for the first time, she got the light on the girl's face — a face set like stone, while the eyes shifted and wept — and she wailed: "Ach, Annie darlin'," and dropped on her knees beside her. "Is it come to this, gurl? Dear Lord, what 've they been doin' to ye? Look at me. Look at me, child."

Annie was staring at Beatty, and he was sitting cold with horror on the window-sill. "Who 's that?" she said. "Good evenin' sir," she smiled. "Ye 're late with the groc'ries." She got no answer. "Look at 'm, Mary," she said fearfully, and put her hand up to her eyes, and peered at him through her fingers. "He glowers at me so."

"Aw, now," the cook pleaded. "Aw now, Annie gurl. Don't be takin' on. 'Tis Mister Beatty from the top floor, an' what 'll he be thinkin' of ye, talkin' such like foolishness." She whispered: "Have wit, child. Put down yer hands. Listen to me. Listen. They 'll be takin' ye away. They 'll shut y' up in Bellevue fer mad. Have ye no sinse lift?"

Beatty had risen heavy-kneed and stumbled to the basement door. "I 'll bring — I 'll bring the doctor," he stammered, and ran in for his hat.

The cook had not heard him, but when she looked around she knew what had happened, and she jumped up in a panic. "Quick! Quick," she cried. "They 're comin';" and fell on her knees to gather up the scattered money in her apron. "Go to bed, gurl! Ach, Annie, Annie," she cried despairingly.

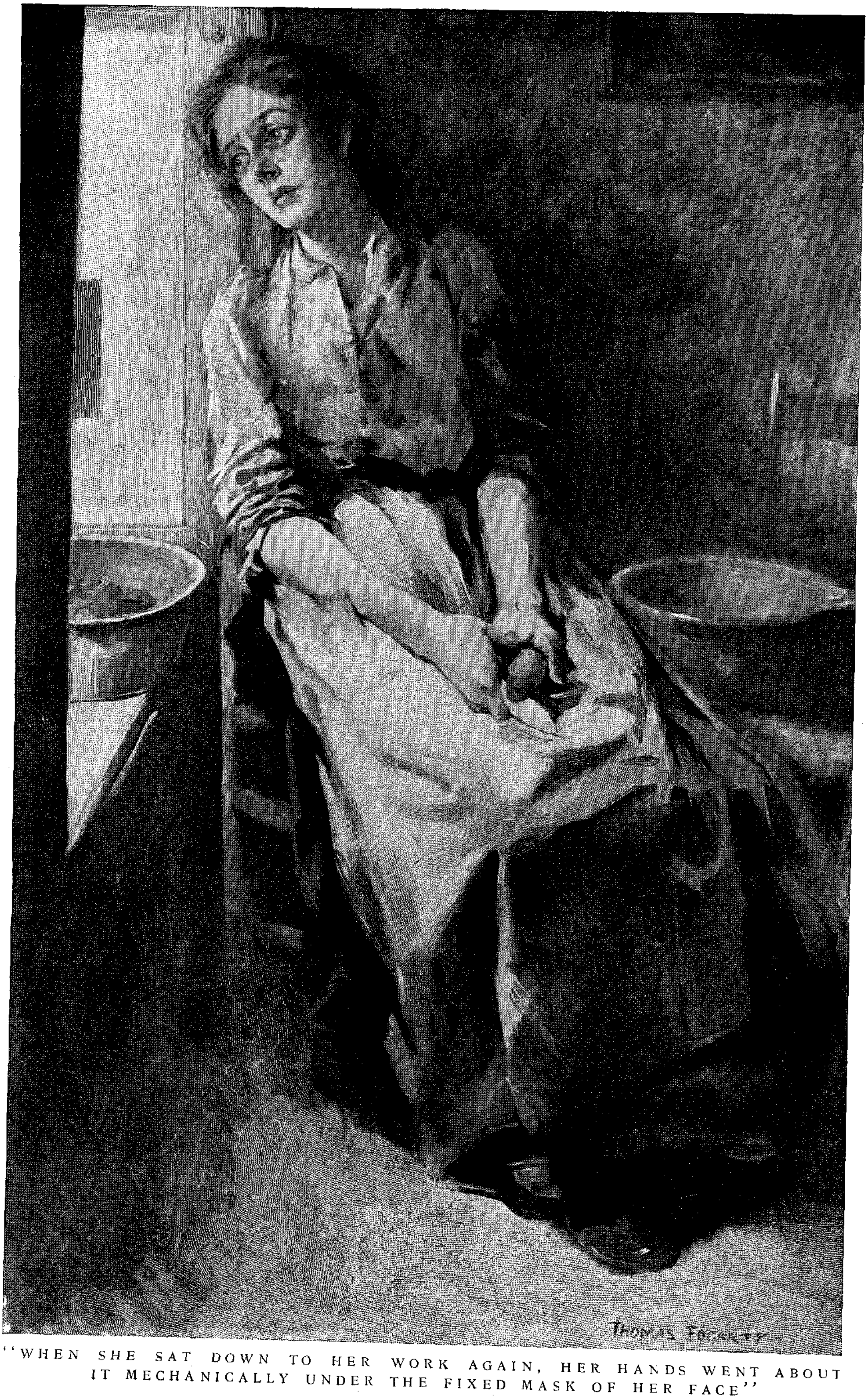
Annie was rocking in the chair, crooning and talking to herself. The cook caught her by the arm, pulled her to her feet and hurried her indoors. "Whist! Whist!" she pleaded. "Quit yer nonsinse, Annie. Ah, quit it — quit it! Wud ye let yerself be taken to the madhouse? Ah, God ha' mercy —— "

She dragged the girl back to the kitchen, and had her in bed and frightened into silence when Beatty returned with the doctor from next door. "She 's better now," she said suavely, meeting them in the dining-room. "'Twas but a touch o' the sun, doctor."

He looked at her. She stood blinking and shifting her small eyes. "What did you do for her?"

She began to stammer: "W-what did I do fer her? Why, to be sure, I — I —— "

"Take me to her," he ordered.


THOMAS FOGARTY

"WHEN SHE SAT DOWN TO HER WORK AGAIN, HER HANDS WENT ABOUT IT MECHANICALLY UNDER THE FIXED MASK OF HER FACE"

She gave Beatty a look of hate and despair and led into the kitchen.

Beatty did not follow. He steadied himself against the old marble mantle of the dining-room, and mopped his face and neck weakly with his handkerchief.

When the doctor reappeared, he ordered: "Call an ambulance. Bellevue Hospital. Be quick, now! Be quick!"

Beatty edged slowly to the door. "I won't!" he gasped, and ran up-stairs and locked himself in his room.

"You 'll have to get your breakfast at a restaurant, Mr. Beatty," Mrs Henry, the boarding-house mistress told him next morning. "My cook has left me."

"What for?" he asked guiltily.

She shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "The maid that waits on the table took ill last night. She was delirious — out of her mind — positively violent when the ambulance came for her. The doctor ordered it. I could n't keep her here. How could I? Who 's to look after her here? The work has to be done, and —— "

"How is she?" he interrupted.

"She had a sunstroke or I don't know what. I was too upset last night — We had a terrible time with her. I don't know what it was. It must 've been a sunstroke. We had an awful scene."

"How is she?"

"Well," she said, in a sort of defiance, "she died early this morning in the hospital . . . . And Mary," she cried, "accuses me of murdering her. And she packed up her trunk and left at six o'clock this morning, without even waiting for her wages. I never heard of such a thing. It 's the most absurd" — She laughed brokenly. "These Irish servant girls —— "

He looked away with a sickly smile. "I know," he said. "I know."

BEYOND THE SPECTRUM

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WE cannot look beyond
The spectrum's mystic bar.
Beyond the violet light
Aye, other lights there are,
And waves that touch us not
Voyaging far.

Vast ordered forces,
Invisible, unfelt,
Their language less than sound,
Their name unspelt.
Suns cannot brighten them,
Nor white heat melt.

We chip an eye-hole through
(Swedenborg, Roentgen, Hertz),
Into that walled land
Glimpsed as by candle-spurts.
Our naked ignorance
It hurts, it hurts!

Or, in the clammy dark
We dig, as dwarfs for coal.
Yet one Mind fashioned it
And Us, a luminous whole,
As, lastly, thou shalt see,
Thou, O my soul.

TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC

BY

ANTHONY FIALA

II

THE ADVANCE NORTH IN THE DARKNESS

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

OUR arrival at Cape Flora was marked by an event, one of the saddest for me of the two years spent in the North. The ponies which had served us so faithfully, and which, as their last hard task, had dragged from Teplitz Bay the heavily loaded sledges, were condemned to be shot. The veterinarian had found that all save two were infected with glanders and farcy. The dead animals, however, made excellent food for our hungry dogs.

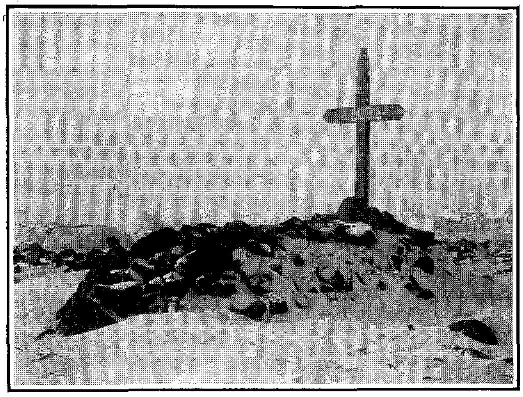
The relief ship had been expected early in August, which meant a long wait for which on our sledges we had two months' supplies for the entire party of twenty-five men, besides the pemmican brought down as dog food. But as there is nothing certain above the ice-line in the Arctic it was necessary to extend our preparations to provide for a stay through the winter should the relief ship not arrive. The officers and crew of the lost "America" therefore labored industriously to remove from their icy envelopes the barrels and cases of food left at Cape Flora by the Jackson-Harmsworth, the Abruzzi, and the Andree expeditions. The larger proportion of the food thus obtained was secured from the cache of the Duke of Abruzzi. This yielded eight months provisions of bread, butter, meat, and vegetables for twenty men. All of it was in good condition, having been cached in a portable house. This little house was cleared of its stores and the eight members of the field department were quartered there. An abandoned cooking-range was found in the snow and repaired, Fireman Hovelick manufacturing stove pipe from old petroleum tanks, working on an anvil improvised from a packing-case and an iron grate bar. Elmwood, Jackson's little house, was cleared of the accumulations of years and bunks were built to accommodate seventeen officers and men. By May 24th the entire party was housed and the little silk tents were taken down and stored away.

Two men who had elected to remain at Camp Abruzzi surprised us by coming in on July 5th. They made no secret of the fact that they had grown discouraged with the outlook and had joined Mr. Porter's exploring party which they had left at the northern extremity of Northhood Island, where Porter had halted to make observations. He joined us two days later.

Now the days of waiting palled. The men would gaze to the southward for hours. I kept some of them interested for a time hunting for polar bears. Fresh meat, I knew, would be invaluable should we all have to spend the long dark winter in that ice-bound land. But they soon wearied of this tame sport. Even at the end of July the sea stretched to the horizon, a sullen sheet of ice.

Hope of Relief at Last Abandoned

I felt the necessity for action, and with one seaman made a sledge trip to Cape Barentz to see if it would be possible for the relief ship to reach that point, and to leave a message in case it should. The hard ice made it a two-days' journey, and when we gained the summit of the rocky promontory there was no encouragement to reward our pains; but we erected a signal post and cached our message at its foot. On our return to camp, Assistant Engineer Vedoe told me he had discovered a rich vein of coal, which would guarantee our warmth for many months.



The grave at the summit of Cape Saulen, where Fireman Myhre, the only member of the party who did not return, was buried. The relief ship more than a year later brought news of the death of his wife in Norway.

Chief Scientist Peters with his party joined us on August 31st. He had left Camp Abruzzi three months before, but had been delayed at Eaton Island on account of the bad ice in De Bruyne Sound. He was anxious to start north and left us after a few days. I had abandoned all hope of relief that year, so I set about my preparations for the return to Teplitz Bay. I was leaving food and coal in plenty, but the spirit of the men who were to remain at Camp Flora had bent under the disappointment. No word from home; none of the anticipations of success of the first winter; no hope of escape until the cold, six-months' night had passed; no relief from the deadening monotony of camp life — all these things had combined to discourage them.

Of course, it is human nature to blame those in charge for troubles. Though I had hoped for a measure of success the following spring, it did seem as if my resources were sadly crippled. In my diary for September 19th, I put down:

> Sometimes I think I would like to write just as I feel, but then again the thought comes to me that in the shifting atmosphere of time there is much that would be recorded in unchanging black and white for which some one would suffer later on, whose spirit by that time had passed through trials and become chastened and humble; so much I could write at times in bitterness of spirit, but I know all will be well and that time will correct the careless work and thoughtless haste, and bring harmony out of this orchestra at last, though it does seem as though there were a few who play as if they had no soul for music.

The Beginning of a Hard Journey

On September 27th, accompanied by Assistant Scientist Porter, Assistant Surgeon Seitz, Steward Spencer, Quarter-master Rilliet, Seaman Duffy, and Cabin-boy Dean, I left Cape Flora on the march north to Camp Abruzzi.

We carried our camping equipment and seventeen days' food for men and dogs on four sledges drawn by thirty-two dogs. A canoe was also taken along and two canvas kayaks. We arrived at Camp Point, the northern extremity of Northbrook Island, the same evening and camped in the darkness. A heavy storm from the southwest arose at night and continued through the following day. The wind was so violent that we were obliged to take the pole out of the tent and tie the collapsed fabric together in a great knot to prevent its being torn. We spent an uncomfortable time in the restricted space in our sleeping bags, drifting snow walling us in.

A message from Mr. Peters was found, in which he stated that he had been delayed by the impassable condition of the channel, but that he had left to cross De Bruyne Sound on the morning of the 27th. The storm gave me reason to be anxious for his safety. De Bruyne Sound had been opened in a number of places by the high wind of the 28th. On the morning of the 29th we attempted to cross the Sound, but were forced to return by a wide stream of broken ice and mush in a rapid current — impassable either for boats or sledges.

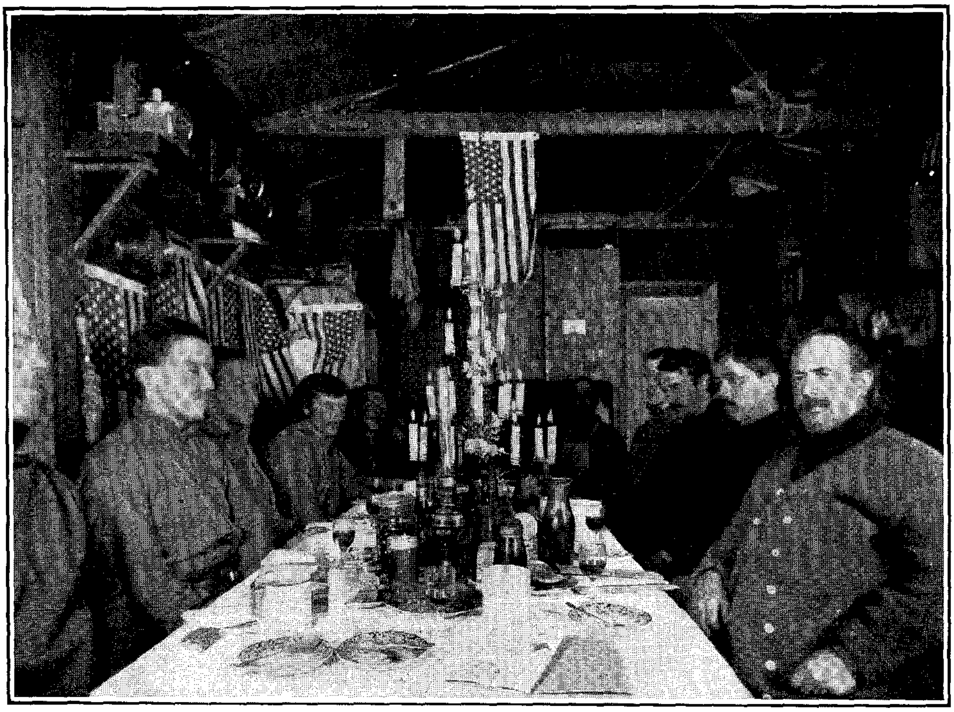
Two other attempts were made to cross the Sound, one on September 30th, the other on October 11th, but we were obliged to return each time to Camp Point. Each attempt to cross was followed by a rise in temperature and high southerly winds, accompanied by the breaking up of the ice and the opening of the channel. As the days passed by our stores diminished, and our poor dogs chained out in the snow gave vent to their craving for food in long-drawn howls.

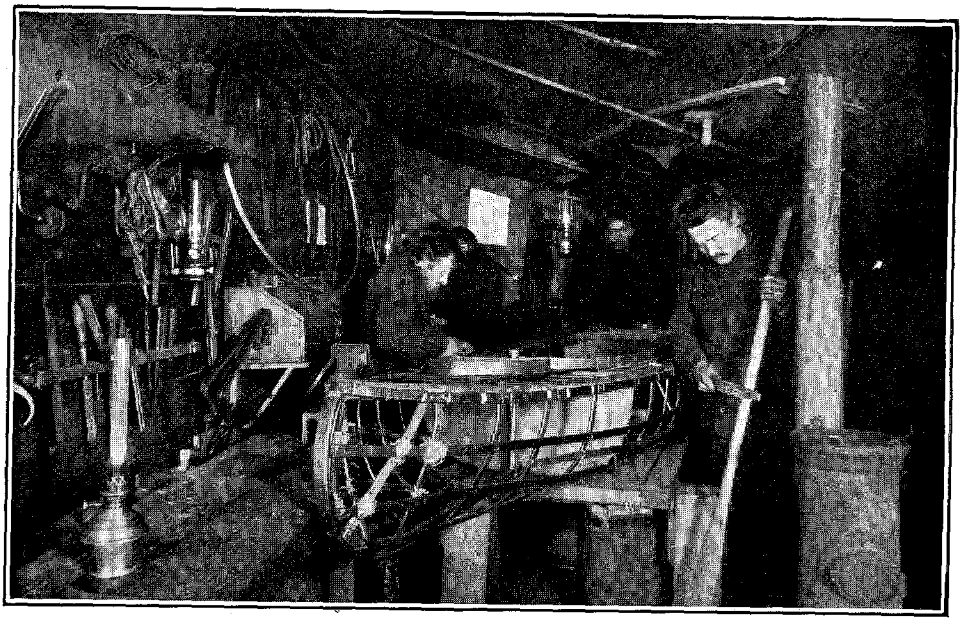
We built two little igloos of snow blocks, connected by a passage, in the side of the glacier and for a time all lived together in the "Tombs," as the igloos were called. On Sunday, October 9th, we held a service in the "Tombs," where I read from the sixth chapter of Matthew words which seemed at the time to be particularly suited to us: "Take no thought of the morrow, of what ye shall eat or drink." The steward and I had just returned to our tent, when, sitting together in the cold, I expressed the wish for a bear, which would mean food and fuel. A quick, short bark sounded outside, and looking through the flap of the tent, the steward exclaimed: "A bear! A bear!" We both ran out. A bear was making up the glacier, a heavy snowfall rendering his progress difficult. Our best bear-dog, Little Wyckoff, was loose, and he bothered bruin by biting his heels, so delaying the beast that I was able to get within about one hundred and fifty yards. With an anxiety that cannot be expressed, I fired, bringing down the animal. He was sledged in triumph to the Tombs, and that day we had the luxury of fried bear steak. Our hungry dogs, too, got a full meal of fresh meat. The bear was very fat and all the blubber was carefully cut and preserved for fuel for cooking.

The Escape Across Broken and Drifting Ice

The sun was rapidly sinking, and, considering the rough and treacherous character of the ice in De Bruyne Sound, I realized it would be impossible to cross the wide channel in one march, that at least one of the long October nights would have to be spent encamped on the ice in the Sound. With every storm the ice would break up and drift, and as storms came often and without warning, we would have to be prepared to take to the boats in an emergency. The frail kayaks could not be depended upon in the current of the channel when it was filled with grinding ice fragments. The canoe alone was

Canned and salted holiday cheer — Thanksgiving Day dinner at Camp Abruzzi, 1904





Busy days in the workshop at Abruzzi: preparing for the last struggle to reach the Pole

deemed to be reliable. But as the canoe was not large enough to hold the entire party I determined to send two members back to Cape Flora with one sledge to obtain a supply of provisions to enable us to reach Camp Ziegler, where we could replenish. The poor dogs had been living on quarter and half rations, but for them I could ask no food, their salvation depending on our reaching Camp Ziegler in time.

Under the circumstances I thought it best to send Assistant Scientist Porter back to Cape Flora with Cabin-Boy Dean, placing him, as third in command of the expedition, in charge of the party at Cape Flora.

The temperature fell from twenty-six degrees above zero on the 18th to one degree below on the night of the 21st. On the morning of October 22d, the day the sun disappeared for the winter, we prepared to leave Camp Point, the party comprising Assistant Surgeon Seitz, Quartermaster Rilliet, Steward Spencer, and Seaman Duffy, with three dog-teams (twenty-seven dogs), three sledges, one canoe, and one kayak.

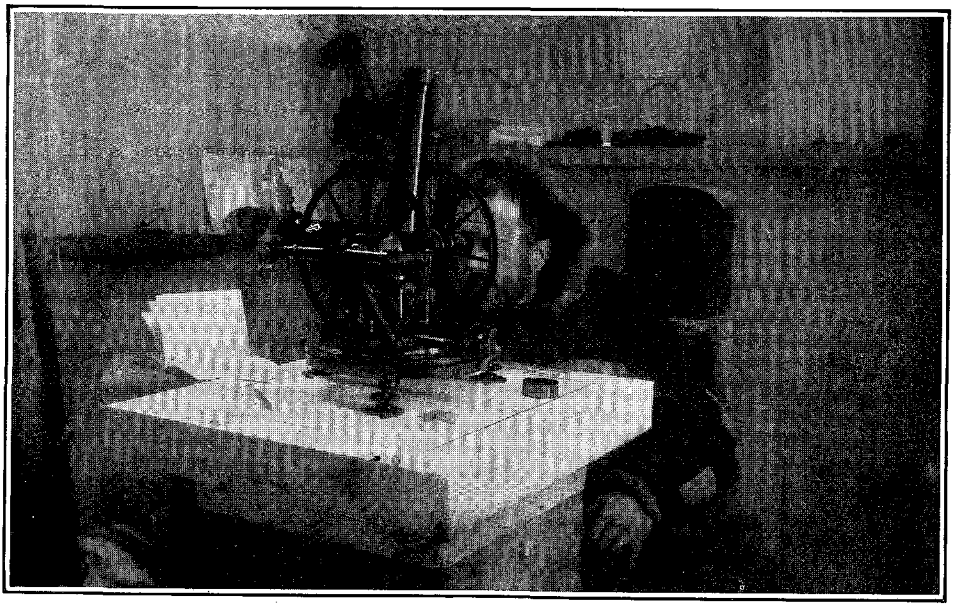
We left the land at nine A.M. in the dim twilight and made our way over considerable rough ice curving toward the north, as I noticed a heavy pressure on from that direction, the ice apparently being jammed between Old Depot on Hooker Island and Camp Point on Northbrook Island, but opening out and drifting seaward south of those two points. We passed one open lead by means of canoe and kayak, at the cost of an hour and the life of one dog. While picking out a path through the moving ice cakes, one of the party climbed to the top of a small pressure ridge that gave way beneath him. He was in the water some minutes before his absence was noticed, and he had the unpleasant experience of disrobing on an ice cake, and putting on a complete change of dry clothing. Fortunately, the temperature was not low — only four degrees below zero.

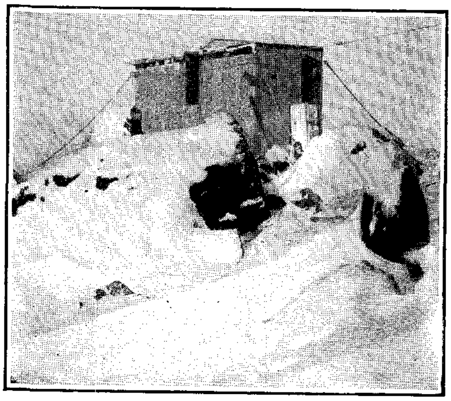
After crossing considerable broken ice mixed with rubble and young ice, we reached a large cake of old ice that seemed to be fixed. As it was difficult to see ahead in the gathering darkness, and being uncertain of reaching another large ice-cake before night, I gave orders to encamp. The following day we reached Old Depot on Hooker Island, crossing rough ice and wide stretches of young salt ice just thick enough to bear the men and sledges, one sledge — the one bearing the heavy canoe — partially breaking through while nearing Old Depot.

Descent into the Crevasse and the Rescue

While the party was crossing the ice cap on Hooker Island, October 26th, the snow suddenly gave way beneath my feet and I hung over a deep crevasse. Spencer jumped from his sledge to save me. He had just touched my hand when a frightful descent began and I knew no more. On recovering consciousness I found myself wedged between two curves in the walls of the crevasse, the convex surfaces narrowing sufficiently to hold me between the breast and back, my left arm, bent over my breast and jamming, having prevented me from falling through the neck of the funnel. Beneath was a great cavern in which I could move my legs without finding the walls. Had I stepped three feet further to the right I would have dropped to depths unfathomable.

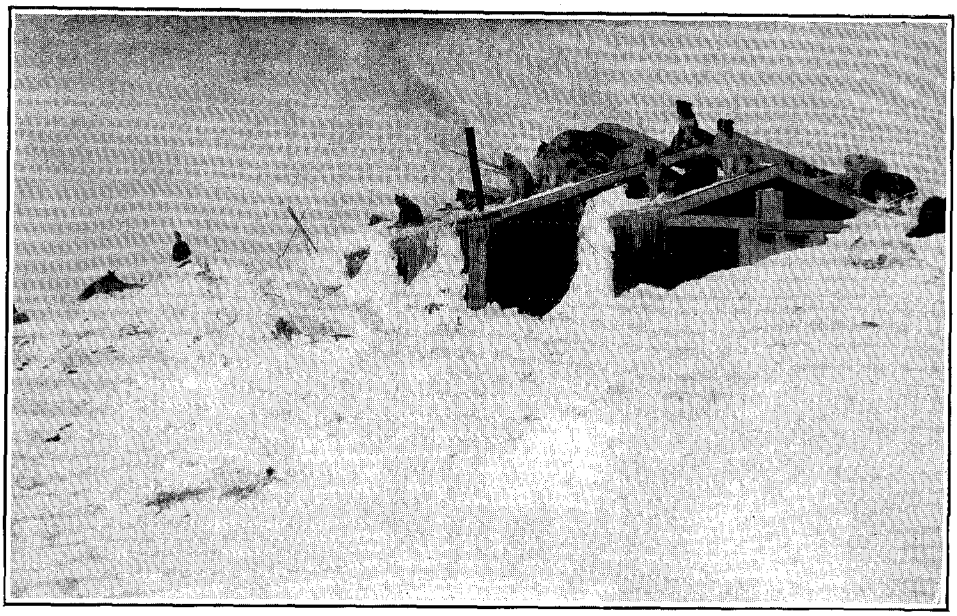
The darkness was intense, but far above me shone a faint halo of blue iridescence with rays of light that came part way along a face of black, glassy ice. This told me where the men were. The glimmer seemed hundreds of feet above. I heard the sound of a voice calling, and answered, asking for a rope, and requesting haste, as I thought I would slip through. They asked me how deep I had fallen. I shouted that I was about one hundred and fifty feet down, for so it seemed to me. Just then I heard an awful sound in the crevasse. It appeared to come from below. My first thought was that a pack of dogs had fallen in with me. Soon the noise turned into articulate speech, and I learned that Steward Spencer, who had tried to save me, had fallen in too. I called to him. He answered, telling me that he was dying, that his head was cut open, and that he was bleeding to death. I told him to trust in God and we would get out, though, I must





THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT CAMP ZIEGLER

The upper photograph shows Assistant Scientist Porter taking a time sight with the vertical circle pointed at the north star; the lower, the exterior of the little building, lashed to the snow-covered rocks, where the scientists spent most of their time, making valuable observations, during the last spring



The return of the sun; dogs basking on the roof of the hut at Camp Abruzzi at the end of the long night in 1905

confess, at that moment help seemed very far off. To add to our discomfort pieces of ice became detached from above and thundered down the abyss, the echoes reaching us until annihilated by the awful depth. It need not be told what would have happened if either Spencer or myself had been in the path of those falling ice fragments.

At last I saw above me the end of a rope which gradually neared as I shouted directions to those above. My right arm was free and at last the precious line was in my hand. I painfully made a bowline in the end of the rope, the fingers of my left hand being, fortunately, free. Slipping the noose over my right foot, I called to those above to haul away. Soon I was swinging like a pendulum in free space. I called to them to move the rope to the right and then to lower me, and after considerable difficulty in the dense darkness I discovered the steward, but could not rescue him on account of a projection of ice that interfered. However, I could pass him a foot and a hand, and so helped him from his prone position to standing-room on a cake of ice that had broken off when he had fallen and jammed, saving him from death. Unable to give him any more help, I told him it would be best for the men to haul me up and then send the rope down again for him, to which he agreed. I was drawn to the surface just in time. I fainted on reaching the top. The steward was hauled up next. A tent was pitched, and within its shelter Doctor Seitz examined us. No bones were broken, but a cut on the steward's face required stitching. Then we were helped into our sleeping bags, as the temperature had fallen to twenty-seven degrees below zero.

On measuring the rope, Seaman Duffy found we had fallen to the depth of seventy feet into the crevasse; a providential escape,

Sledge party breaking camp at 82° N. Lat., during the dangerous retreat from the ice fields after abandoning the advance north

for if we had fallen a short distance further to the north, where the crevasse widened, we would have descended beyond the reach of help. It was only by quick work that we were saved from slipping further down, as below our feet the almost perpendicular walls sloped away from each other.

A Respite at Camp Ziegler

Camp was established near the crevasse, and the following morning the steward in his sleeping bag was lashed to a sledge, and we fought our way over the bad ice of Allen Young Sound, the short period of twilight and prevalent fogs making the journey a memorable one to those who took part in it. We reached Camp Ziegler at 4:50 P. M. October 29th in the darkness. On reaching West Camp on Alger Island we were fortunate to have light enough to disclose fresh sledge tracks leading toward Camp Ziegler, which our dogs followed on a brisk trot over good, hard snow and ice to the station.

We found Mr. Peters and party there, he having been delayed on Hooker Island by open water in Allen Young Sound. He reported a narrow escape from being carried to sea on the ice in De Bruyne Sound, drifting in the storm from near Eaton Island to a point off Old Depot, and escaping with his party and equipment by a rush over moving ice to Hooker Island. He was preparing to winter at Camp Ziegler, as Seaman Mackiernan had a number of toes on both feet frost-bitten and could not travel. We were delayed by a bad storm at Camp Ziegler until November 5th, 1904.

Dr. Seitz reporting to me that there was no danger to be apprehended in regard to Mackiernan's frost-bitten toes, but that he would be unable to travel and needed rest. Spencer having recovered from the effects of the fall in the crevasse sufficiently to travel, I requested Rilliet and Mackiernan to remain in Camp Ziegler for the winter, placing the former in charge of the station, and providing the two men with a team of five dogs, a rifle and a shotgun. Ammunition and food in plenty were stored at Camp Ziegler.

On the morning of November 5th we left Camp Ziegler to continue our march north, a party of six men, Peters, Vedoe, Seitz, Spencer, Duffy, and myself. We had four dog teams and sledges and one kayak. The channels seemed at last to be frozen over and I left the two heavy canoes behind, as we would have to travel fast, for the periods of twilight were very short and each day there was less light. In an almost lightless night we rounded a large water-hole at the entrance of Collision Channel and reached the shelter of Kane Lodge on Greeley Island, November 7th. Our troubles increased from Kane Lodge to Hohenlohe Island on account of water-holes, rough ice, and the darkness. We reached Hohenlohe Island November 14th. There we were storm-bound five days in the crowded confines of our little tents, with the temperature from twenty-eight to thirty-six degrees below, our sleeping bags frozen, our clothing water-soaked, and everything either frozen or damp. In those five days the last glow of the faint noon twilight left us and we were obliged to wait for the moon, which appeared when the storm ceased. On November 19th at 7 P.M. we marched once again towards our goal, Camp Abruzzi.

Fiala taking a time sight with sextant at Abruzzi

At Abruzzi Again

We cut our way through great ridges of ice at Cape Brorok, reaching Crown Prince Rudolf Island before midnight. After rounding Cape Brorok, we climbed the glacier to the summit of Cape Auk, and through a misty moonlight directed our way toward Camp Abruzzi, getting in at 3:10 A.M. Sunday, November 20th, a light that was kept

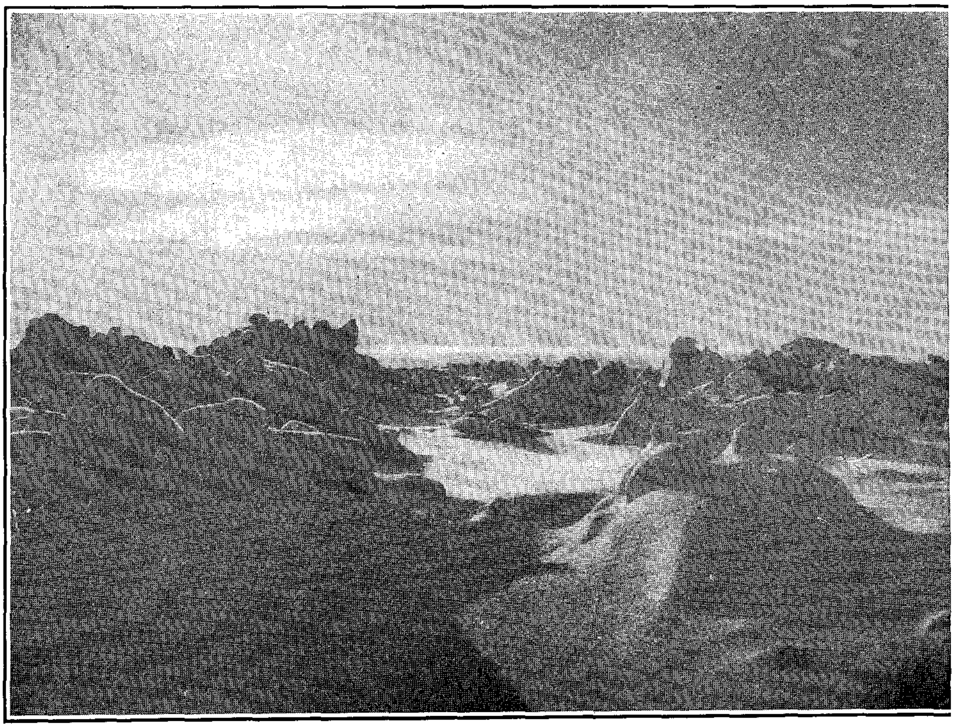
Difficulties met by the sledge party, fighting step by step towards the Pole. The sledges are and sledges, across

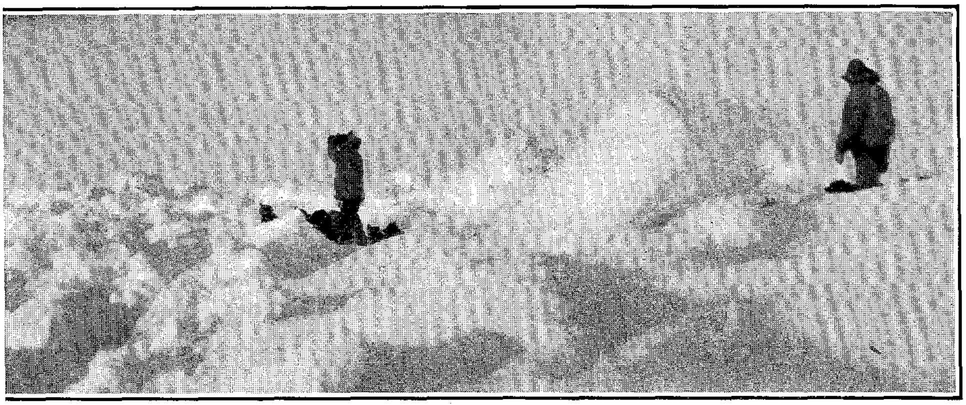
burning on the roof of the house in hopes of our return guiding us down the steep descent from the glacier.

The journey from Camp Ziegler to Camp Abruzzi will probably never be forgotten by the members of the party, particularly our experience after leaving Stoliczka Island, where the rough sea-ice had to be crossed in thick darkness. Time and time again men and dogs would fall into holes and crevices in the ice and would run up against the walls of the pressure ridges. The men in the lead could not see where to place their feet.

We found the party at Camp Abruzzi in good health, but without poor Fireman Myhre, whose body had been laid to rest on the summit of the ridge between Teplitz Bay

The party halted by an open water lead. The dogs are resting while the explorers construct which turned





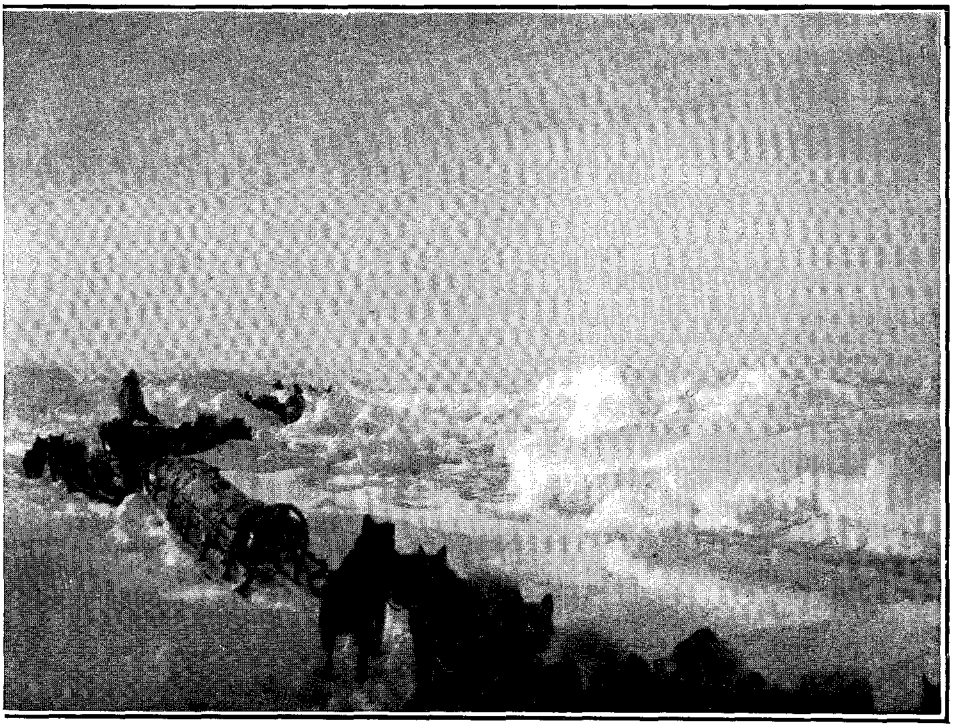
hidden by the uneven field. The men in the van are breaking a trail, practicable for dogs the flinty ice

and Cape Saulen in a great mound of rock surmounted by a large cross.

I was pleased to find everything in good condition, with thoughtful provision made for the winter. Mr. Hartt reported that after Mr. Peter's departure he attempted to reach me at Cape Flora with the steam launch he had constructed, but that he had nearly lost the boat and was forced to return, being forced to throw over the boiler in a tight place to save the launch. Seaman Perry accompanied him. After my arrival at Camp Abruzzi the party was allowed about a week's rest, then work was started in preparation for the contemplated sledge trip in the early spring of 1905.

Never was a Thanksgiving dinner enjoyed more than by our little party in

with blocks of ice a bridge across the open water. This is a sample of the conditions Fiala back



Struggling over the summit of pressure ice shortly before the

November, 1904. The days of the winter were some of the pleasantest experienced on the expedition; the party was congenial and the little hut comfortable and cozy.

Preparing for Another Effort to Reach the Pole

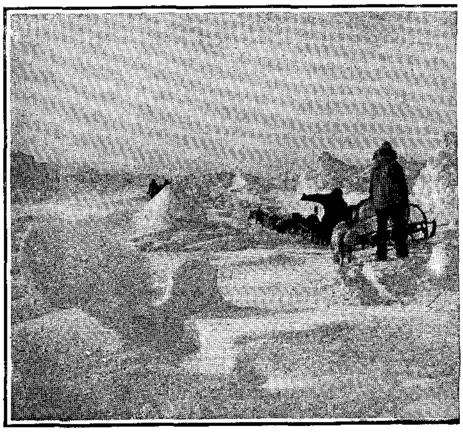
I decided to leave early in March, 1905, with one companion and three dog teams and sledges in an effort to reach the Pole, a supporting column of three small detachments to accompany me. The third support, comprising four men, two dog teams and sledges, was to accompany me seven days' march forward; the second support, comprising two men and one dog team, was to go two days forward; and the first support, including two men and one dog team, one day forward. The first support was to have a lightly loaded sledge drawn by such dogs as were left after the other teams had been chosen.

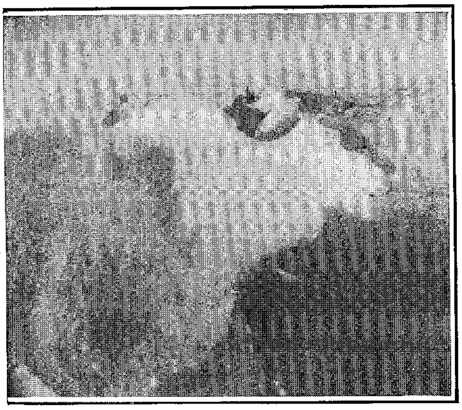
As my companion on the poleward journey I chose Seaman Duffy, who accompanied me on the trip in August, 1904, to Cape Barentz and who was of my party from Cape Flora to Camp Abruzzi in the autumn of 1904. He had also volunteered to return with me from Camp Flora in June, 1904. I arranged for Mr. Peters to accompany me north in charge of the third supporting party, and on his return to camp to remain in command of the expedition until my return from the field. Several men at Camp Abruzzi were directed to leave for Camp Ziegler after the return of the supporting column, and to spend the time from the latter part of March to the end of May or June in sledging supplies from Camp Abruzzi and Coburg Island to Kane Lodge and from there to Camp Ziegler, to provide food in the event of the relief ship not reaching that point in the summer of 1905. The teams as they returned to camp from the north were to be divided by Mr. Peters so as to provide one team of dogs for each two men.

The month of February, 1905, will be remembered for the number of storms; the return of the sun brought no respite from the high drifting winds that continued to blow almost daily through the early part of March.

I waited anxiously for Mr. Porter to arrive from Cape Flora with news of the parties at Camps Jackson and Ziegler, but the bad weather and high temperature that prevented our advancing north also delayed his coming to rejoin us. At last, on March 16th, the weather cleared and the temperature dropped. We left that morning for the ice pack to the north, climbing the glacier in

Ploughing through deep snow. Heavy snow the heavy





party gave up the attempt

the direction of Cape Rath. Though newly formed, smooth salt-ice seemed to stretch from the summit of Cape Germania north and northwest to the horizon, the continual movement and breaking of the ice, and the prevalent open water to the westward decided me to advance from the east of the island in order to insure the safety of my supporting parties on their return. Engineer H. P. Hartt volunteered to remain at camp alone until the return of the first supporting party. Every other man took part in the advance north.

As we left camp that cold March morning, climbing north over the glacier, we could discern, on looking back, the solitary figure of the engineer. The only other sign of life on that desolate ice waste in our rear was a three-legged dog, barking and whining disconsolately because he was not permitted to follow his companions yoked in the sledge teams.

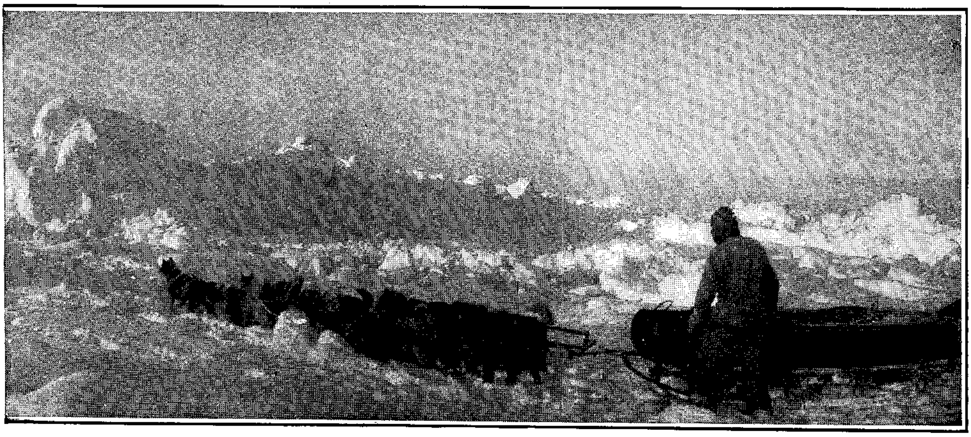
How Bad Ice Spoiled the Second Year's Work

At 6:15 that evening we reached the point of the glacier near Cape Rath where Steward Spencer and I had descended to the channel ice in April, 1904. We found that the glacier had calved since then, and that a descent was impracticable. I ordered camp for the night and the next morning sent back the first support. At 8 A.M. Dr. Seitz and Perry left me with their dog team and sledge, ascending the glacier on their return to Teplitz Bay, while we directed our course along the edge of the glacier toward Cape Habermann, where a descent to the channel ice was possible. We were obliged to go a short distance eastward to round a mass of bergs, and then set our faces northward (Magnetic), camping that night on heavy ice that seemed to be fast to the land and close to a pressure ridge that separated us from the moving sea ice.

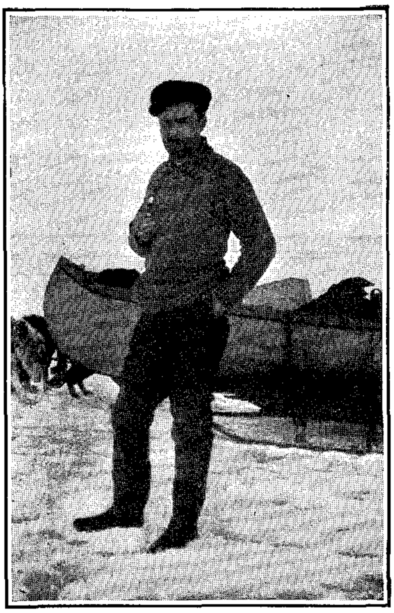
The next morning we cut our way through a mass of pressure ridges, reaching an expanse of young ice, broken and under pressure. From that point I ordered the second support to return and Steward Spencer and Seaman Myers left at 3:30 o'clock that afternoon, retiring over the trail that we had cut going out. An odeometer brought from camp for measuring distances traveled was destroyed in the rough ice on the outward march that day and abandoned.

Four more days we held our way northward, the trail bending more to the east as

falls increased the dangers of the advance, and often made it nearly impossible for the dogs to draw sledges



Fiala as he looked when the rescuing party met him and his men on the way to Cape Dillon



Mr. Ziegler's secretary, W. S. Champ, who found the expedition and brought its members home

we advanced. The ice was very rough, worse than in 1904, and very slow progress was made, as all the men in charge of the sledges were obliged first to labor at cutting the trail and then to return and assist the teams and sledges one by one over the rough road. We seemed to be in an immense river of broken ice that moved under the influence of the wind. Our trail was from ice-cake to ice-cake, while we crossed the separating water by means of ice-bridges laboriously constructed at the narrowest points with our ice-picks. In other places we traversed monster pressure ridges that splintered and thundered under our feet, scaring the dogs until they whined and whimpered in their terror. It was difficult to find a cake of ice large enough for our small party to camp on. Deep snow and numerous water lanes, with a high temperature and attendant fog, also impeded our advance.

On the evening of March 22d Mr. Peters and I freely discussed the outlook. I had told him I purposed pressing north with Duffy after he (Peters) had returned to camp with his supporting party. Mr. Peters did not believe anything could be accomplished by going on, that it was an impossibility to break the record in such ice. He pointed out that if six men and five sledges could hardly make three miles a day, two men and three sledges would make still less, as the ice was growing worse as we advanced. He thought our best course would be to return to Camp Abruzzi, for should the relief ship not arrive that year, the three teams of good dogs that I would take north would be seriously missed and their loss might result gravely to the parties at Cape Flora and Camp Ziegler.

The Final Surrender

I spent the night sleeplessly, revolving in my mind the arguments for and against continuing the advance. It was a bitter disappointment to acknowledge retreat as inevitable, but I was compelled to admit the cogency of Mr. Peters's opinion and to admit the possibility of peril to the expedition party at Cape Flora if unsuccored by the relief ship and deprived of the dogs needed to haul supplies. Therefore, with our equipment still in perfect condition and with men and dogs in the best of health, we reluctantly set our faces toward the south.

The return occupied ten days. Two days and three nights were spent on a small, floating ice-cake, surrounded by water and broken ice, impassable to boats or sledges. The temperature meanwhile rose to thirty-four degrees above zero. Our position was made the more perilous by huge pressure ridges that sprang up with the frightful sound of breaking ice fields, threatening to sweep over and engulf our little camping ground. Once the cake divided, a broad lane opening within two feet of us, and the following night, with a report like that of a small cannon, a crack appeared directly beneath one of the tents. Fortunately it did not split the cake asunder, though, of course, we lost no time in moving the tent to a more secure location. Finally, with a lowering temperature that went steadily down from thirty-four above to forty-five below, we made land in the teeth of a piercing wind.

We reached Camp Abruzzi April 1st. I was pleased to find that both supporting parties had returned in safety, and that Mr. Porter was at camp to greet me with Seaman Mackiernan, having arrived at Camp Abruzzi on the 17th of March, the day after I had left for the north. Mr. Porter had a thrilling experience in his march north, bad weather, with the loss of his sledge and part of his equipment in a snowdrift, delaying his progress and preventing his reaching me in time to take part in the sledge trip.

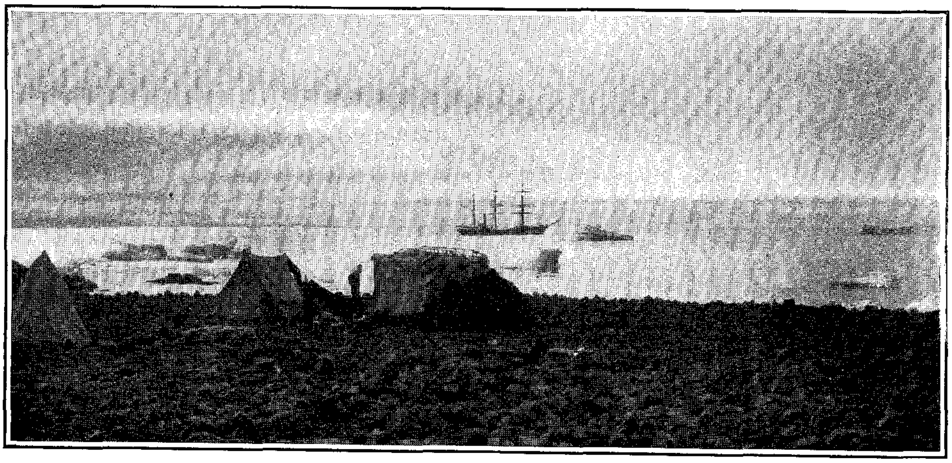
He gave me the good news that every one was alive and doing well at Cape Flora and Camp Ziegler, and that the winter had passed without unusual incident.

The work of exploration and survey had not been completed the year before, and a magnetic and an astronomical observatory were constructed at Camp Ziegler, and the large vertical circle loaned by the Christiania observatory was installed. Mr. Porter spent some time exploring Zichy Island. I kept many of the men in the field transporting food to Camp Ziegler, to which we retreated when we realized that we might again turn to the south with hope of relief.

On July 16th I sent Dr. Seitz with Mr. Stewart and Fireman Butland to Cape Dillon with an Indian canoe, sledges and three weeks' food to keep watch for the expected ship and to hunt for game to prepare for the winter should we again be disappointed. On the following day I sent Seamen Duffy, Perry, and Mackiernan to Cape Dillon to assist Dr. Seitz in the hunting of game. The last party was equipped with an old folding boat found at Camp Ziegler, two dog teams and sledges, and three weeks' food.

Then suddenly the long awaited news broke into the monotonous routine into which we had fallen. Seitz and his companions came back; it was shortly after noon on Sunday, July 30th. Their cheer as they swung over the ice told us that we were going home. Seitz said that the "Terra Nova," with Mr. W. S. Champ on board, had touched at Cape Dillon, had then headed for Cape Flora to pick up the party there, and would return to Cape Dillon for us. But there was little excitement; we accepted these vital tidings much as a matter of course, and stoically prepared to turn our backs on this white land of sturdy effort and harsh disappointment. The five sledges were loaded for the last journey; a boat or a kayak was placed on each, as Seitz had reported open leads and surface water; all of the provisions were carried from the hill and were stored in the stable and the house; then doors

In touch with the world again — The relief ship "Terra Nova" off Cape Dillon in July, 1905



and windows were boarded over and we left these odd little buildings alone again to their frozen, lifeless world.

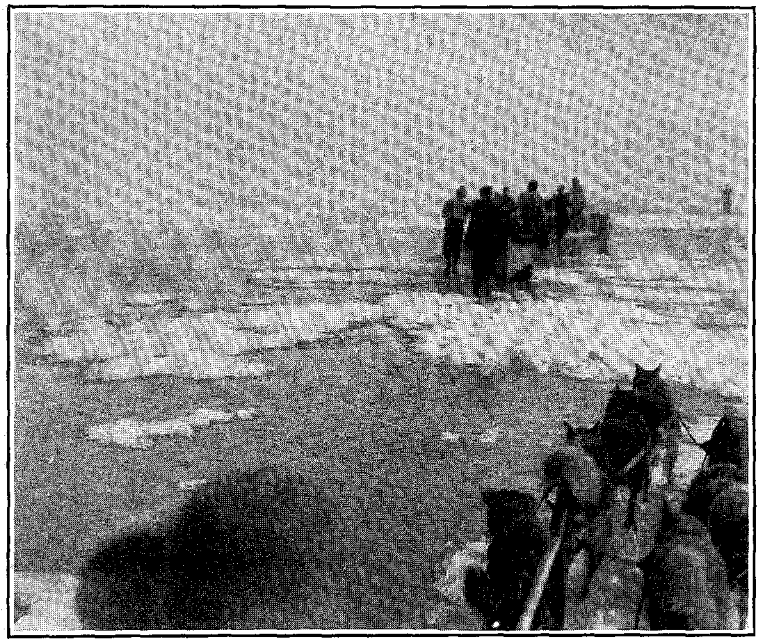
After passing Cape B, we were obliged to boat across a lead which we crossed with the entire party of sixteen men, five sledges, and about fifty dogs in twenty minutes. We were overjoyed to meet Mr. Champ a short distance on the other side of the lead. He was accompanied by Surgeon Mount and a party of Norwegian sailors with two sledges and a small boat from the relief ship.

After the exuberant greetings came the anxious queries for news from home and of the great outside world. We learned all at once of the war between Russia and Japan; of the result of the yacht race in 1904; and of two years' disasters on land and water. But what touched every one of us most deeply, casting the spell of silence over us, was Mr. Champ's announcement of the death of Mr. Ziegler and his account of how he had died thinking of us, providing for our rescue, and of how his last spoken words had been a wish that we would be found.

We traveled in company to the "Terra Nova," reaching the ship at 8 P.M., a dense fog concealing the ship until we were within a very short distance of her. The trail broken through the young ice on surface water by the relief party proved of much assistance to us and saved us considerable time, for the dogs could move faster without danger of cutting their feet.

Aboard the relief ship we learned of the efforts made by Mr. Champ to reach us in 1904; he and Captain Kjeldsen had hammered away at the ice in the steamer "Frithjof" until her bow plates had loosened and fallen off, and, after nearly all the coal had disappeared, a return was made to Norway for more. At the end of the season still another and more dangerous effort was made to reach us, the "Frithjof" returning only when the water began to freeze on the approach of winter. The ice in 1905 was bad, and at times the powerful "Terra Nova" was helpless. It was only after weeks of patient, courageous, and hard work that we were reached in the last days of July. We found letters from home, the accumulation of two years, and all their news seemed to be good. Those great bags of mail contained but one letter of sorrow and mourning. It was never delivered. Fireman Myhre, to whom it was addressed, was asleep in his tomb on Cape Saulen's height when his wife died in Norway.

The last march



A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

BY

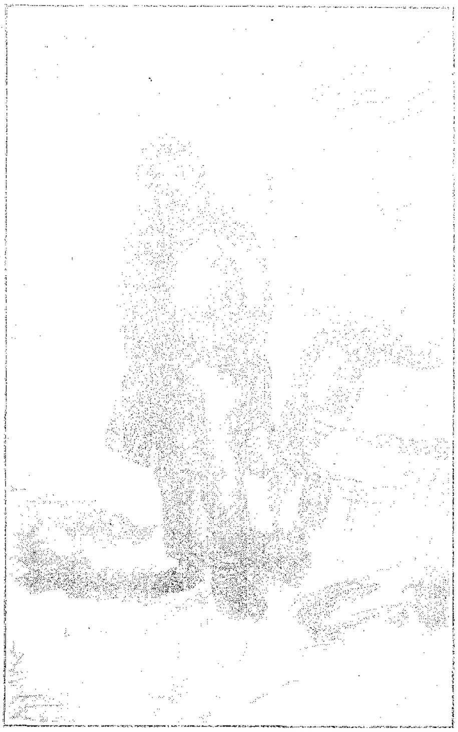
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE SUBSTITUTE," "THE FLYING DEATH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

VERY early in life, Heiny, child of the Bowery and waif of the world, devised a code of conduct. It was simple, practical, and based on pure empiricism. Briefly stated, its cardinal principle was this: you did a thing; if nobody kicked you it was all right; if the kick was forthcoming you must not do it again, or you must contrive a different method. There were few spots on Heiny's small body undecorated by a lesson of this nature, well conned and wisely constructed. So, by the time he was ten years old, he was an able practitioner of life, capable of meeting any emergency which might confront him on or about New York's great East Side.

Profession or trade, Heiny had none. Odd jobs of a light and airy nature, such as running errands, he would do at inclination rather than upon the compulsion of necessity. Gambling at craps netted him a wavering income when he chanced to have the capital for an original "fade," without which the crap-shooter finds no game open to him on the sidewalks of New York. He had been known to sell "extrys," and once, at least, had applied for and held a job, until, at the end of four days the pettiness of unchanging to-morrows had so wrought upon his soul, that he forsook the grocery-store régime and was seen in that environment no more. Mostly, he lived an innocently parasitic life. He was not beautiful to look upon, being short, squat, and unduly flattened of visage. But Mother Nature (the only mother he had ever known) had blessed him with a smile of winning expansiveness which glowed in old-gold glory from every one of his thousand-odd freckles, and commended him to the friendly offices of the world at large by its irresistible earnest of good-nature and good-fellowship. To such as knew him, he was further certified by an inborn and anchored loyalty toward whomsoever he accepted in his general scheme of comradeship.



HEINY

"Child of the Bowery and waif of the world"

"You're my friend," said Heiny's eyes and Heiny's smile to you, and thereafter he would fight, lie, beg, lend, or even risk capture at the hands of the dreaded "kid-grabbers" (*i. e.*, the Gerry Society) for your need.

Such was Heiny as one autumn evening he drifted down the Bowery current into the dark pool of dubious traffic which officially styles itself Chatham Square, and became part thereof through the agency of Dutch Gus. The introduction took place under circumstances of possible embarrassment to a less finished worldliness than Heiny's. Dutch Gus was in a hurry at the time. He was, in fact, a fugitive, if not from justice, at least from the arm and implement thereof, for a policeman with a club at the ready was in hot and somewhat unsteady pursuit. Arrest was no part of Officer Donovan's program. He wanted Dutch Gus for purely personal reasons. He aspired (in the words of his own threat) to "knock the block off" Gus because of a slight matter of rivalry in the affections of one of Chinatown's adopted daughters. Having had a number of drinks, he had neglected the wise policeman's precaution of discarding his uniform before going out to settle a personal grudge. The fugitive passed close to Heiny, at that moment engaged in redeeming a "snipe" which some extravagant smoker had cast in fiery flight from an L train.

For the better knowledge of such readers as have never lived on the Bowery or its tributaries, I may state that, in that section, to obstruct the police is to acquire merit. Heiny was not slow of seizing his opportunity.

"Me dime! Oh, me dime!" he wailed.

Hands and knees a-scramble, he shot across the sidewalk like a chunky insect. There ensued a spectacle of subverted law and the sound of language as Donovan plunged and skidded toward the gutter. Heiny rolled over, gave a moan, quivered, and lay still. Speechless with rage the policeman got to his feet, rushed upon Heiny and booted him savagely. The boy did not move. Hauling him up, the half-drunken officer cuffed him once and was drawing back for a harder blow, when a snarl from behind arrested his hand.

"Ahr-r-r-r, ye murderer! D'ye want to kill the kid?"

Two women were moving up on him. For the protest of the male citizen the New York policeman cares nothing; "interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty" disposes of such. But the revolt of the Chatham Square harpy is all too likely to be borne out by furrowing nail and deep-sunk tooth. Donovan saw, beneath the paint on the women's faces, a murderous hate working; might have seen, had his eye possessed the vision, a glimmer of submerged womanhood's noble pity for the unfortunate. Hesitant, he loosed his hold on the boy. The little body slumped to the sidewalk like an empty bag.

"You 've done him," cried the younger of the two women. "An' him no more than a baby."

"What is it to *you?*" growled the policeman.

"You drunken brute," said the weazened girl, glaring at him. "If the Cap gets onto you being full again and murdering a kid —— "

"Take care of the mutt, then," interrupted the officer, glancing around uneasily, for the drink was dying out of him and he began to be afraid (Heiny lay flaccid as a corpse). "I never touched him."

He slunk away, and the women bent over the still form.

"Are you much hurted, dearie?" asked the older.

Heiny opened one eye. "Where's the cop?" he counter-questioned.

"Gone."

"Nah; he did n't hurt me — much," said Heiny rubbing himself. Then, brushing up his manners: "How's things, Lib?" he politely inquired of the older woman, and of the younger, "Business good, Peaches?"

"You 've got us down pretty pat," said the one last addressed.

"Sure. Seen you around the concert halls. I been on this beat longer 'n you."

"You 've cut your eye-teeth, all right," said the girl he had called Peaches, with a mirthless laugh. "You chuck a dummy (*i. e.*, feign epilepsy or unconsciousness) like a hospital grafter. Did you get your dime?"

Now that dime was a figment of fancy, a theatrical property conjured for the needs of the moment with the gamin's ready inventiveness. The same inventiveness suggested to Heiny the possibility of making that imaginary dime a reality, from the charity of the little crowd which had gathered.

"Nah," he replied in answer to the question. "It was fer me rope (night's lodging). It must have rolled away. I 'll have to bunk on the town."

He set about minutely inspecting the sidewalk, aided by several of the onlookers, some of whom displayed suspicious eagerness. Presently Heiny straightened up with a doleful shake of his head. Inwardly he was hoping that some one in the crowd would "come up." But the gathering melted away. It was the woman called Lib who finally produced two nickels, with obvious pangs of parting.

"Here," she said. "G'wan to your rope. Tell Dutch Gus I give it to ye when you see him. Maybe he'll square it."

"Sure. I thought some of the bunch o' rubbernecks might give up. I ain't takin' *your* dough."

Shamefacedly, but with the magic of his smile sunning over his homely little features, he dropped the coins into the hand of the giver.

"Well, whadda yeh think of that!" said Lib, less in query than as an expression of otherwise inexpressible amazement.

"Run him up against Gus," advised the other. "Maybe he could use a kid as fly as this one."

"Heiny rolled over, gave a moan, quivered, and lay still"

"Who's he?" asked Heiny.

"Why, the man Drunken Donovan was after. Don't you know him?"

"That guy? Never seen him before."

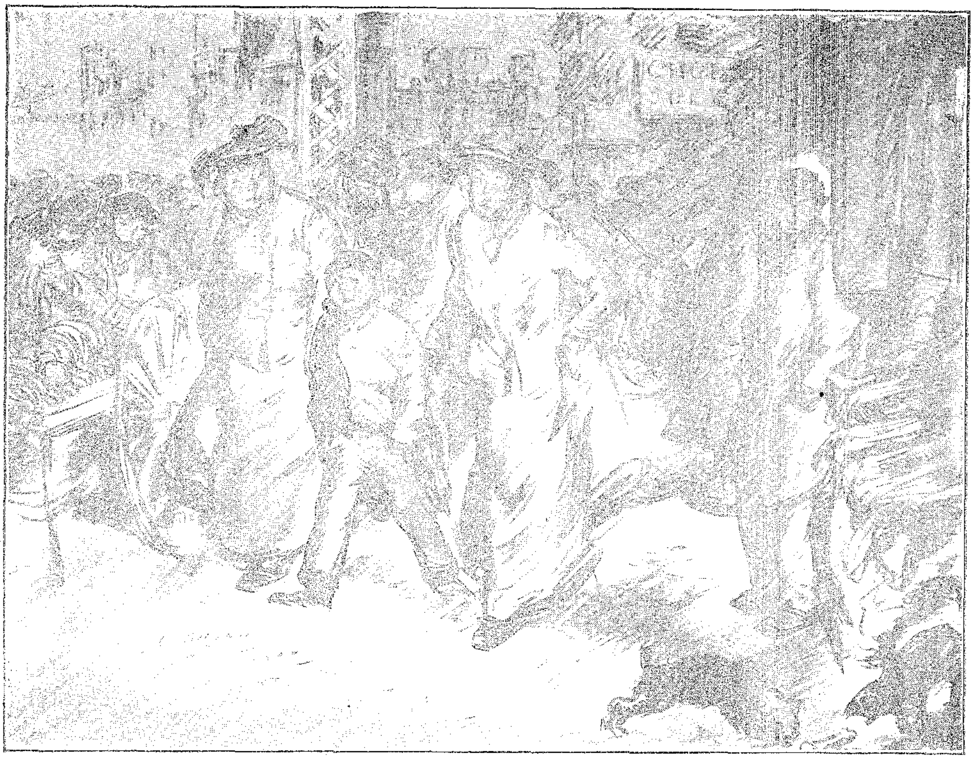
"Then you just butted in on general principles?" said Peaches. "You *are* a game kid."

Heiny glanced at her, then at Lib, and finally at the two nickels in his hand. They looked large and they felt warm — but, some way, it would n't do. Not for Heiny.

"Say," he blurted out. "I do' want these. I never lost no dime."

"No?" queried Lib incredulously. "Was it all a bluff?"

Between them they led Heiny beneath a glare of lights outlining the legend "Lone Pine Pool-Room; Pool 2½ Cts. a Cue," through the smoke-blue atmosphere of a large room crowded with dilapidated tables and no less dilapidated players, whose accuracy of game was equaled only by the intensity of earnestness they evinced at it, and upon a raised platform where men and women sat drinking at small tables to the desperate music of a battered piano, manipulated by a still more battered pianist. Hither came Dutch Gus presently, and



"*Between them they led Heiny beneath a glare of lights*"

after a moment's talk with Lib, who intercepted him, glanced sharply at Heiny and took a table for all of them. At nearer sight he revealed himself as a powerfully built young German with a handsome face and an uneasy eye.

"So, t'at's t'e kid," he said in a soft, mannerly voice, which nevertheless gave Heiny an unpleasant shivery feeling. "Haf a beer? No; you 're too yong." The boy bridled. "Better not," advised Gus. "Try t'is instead."

He flipped over a quarter of a dollar. Heiny clutched it. Rich in the unexpected windfall, he would have slipped away, but the German detained him.

"Where you come from?" he asked.

"I belong on the Bowery," said the boy, giving the best reply he could.

"Where 's your fader?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Your mutter?"

"You win," said Heiny cheerfully. "Try me on a easier one."

"Who takes care of you?"

"What 's the matter wit' meself?" demanded the boy promptly.

The German looked him over meditatively. "Yess," he ruminated; "I might give t'e kid a try-out. Sinz yong Karl got to be a light-weight scrapper in t'e ring, t'ere ain't none fly enough. Vell," he added to Heiny, "you stay here and vatch."

"I 'll go you," said the boy. He had n't the faintest idea what might be the prospect opening before him, but if it was work, he could always exchange it for something easier. So he turned his best smile on his new patron.

"T'at's all right," said Gus with quick satisfaction. The smile had impressed him. Not that it had in the least won on him; sentiment had no place in the cold-hearted German; but he estimated its quality of fellowship as a future asset to the Lone Pine's main industry. Of the nature of that industry the boy was soon to have an inkling.

Heiny stayed and watched. He saw a number of men who were drinking heavily; sailors, some of them, others evidently from the country districts (jays he labeled them mentally), and he noticed also other men who seemed to be drinking heavily, but never showed the slightest effects of it. These were

Germans, much of Dutch Gus's type. Later he came to know them all; Dolph Kleiner, who had served two terms in state's prison for swindling poor girls out of their savings; Fritz Bertels, a reputed graduate of Heidelberg who, as a bogus count, had lived for two months gloriously on credit at a swell club uptown; Bull Schild, the wrestler; and poor "Solo," the piano player, who had once sung minor rôles in grand opera. Then there were the women, haggard, wan, and dissipated, whose high-pitched merriment lent an air of determined gaiety to the place. Just now Heiny's interest centered in Crazy Meg, so called because if one whispered in her ear, "There's the man that stole your little sister" she would go murderous-mad and, with whatever weapon came nearest to hand, seek revenge blindly for the black tragedy that had made her what she was.

There was "something doing" at Meg's table. The keen-witted boy gathered so much from the whispers of Lib and Peaches and the covert attention of Gus. The man with Meg was drinking heavily and paying from a sizeable roll of bills. Presently Gus strolled over; there was a formula of introduction, and, sitting down, he ordered a round of beers. For a moment after it came the German's bulk hid the stranger's glass from Heiny; but it seemed to the boy that if any one leaned over *his* glass that way with shifting hand — well, he would be wary in tasting the drink. Not so the stranger. He swallowed the last drop.

"He's took it," whispered Peaches to Lib.

"Sure. There he goes," assented the older woman.

The man's head rolled. He half rose, then fell forward. His forehead struck the table with a startling thump. Instantly, as if on signal, Dolph Kleiner, Bertels, Bull the wrestler, and two or three others gathered around him.

"Out in t'e side hall," ordered Dutch Gus. "He's full, already."

If it was drunkenness it was a type unfamiliar to the experienced Heiny. But he asked no questions, neither then nor later that night when he went home with Gus on the German's invitation, nor on many other nights when, from his nook behind the benches, he saw the same sordid drama oft repeated, and came in for a quarter or half a dollar as his share of the booty. Indeed, he needed to ask no questions, for one night the police, who were always considerate (for a consideration), had summoned an ambulance for one of the "drunks," and Heiny had heard the boyish surgeon snort and say, "Another case of knock-out drops." After that he knew what he had strongly suspected from the first. But what business of his was it that men were lured to the Lone Pine to be drugged and robbed? The work was easy; "dead easy," said Heiny to himself with increasing satisfaction, and he had money enough to shoot craps with the best of the Grand Street experts now. All that he was expected to do for his pay was to bear an occasional, unimportant-sounding message to some obscure person or other, generally to be found in the back room of a saloon, such as:

"The fireworks are off for to-night," or, "Look for a cold spell the rest of the week."

By and by came his admission to the full fellowship of the gang. Dutch Gus was his sponsor.

"Heiny," said he. "You know what is a peter-player?"

"Nah," said the boy innocently. "Do they have it in the orchestra?"

"I am a peter-player," said Gus. "It is my business."

Heiny waited in silence.

"You understand t'at? T'e Lone Pine business?"

"Nah; I ain't on," lied Heiny smoothly.

"All t'ose fellers an' t'e girls; t'ey are part of it. T'ey are t'e gang. You know what t'ey do?"

"They're bakers," said Heiny. He had heard Dolph tell a stranger that once. Dutch Gus smiled.

"When a man comes in with money, too much money, he gets a little someding in his drink. Like t'is." He showed the boy a small vial concealed in the palm of his muscular hand, and made a swift motion as of emptying it. "T'en he goes asleep an' we carry him out."

"Oh, that's her, is it?" said Heiny calmly.

Gus nodded. "T'at is peter. I tell you t'is because you are in t'e game now. We need you. See?"

Heiny permitted himself his first and last question as to the ethics of the profession. "What you got ag'in' the guys you give the stuff to?"

Gus stared at him. "We need t'e money," he said softly. Then with a swift, savage change of tone: "Don't you get any fool t'oughts in t'e head. You stick by t'e gang.

T'at's all you haf to do. You be on t'e square with t'e gang, and t'e gang is on t'e square with you. Not — and you get killed. See?"

Heiny saw. He became a ready pupil in the mysteries of "peter." He learned the patter of the trade, and how to deal at certain obscure drug and herb stores deep in the heart of the East Side, and what formulæ to use in so dealing, and how to tell a "fly-cop" by his feet, and many another lesson in this school of crime. By virtue of which he became duly accredited messenger to the peter-gang of the Lone Pine Pool Room.

He acquired also a new article in his code of ethics; to be "on the square" with the gang. Hitherto he had been loyal to individuals; now he began dimly to see that there was a principle involved. That which in all of us reaches out toward some higher course of conduct than mere personal convenience and expediency, twined itself from Heiny's growing spirit around this new standard. That the pursuit he abetted was unlawful, weighed nothing. To him it was a natural livelihood. He preyed as prey the scavenger insects that follow the feast of the slayer. And yet he had his occasional misgivings, such as he expressed in the one question to Dutch Gus. Some of the victims of the peter-players were pleasant-faced, kindly-seeming fellows. Why should they suffer the loss of their "rolls," he vaguely wondered, and be thrust forth, despoiled and senseless, upon the mercies of the authorities? Not infrequently he felt uneasily sorry for them. But in evil case and good he was staunch with a waxing loyalty to the Lone Pine fellowship.

Evil case and good varied with the peter-players. For a time came many fish to their net. Then, some three months after Heiny joined the gang, the Powers that mete out destiny to the police department and through that medium to all the criminal industry of the mighty city, sent a "straight man" to rule over that precinct which gathers rich tribute from Chatham Square. And the straight man's orders were to knock out the knock-out industry. Captain Cortright was not in the business of collecting tribute. Within a week after his advent, business was woefully slack in the Lone Pine. Within two weeks, half of the "bakers" were under arrest. Within a month, hard times were pressing sorely upon the remainder, the girls came but seldom, the peter itself was hard to come at, and Dutch Gus, driven by a desperate need, was avid for a "killing." Early one evening he called Heiny out of his cozy corner.

"T'e girls have put me onto a fellow for t'is evening," he said. "We must have t'e stuff here in a hour."

"Schilpen's is out. The cops are watching Rosenstein's, and the new guy at Schenck's won't touch the business," said the wise Heiny.

"Teufels!" cried Gus savagely. "Don't I know? Take t'is dollar. Go to the address on t'e paper. Come back in a hour or I skin your hide."

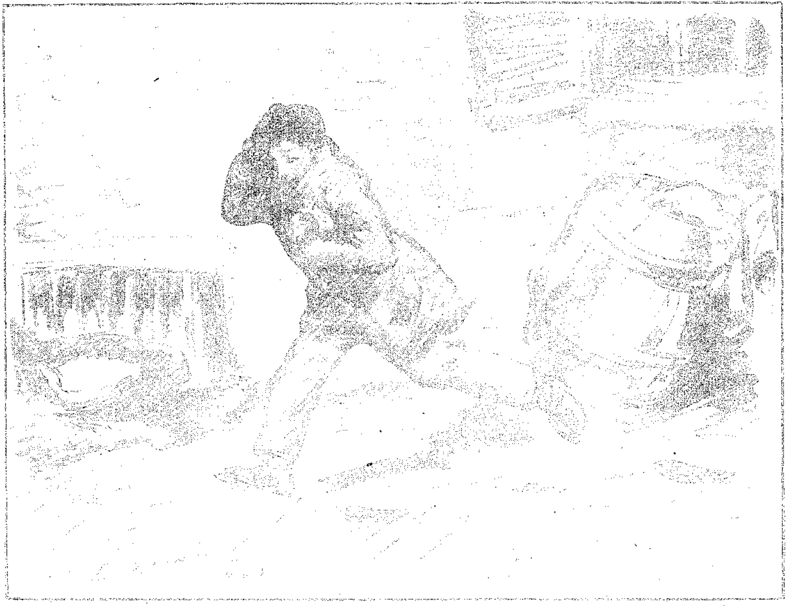
It was a silver dollar. Heiny had no reliable pocket. So he looked at the address, wrapped the coin in the paper, clenched it in his right hand, and plunged out of the warm, brilliant room into the whirl of a savage, snow-bearing southeaster. Up Division Street he went at a trot and at the corner of Allen ran into two boys, one of his own size, the other a little larger. The smaller boy he knew not; the other he knew as Skinny — and nothing further. But they were not of his gang and they were two to one.

"Who yer buntin'?" demanded Skinny advancing in an unmistakable manner.

"Lemme be. I'm goin' fer a doctor," whined Heiny, using the plea which avails where all else fails on the East Side. Here it fell on stony ground.

"Soak him, Skinny," exhorted Skinny's companion.

Flight was out of the question; they had him cornered. There was nothing for it but battle. Now, when you fight with one opponent you may drop back the right foot, prance, feint, and cradle your fists in true prize-ring style. But when two enemies confront you the conventions of fistic warfare are as naught, and the Marquis of Queensbury might as well never have been born. Heiny rushed upon the elongated Skinny with flailing arms, then suddenly ducked and butted him in the stomach. Skinny sighed sadly, toppled over on the foe and embraced him. At the same moment his confederate pulled Heiny's legs out from under him and all three went down together. Followed then a wild thresh of juvenility all over the sidewalk. Comparative quiet ensued only when Skinny sat triumphantly astride the victim's chest while the ally



"Up Division Street he went at a trot"

gagged Heiny and punched at his face. Suddenly Skinny cried :

"Look out. He 's got a knife."

The ally investigated cautiously. "Naw," he shrilled in high excitement. "It's a plunker."

Straightway he began to hammer at the clenched hand. Heiny gripped with the clasp of desperation. It was the gang's money. Without it he could not get the peter and the game must fall through. They 'd have to kill him before he 'd give up. Futilely he twisted his head. If he could but set his teeth in that hand that was beating at his ! Something warm trickled along his fingers. The sooty snow splotched pink. With a convulsive effort Heiny writhed his body half over, and suddenly found it easy to turn. The weight lifted from his chest, his lacerated hand was freed, and he got dizzily to his feet.

A bearded man in sailor garb with the word "Texas" on his cap was holding his assailants, one in each hand. The man's simple face was beaming with good-nature ; he seemed to find it all vastly amusing.

"Two to one 's no fair game, my hearties," he said. "What 's the row ?"

"They picked on me," whined Heiny.

"Take your turn then. Hold hard. What 's that in your hand ? The steel ? Oh, that 's no good. Give it here."

"Lemme go," wailed Heiny. "I 'm goin' fer —— "

"Give it here," repeated the man sternly. "You won't ?"

A quick twist wrenched the boy's hand open. "Oh, a dollar. It 's all right. You 'll get it back — after the scrap. Now, which first ?"

Something in the sailor's hearty bearing inspired trust. Heiny smiled up in his face, and the man patted his back. "Go in. I 'll bet on you," he said.

With a long breath of mingled preparation and satisfaction Heiny said, "It 's up to Skinny," and pitched in.

Heart was lacking in Skinny ; perhaps wind, too, from that first well-planted butt. In two minutes he was whining for mercy. To the lesser antagonist the battle-warmed Heiny turned, but that astute youngling, after squaring off as if on business bent, flipped around the corner with such speed that pursuit was useless.

"Haw-haw-haw !" bellowed the sailor in deep-chested mirth. "Purty cute, that feller. Here 's your dollar, son."

"Thanks," said Heiny and then wondered where he had learned the word.

The sailor chuckled. "You ought to join the navy," he said. "You 'll make a scrapper. 'It 's up to Skinny,' says you. An' in you boned. Haw-haw-haw !"

A sharp curiosity beset the urchin. "What did you do it fer?" he asked with unaccustomed timidity.

"Do what? Oh. Well, you was one an'-an'-an' they was two an'-an' one of 'em was bigger"— the sailor stumbled about for expression. "You 'd help a feller that was gettin' the worst of it, would n't you?" he asked triumphantly.

"I dunno," said Heiny, considering the proposition dubiously. Many a man he had seen get "the worst of it" with no particular thought of help.

"Course you would," said the rescuer earnestly. "If I come along here an' a couple o' coves pulled a gun on me you 'd jump in." He spoke simply, as one man to another.

And as one man to another: "You 're all right, Texas," said Heiny with one of his friend-making smiles, and was off.

The sailor's deep laughter followed him as he sped on his errand:

"Texas! Haw-haw-haw! An' me from Ohyer."

Revolving strange things in his troubled mind, the boy dodged through the thickening tenement region until he turned up into Ludlow Street and finally slipped into a little drug store. Had he felt less weight of problem on his mind he would have carefully looked about him before entering. As it was, he failed to see two heavy-booted men in a dark doorway opposite. A learned-looking young clerk with eye-glasses peered at him from behind the counter of the little herb-scented store.

"Don't look as if he knew the patter," thought Heiny, and produced the bit of paper. It was torn and bloody. The clerk looked at it and then suspiciously at the bearer.

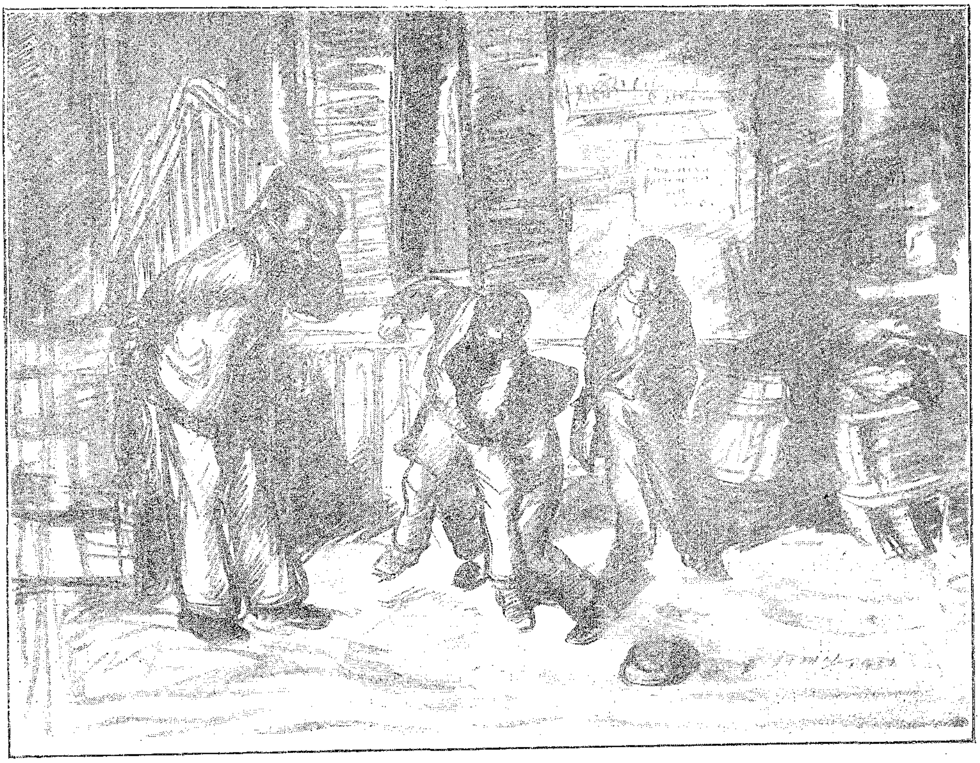
"What do you want, my young friend?" he asked.

"The stuff," answered Heiny boldly. He showed the dollar. "Eighth of an ounce."

"Was ist das vas du mir eben sagen willst?" cried the clerk angrily, casting little nervous glances at a woman who had just entered.

"Ah-h-h, nix comeraus," retorted the gamin scornfully. "Sprecker nit Dutch. I want the stuff for my grandfather."

"In two minutes he was whining for mercy"



The clerk's face cleared a little. "Who is your grandfather?"

"Peter Schmidt." It might have been Peter Stein or Peter Gans or Peter Kelly; the test word was the "Peter."

"Yes" — with nodding head — "And he wants it for —— "

"To make him sleep," said Heiny, following the formula perfectly.

"You have brought the money?"

"One dollar."

"The same as the last," said the clerk, handing him a very small vial, such as one might hide in the palm of a hand. "Good-night. Behüte!"

The exclamation brought Heiny up, all standing. But it was too late. He had fairly run into the two burly men who had crossed over from the dark doorway opposite. One of them snatched at his hand. But Heiny's education had prepared him for any emergency. The vial dropped, and smashed in a thousand pieces on the stone coping, while a wail of anguish went up from Heiny's wide-spread face.

"Me cough-dope fer me kid brother! He 'll croak, he will. I got no more money. An' the old woman 'll kill me fer losin' it."

So well was it done that it fairly baffled the detectives. But not beyond a working suspicion. They let the sorrowing boy go in again — and waited. Now, had there been time to spare, Heiny would have tried every other place known to him rather than have run further risk there. But no other place was open; and the hour pressed. So he suggested another vial on credit. The clerk refused. Heiny pressed him. More vehemently the clerk refused; but now the boy noticed that with each refusal there was a twitching movement of the thumb toward the rear. Out went the messenger, torn with sobs, to meditate upon the twitching thumb. His intimate knowledge of the East Side came to his aid in this manner of reasoning:

"This block is full of back tenements. There must be one behind this store. I can get to it by going through the hallway of the house on the next street. That's what the guy means with his finger-wiggling."

Shrewdly estimating the distance, Heiny successfully negotiated the dark passage of the hallway from the next street over, crawled through a black and foul rear-tenement, scaled a ruinous fence, and in five minutes was receiving from the rear exit of the store a second vial, sweetened to his uses by the praises of the eye-glassed clerk. Delicately carrying the treasure he made his swift return to the pool room.

Dutch Gus stood scowling in the doorway. It was a quarter past the hour set by him, and he only growled when Heiny came up, breathless, and, without looking at his sponsor, dropped the peter lightly in his pocket, whispering as he passed:

"All right."

On he hurried to his accustomed corner, behind the benches. To what went on about him, for once, he paid little heed. He heard the cracked voice of Crazy Meg exhorting her comrade and catch of the evening to "keep the drinks moving lively, Bill," and the wearier tones of Lib and Peaches who had just seated themselves at a table near him; but beyond subconsciously noting that they were there, he gave them not a thought. A new problem was in his mind, set to running amuck there by the simple creed of his friend in necessity, the sailor. He must help a fellow who was getting the worst of it. Yet he must be on the square with the gang. And if the gang wasn't on the square with other people, could he be on the square with the world at large? The matter seemed woefully confused. How would it be if — his troubled little brain trailed off into a maze of speculations. His head buzzed. He was striving to adjust an interloping element in his scheme of the universe which had hitherto been so delightfully straightforward; he was struggling with his private phase of the everlasting riddle, to which the wisest have found so many and various answers. Then abruptly the muddled enigma reduced itself to a specific and sharply personal basis.

Up the steps to the drinking platform came Dutch Gus, followed by a man whose figure and face the bulky German screened from the boy, but whose sailor cap bore the legend "Texas." As he came there rang out in appreciation of some joke of Gus's a full-toned, bellowing "Haw-haw-haw!" that drove the last hopeful doubt shivering from Heiny's mind.

The German's smooth voice, inspired of hospitality, suggested a drink, and the two seated themselves at the table with Lib and Peaches. Heiny, helpless in his corner, thought of the mirthful figures he had seen come in there only to go out sodden, limp, and despoiled. Some of them he knew went to the police station; some went direct to the hospital; some — he remembered the silent departure of the clan one night when Dolph came in with a scared face, bearing a newspaper clipping — and he shuddered.

Meantime, "Here's your health," said Dutch Gus to the sailor.

"Your health," repeated the two women.

"Your-very-good-health," said the sailor with an obvious effort at deliberation.

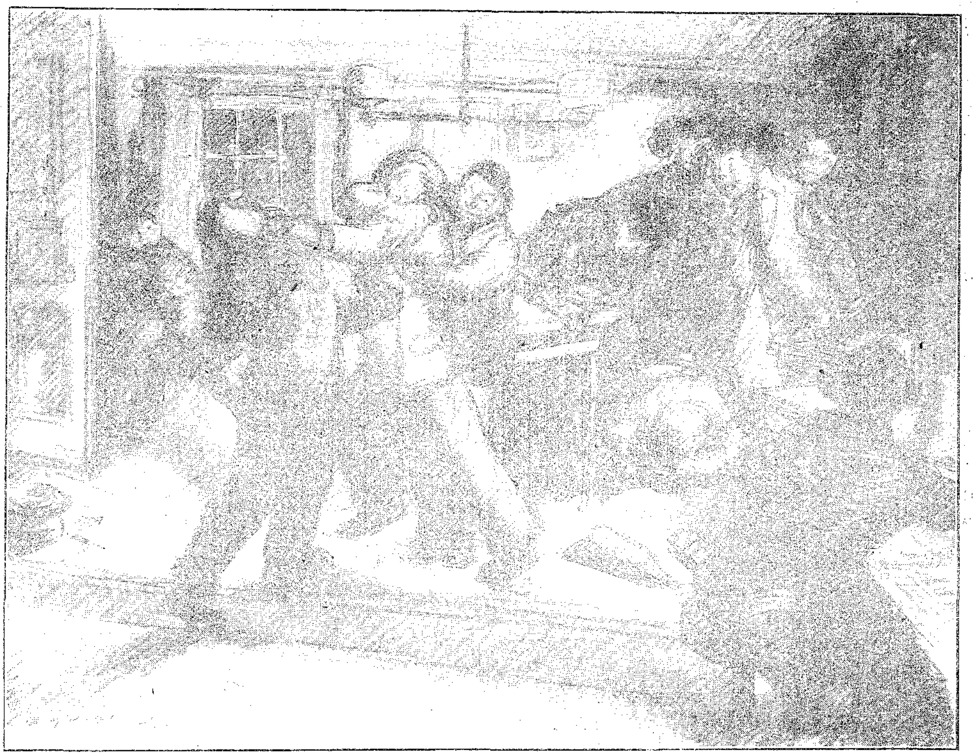
By that Heiny knew that he must act quickly if he were going to act at all, for the man was already half drunk, and the next round of drinks might well be the one selected for the drugging. But why should he act? "You'd help a feller that was gettin' the worst of it, would n't you?" said the sailor's confident voice to his memory.

"I 've got to," answered something within Heiny that was new to himself; and the decision was made. With it came inspiration.

Cautiously getting to his hands and knees Heiny crept along under the benches until he was behind Crazy Meg. From there he could see the whole action at Gus's table. The fresh beer came. Lib diverted the sailor's attention for a moment. In that moment Gus's hand, the thumb stoppering the little vial, rose over the table's edge, and passed above the stranger's glass. There was a spirt of colorless liquid, and the terrible chloral hydrate lost itself invisibly, imperceptibly, in the beer.

"To t'e best ship in t'e navy, t'e Texas," proposed Gus.

At the same moment Heiny, half-rising behind Crazy Meg, whispered in her ear:



"With a clean blow he knocked Dolph headlong"

"There's the man that stole your little sister."

"Where?' shrieked the unhappy woman struggling to her feet.

"Drinking with you now," said the boy, and scurried back along the benches to Gus's table.

The crash came before he got there. Crazy Meg, possessed of her insane fury, had beaten down her unsuspecting drinking companion with the heavy glass. Instantly there was confusion.

Gus, the sailor, and the two women at their table rose and hurried forward. Heiny rose, too. Unnoticed in the confusion, he leaned over the table that Gus and his party had just deserted. There was a swift passage of his hands, and he was back in his corner before Meg, raving and howling for vengeance, was dragged out.

When quiet was finally restored: "To t'e best ship in any navy, t'e Texas," pledged Gus, improving on his original toast.

"Right you are," cried the sailor. "I 'll drink all there is to that."

Both set their glasses down empty. The sailor started in upon a song. Dutch Gus glared at him with starting eyes.

'Was ist?" he cried. "T'e drink! T'ey have changed — I feel —" He stopped short, having caught sight of Heiny's terrified face raised above the benches.

"Get out, Texas! Skin fer your life!" cried the boy.

"T'at boy. T'at devil. He have changed t'e glasses. To-to-t'e Texas, t'e-Texas-t'e best-b-b-bo —— "

Dutch Gus lurched forward and sprawled over the table. With a rush, Dolph Kleiner, Schild the wrestler, and two others made for the spot.

"Run, Heiny; they 'll kill you!" shrieked Lib. And as the boy scurried through the side hall into the safety of the night, the voice of Peaches calling after him, "Oh, Heiny, what made you turn on the gang?" struck a pang to his heart.

Meantime the rush was upon the sailor. He had come suddenly sober, as men will when their peril is upon them. With a clean blow he knocked Dolph headlong, slashed the outstretched arm of the wrestler with a ready knife from his belt, and made his way through the fleeing crowd of pool-players to the street. At the corner he met Heiny.

"Are you all right?" cried the boy eagerly. "Are you all right, Texas?"

"Ah, it was you, was it, matey?" said the man. "You done your part. Just as I knowed you would. We 're square now. I 'm for the ship. Here 's to remember me by. So long, matey."

He thrust a dollar into the boy's hand. Stupidly Heiny fumbled the bill. It was wealth to him, but what is wealth to one beneath whose feet the accustomed world was crumbled? Heiny had turned his back on the ideal of his life; he had forsaken the only standard that he knew. The voice of Peaches rang with dismal reproach in his ears. No longer was he "on the square."

Without one glance of farewell, he turned his back on the glittering lights of the Lone Pine and fared forth, an outcast, disgraced, confounded, remorseful, friendless, and inspired of a high, incredulous elation, to battle with a new existence.

THE MARIONETTES

BY

WITTER BYNNER

A BOY with face like some Greek coin
  Leans in the second row,
To help each mimic hero join
  Against the Moslem foe.

The gas reflecting in his eyes,
  That swerve not left nor right,
Burns, every time a pagan dies,
  With freshness of delight.

These are but dolls of brass and wood
  Whose destinies begun
He watches till the end is good
  And victory is won.

Is there an eye of endless light
  For what we do and dare?
Or are we playing to the night
  With nobody to care?

LOOKING BACKWARD

WHEN, IN MY HUNT FOR A LEADING MAN FOR MR. DALY, I FIRST SAW COGHLAN AND IRVING

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," ETC.

WHEN the late Mr. Augustin Daly bestowed even a modicum of his confidence, his friendship, upon man or woman, the person so honored found the circulation of his blood well maintained by the frequent and generally unexpected demands for his presence, his unwavering attention and sympathetic comprehension. As with the royal invitation that is a command, only death positive or threatening could excuse non-attendance; and though his friendship was in truth a liberal education, the position of even the humblest confidante was no sinecure, for the plans he loved to describe and discuss were not confined to that day and season, but were long, daring looks ahead; great coups for the distant, unborn years.

The season had closed on Saturday. Monday I was to sail for England, and early that morning the housemaid watched for the carriage. My landlady was growing quivery about the chin, because I had to cross alone to join Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, who had gone ahead. My mother was gay with a sort of crippled hilarity that deceived no one, as she prepared to go with me to say good-by at the dock, while little Ned, the son of the house, proudly gathered together rug, umbrella, hand-bag, books, etc., ready to go down with us and escort my mother back home — when a cab whirled to the door and stopped.

"Good heaven!" I cried, "what a blunder! I ordered a carriage; we can't all crowd into that thing!"

Then a boy was before me, holding out one of those familiar summoning half-sheets, with a line or two of the jetty-black, impishly-tiny, Daly scrawls—and I read: "Must see you one minute at office. Cabby will race you down. Have your carriage follow and pick you up here. Don't fail! A. DALY."

Ah, well! A. Daly — he who must be obeyed—had me in good training. I flung one hand to the mistress, the other to the maid in farewell, pitched headlong into the cab, and went whirling down Sixth Avenue and across to the theater stage-door, then upstairs to the morsel of space called by courtesy the private office.

Mr. Daly nonchalantly held out his hand, looked me over, and said: "That 's a very pretty dress — becoming too — but is it not too easily soiled? Salt water you know is ——"

"Oh," I broke in, "it 's for general street wear — my traveling will be done in nightdress, I fancy."

"Ah, bad sailor, eh?" he asked, as I stood trembling with impatience.

"The worst! But you did not send for me to talk dress or about my sailing qualities?"

"My dear," he said sauvely, "your temper is positively rabid." Then he glanced at the clock on his desk and his manner changed. He said swiftly and curtly: "Miss Morris, I want you to go to every theater in London, and ——"

"But I can't!" I interrupted, "I have not money enough for that and my name is not known over there!"

He frowned and waved his hand impatiently. "Use my name, then, or ask courtesy from E. A. Sothern. He crosses with you and you know him. But mind, go to every reputable theater, and," impressively, "report to me at once if you see any leading man with exceptional ability of any kind."

I gasped. It seemed to me I heard the leaden fall of my heart. "But Mr. Daly, what a responsibility! How on earth could I judge an actor for you?"

He held up an imperative hand. "You think more after my own manner than any other person I know of. You are sensitive, responsive, quick to acknowledge another's ability, and so are fitted to study London's leading men for me!"

I was aghast, frightened to the point of approaching tears! Suddenly I bethought me. "I 'll tell Mr. Lewis. He is there already you know, and let him judge for you."

"Lewis? Good Lord! He has no independence! He 'd see in an actor just what he thought I wanted him to see! I tell you, I want *you* to sort over London's leading men, and, if you see anything exceptional, secure name and theater and report to me. Heaven knows, two long years have not only taught me that you have opinions, but the courage of them!"

Racing steps came up the stairs, and little Ned's voice called: "Miss Clara. Miss Clara. We are here!"

I turned to Mr. Daly and said mournfully: "You have ruined the pleasure of my trip."

"Miss Morris, that 's the first untruth you ever told me. Here, please —" and he handed me a packet of new books.

"Thanks!" I cried and then flew down the stairs. Glancing up, I saw him looking earnestly after me. "Did you speak?" I asked hurriedly.

"That gown fits well — don't spoil it with sea-water!"

And half-laughing, half-vexed, but wholly frightened at the charge laid upon me, I sprang into the carriage, to hold hands with mother all the way down to the crowded dock.

One day I received in London this note from Mr. Augustin Daly:

"MY DEAR MISS MORRIS: — I find no letter here — impatiently, A. D."

And straightway I answered:

"MY DEAR MR. DALY: — I find no actor here — afflictedly, C. M."

And lo, on my very last night in London, after our return from Paris, I found the exceptional leading man.

Ten days later, on a hot September morning, I was hurling myself upon my mother in all the joy of home-coming, when I saw leaning against the clock on the mantel the unmistakable envelope, bearing the impious black scriggle that generally meant a summons. I opened it and read: "Cleaners in full possession here — look out for soap and pails, and report directly at box-office — don't fail! A. DALY."

I confess I was angry, for I was so tired and the motion of the steamer was still with me, and besides my own small affairs were of more interest to me just then than the greater ones of the manager. However, my two years of training held good. In an hour I was picking my way across wet floors, among mops and pails toward the sanity and dry comfort of Mr. Daly's office. He held my hands closely for a moment, then broke out complainingly: "You 've behaved nicely, have n't you? Not a single line sent to tell what you were seeing, doing, thinking?"

"I beg your pardon — I distinctly remember sending you a line." He scowled blackly. I went on: "I thought your note to me was meant as a model, so I copied it carefully."

Formerly this sort of thing had kept us at daggers drawn, but now he only laughed, and shaking his hand impatiently to and fro, said: "Stop it! oh, stop it! So you could not find even one leading man worth while, eh?"

"Yes — just one!"

"Then why on earth did n't you write me?"

"Could n't — I only found him on our last night in London."

Mr. Daly's face was alight in a moment. He caught up a scrap of paper and a pencil, and, after the manner of the inexperienced interviewer, began: "What's he like?"

"Tall, flat-backed, square-shouldered, free-moving, and wears a long dress-coat — that shibboleth of a gentleman — as if that had been his custom ever since he left his mother's knee."

Mr. Daly ejaculated "good!" at each clause, and scribbled his impish small scribble on the bit of paper which rested on his palm.

"What did he do?" he asked eagerly.

"He did n't do," I answered lucidly.

"What do you mean, Miss Morris?"

"What I say, Mr. Daly."

"But if the man does n't do anything, what is there remarkable about him?"

"Why, just that. It was what he did n't do that produced the effect."

"A-a-ah," said Mr. Daly, with long-drawn satisfaction, scribbling rapidly. "I understand, and you thought, Miss, that you could not judge an actor for me! What was the play?"

"Bulwer's 'Money,' and Marie Wilton was superb as ——"

"Never mind Marie Wilton," he interrupted impatiently, writing, "but Alfred Evelyn is such an awful prig."

"Is n't he?" I acquiesced, "but this actor made him human. You see, Mr. Daly, most Evelyns are like a bottle of gas-charged water: forcibly restrained for a time, then there 's a pop and a bang, and in wild freedom the water is foaming thinly over everything in sight. This man did n't kowtow in the early acts, but was curt, cold, showing signs of rebellion more than once, and in the big scene, well —— !"

"Yes?" asked Mr. Daly eagerly.

"Well, that was where he did n't do. He did n't bang nor rave nor work himself up to a wild burst of tears!" ("Thank God!" murmured Mr. Daly and scribbled fast.) "He told the story of his past sometimes rapidly, sometimes making a short, absolute pause. When he reached the part referring to his dead mother, his voice fell two tones, his words grew slower, more difficult, and finally stopped. He left some of his lines out entirely — actually forcing the people to do his work in picturing for themselves his sorrow and his loss — while he sat staring helplessly at the floor, his closed fingers slowly tightening, trying vainly to moisten his dry lips. And when the unconsciously sniffling audience broke suddenly into applause, he swiftly turned his head aside, and with the knuckle of his forefinger brushed away two tears. Ah, but that knuckle was clever! His finger-tips would have been girly-girly or actory, but the knuckle was the movement of a man, who still retained something of his boyhood about him."

Mr. Daly's gray, dark-lashed eyes were almost black with pleased excitement as he asked: "What 's his name?"

"Coghlan — Charles Coghlan."

"Why, he 's Irish?"

"So are you — Irish-American," I answered defensively, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Well, you ought to be Irish yourself!" he said sternly.

"I did my best," I answered modestly. "I was born on St. Patrick's Day!"

"In the mornin'?" he asked.

"The very top of it, sor!"

"More power to you then!" at which we both laughed, and I rose to go.

As I picked up my sunshade, I remarked casually: "Ah, but I was glad to have seen, for once at least, England's great actor.

"This Coghlan?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"What, there is another, and you have not mentioned him — after my asking you to report any exceptional actor you saw?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You asked me to report every exceptional leading man. This actor's leading man's days are past. He is a star by the grace of God's great gifts to him, and his own hard work."

"Well!" snapped Mr. Daly, "even a star will play where money enough is offered him, will he not?"

"There 's a legend to that effect, I believe."

"Will you favor me, Miss Morris, with this actor's name?"

"Certainly. He is billed as Mr. Henry Irving."

Mr. Daly looked up from his scribbling. "Irving? Irving? Is not he the actor that old man Bateman secured as support for his daughters?"

"Yes, that was the old gentleman's mistaken belief; but the public thought differently, and labored with Papa Bateman till it convinced him that his daughters were by way of supporting Mr. Irving."

A grim smile came upon the managerial lips as he asked, "What does he look like?"

"Well, as a general thing, I think he will look wonderfully like the character he is playing. Oh, don't frown so! He — well, he is not beautiful, neither can I imagine him a pantaloon actor, but his face will adapt itself splendidly to any strong character make-up, whether noble or villainous." Mr. Daly was looking pleased again. I went on: "He aspires, I hear, to Shakspere, but there is one thing of which I am sure. He is the mightiest man in melodrama to-day!"

"How long did it take to convince you of that, Miss Morris? One act — two — the whole five acts?"

"His first five minutes on the stage, sir. His business wins applause without the aid of words, and you know what that means."

Again that elongated "A-a-ah!" Then, "Tell me of that five minutes," and he thrust a chair toward me.

"Oh," I cried, despairingly, "that will take so long, and will only bore you."

"Understand, please, nothing under heaven that is connected with the stage can ever bore me." Which statement was unalloyed truth.

"But, indeed," I feebly insisted, only to be brought up short with the words, "Kindly allow me to judge for myself."

To which I beamingly made answer: "Did I not beg you to do that months ago?" But he was growing vexed, and curtly commanded: "I want those first five minutes — what he did, and how he did it, and what the effect was, and then" — speaking dreamily — "I shall know — I shall know."

Now at Mr. Daly's last long-drawn-out "A-a-ah," anent Mr. Irving's winning applause without words, I believed an idea, new and novel, had sprung into his mind, while his present rapt manner would tell anyone familiar with his ways that the idea was rapidly becoming a plan. I was wondering what it could be, when a sharp "Well?" startled me into swift and beautiful obedience.

"You see, Mr. Daly, I knew absolutely nothing of the story of the play that night. 'The Bells' were, I supposed, church-bells. In the first act the people were rustic — the season winter — snow flying in every time the door opened. The absent husband and father was spoken of by mother and daughter, lover and neighbor. Then there were sleigh-bells heard, whose jingle stopped suddenly. The door opened — *Matthias* entered, and for the first time winter was made truly manifest to us, and one drew himself together instinctively, for the tall, gaunt man at the door was cold — chilled, just to the very marrow of his bones. Then, after general greetings had been exchanged, he seated himself in a chair directly in the center of the stage, a mere trifle in advance of others in the scene, and proceeded to remove his long leggings. He drew a great colored handkerchief and brushed away some clinging snow; then leaning forward, with slightly tremulous fingers, he began to unfasten a top buckle. Suddenly the trembling ceased, the fingers clenched hard upon the buckle, the whole body became still, then rigid — it seemed not to breathe! The one sign of life in the man was the agonizingly strained sense of hearing! His tortured eyes saw nothing. Utterly without speech, without feeling he listened — breathlessly listened! A cold chill crept stealthily about the roots of my hair. I clenched my hands hard and whispered to myself: 'Will it come, good God, will it come, the thing he listens for?' When with a wild bound, as if every nerve and muscle had been rent by an electric shock, he was upon his feet; and I was answered even before that suffocating cry of terror — 'The bells! the bells!' — and under cover of the applause that followed I said: 'Haunted! Innocent or guilty, this man is haunted!' And Mr. Daly, I bowed my head to a great actor, for though fine things followed, you know the old saying, that 'no chain is stronger than its weakest link.' Well I always feel that no actor is greater than his carefulest bit of detail."

Mr. Daly's pale face had acquired a faint flush of color: "Thank you!" he said, with real cordiality, and I was delighted to have pleased him, and also to see the end of my troubles, and once more took up the sunshade.

"I think an actor like that could win any public, don't you?"

"I don't know," I lightly answered. "He is generally regarded as an acquired taste."

"What do you mean?" came the sharp return.

"Why, you must have heard that Mr. Irving's eccentricities are not to be counted upon the fingers of both hands?"

Mr. Daly lifted his brows and smiled a contented smile: "Indeed? And pray, what are these peculiarities?"

"Oh, some are of the figure, some of movement, and some of delivery. A lady told me over there that he could walk like each and every animal of a Noah's ark; and people lay wagers as to whether London will force him to abandon his elocutionary freaks, or he will force London to accept them. I am inclined to back Mr. Irving, myself."

"What! What 's that you say? That this fine actor you have described has a marked peculiarity of delivery — of speech?"

"Marked peculiarities? Why, they are murderous! His strange inflections, his many mannerisms are very trying at first, but he conquers before ——"

A cry stopped me — a cry of utter disappointment and anger! Mr. Daly stood staring at his notes a moment, then he exclaimed violently: "D——n! d——n!! oh, d——n!!!" and savagely tore his scribbled-on paper into bits and flung them on the floor.

Startled at his vexation, convulsed with suppressed laughter at the infantile quality of his profanity, I ventured, in a shaking voice, "I think I 'd better go?"

"I think you had!" he agreed curtly; but as I reached the door he said in his most managerial tone: "Miss Morris, it would be better for you to begin with people's faults next time ——"

But with the door already open I made bold to reply: "*Excuse me, Mr. Daly, but there is n't going to be any next time for me!*"

And I turned and fled, wondering all the way home, as I have often wondered since, what was the plan that went so utterly aglae that day? Mr. Coghlan he engaged after failing in his first effort, but that other, greater plan; what was it?

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

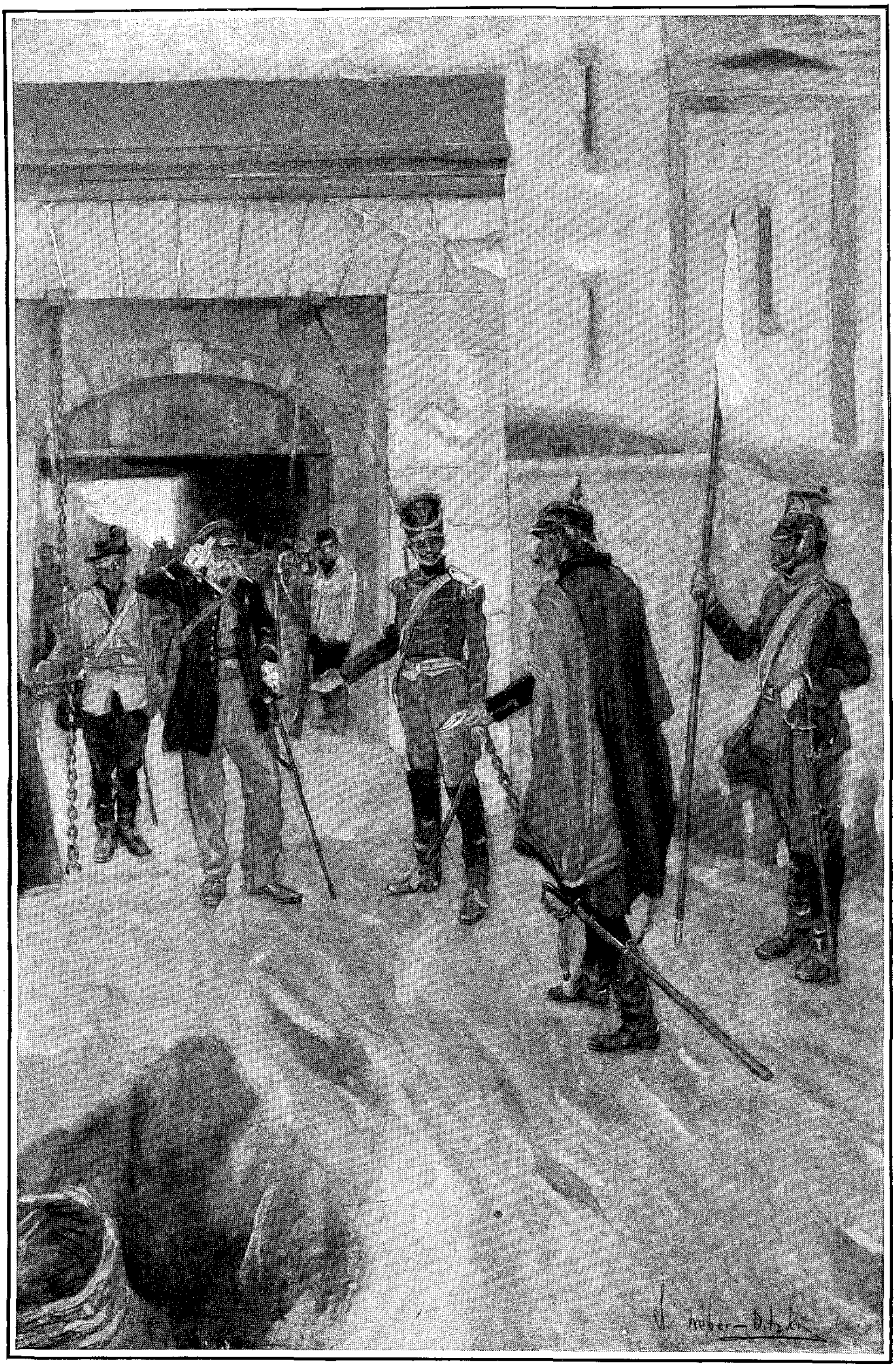
V

THE ESCAPE FROM RASTATT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

While the attempts to win the "Landwehr" in Rhenish Prussia for the cause of the national constitution miscarried, the insurrectionary movement for the same purpose in the Bavarian Palatinate and in the Grand-duchy of Baden showed considerable strength. In the Bavarian Palatinate a provisional government was established which took the control of the province from the hands of the Bavarian officials and began the organization of an army in support of the national cause. The Grand-duchy of Baden also organized its provisional government, almost the whole army of that little state, together with the fortress of Rastatt putting themselves at its disposition, and the Grana-duke with his court and a few cavalry troops taking to flight. Mr. Schurz went to the Palatinate to offer his services to the provisional government and found there his friends, Kinkel and Anneke. Anneke who was charged with the command of the Palatinate artillery made him his aide-de-camp. The military forces of the Palatinate were still in a very imperfect state of organization and equipment when a strong Prussian army corps under the command of the Prince of Prussia invaded the country. The Palatinate forces yielding to vastly superior power crossed the Rhine and joined the army of Baden. But united they were still largely outmatched by the invading Prussians, and after various unsuccessful engagements in some of which Mr. Schurz, as the aide-de-camp of Colonel Anneke, took part, made their last stand near Rastatt on the line of the River Murg. At the close of this battle Mr. Schurz's *narrative is resumed.* — THE EDITOR.

ON the line of the Murg River, the left wing leaning on the fortress of Rastatt, the united corps of the revolutionists of Baden and the Palatinate fought their last defensive fight on the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth of June, 1849, in part very gallantly, although without success. On the evening of June thirtieth Lieutenant-Colonel Anneke sent me with an instruction concerning artillery ammunition into the fortress of Rastatt, where I was to wait for him in a certain fortification from which we could overlook a large part of the battle-field. There he would call for me. I discharged my order and then went to the place indicated to me by my chief, tied my horse to a gun-carriage, and sat down on the rampart, where, after having watched the fight outside for a little while, I fell asleep from sheer fatigue, in spite of the roaring of the cannon. When I awoke the sun was about to set. I inquired among the artillery men standing around for Colonel Anneke, but nobody had seen him. I became restless and mounted my horse to look for my chief outside of the town. When I arrived at the gate the officer on duty informed me that I could not get out; that our army was pressed back toward the south; and that the fortress was completely surrounded by the Prussians. I galloped to the headquarters of the commander of the fortress and received there the confirmation of what I had heard. The prospect of remaining in the city, as in a mouse-trap, with the Prussians



"A PRUSSIAN OFFICER, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE . . . WITH A SUMMONS TO SURRENDER" all around, and this not in obedience to orders but by mere accident, struck me as an exceedingly undesirable one. I could not resign myself to it, and inquired again and again whether there was no way out, until at last an officer standing near the gate said to me: "I feel just as you do. I do not belong here, and have tried all possible points where I thought I might slip through, but all in vain. We have to submit and remain." Of Anneke I found no trace.

Having given up all hope of escape, I reported myself to the governor of the fortress, Colonel Tiedemann, a son of a distinguished professor of medicine at the University of Heidelberg — a man of fine military presence, tall, slender, and stately. He had been an officer in the army of Greece, and had, after his return to Germany, joined the popular cause, much to the disgust of his father, who was a rigid old conservative. The Governor received me kindly, listened to my report, and attached me to his staff. As to my duties, I was to report to him the next morning. I was billeted for quarter upon the house of a confectioner by the name of Nusser. My host and his good wife, kind-hearted, sympathetic and well-mannered people, welcomed me heartily, and put at my disposal a pleasant room and a seat at their table. Also my servant, Adam, a young soldier from the Palatinate, who, fortunately, had followed me into the fortress, found room in the house.

All this looked pleasant enough. But when my host and Adam had left me alone, and I could, in the silence of my room, think over the new situation, my heart became very heavy. There we were shut up in a fortress surrounded by the Prussians. A stubborn defense of the fortress could no longer serve our cause — only in so much as it might prove that a popular army could also possess courage and maintain its military honor.— But under all circumstances the fortress could resist only a very limited time. And then? Capitulation. And then? We would fall into the hands of the Prussians. A most dismal prospect indeed.

The duties assigned to me by the Governor were not onerous. I had to spend certain hours on the highest gallery of the tower of the castle, armed with a telescope, to observe the enemy and to make report of what I might see. Then I had, periodically, to visit certain bastions and gates, and to inspect the watches, and in addition to do such other things as the Governor might from time to time see proper to entrust to me.

One morning, shortly after break of day, I was awakened by a violent explosion on the street immediately under my window. As I jumped out of bed the thought struck me that the Prussians might, during the night, have penetrated into the city, and that there was now a street fight going on. A second explosion, immediately above the house, and the rattling noise of heavy objects that fell upon the roof, taught me that the fortress was being bombarded, and that a shell had knocked down the chimney of my house. One such explosion followed after another, and the guns of our fortress boomed in response. As quickly as possible I hurried to headquarters in the castle and there I beheld a heartrending spectacle. I found the court of the castle was crowded with citizens who had rushed in terror from their houses; among them many women and children who had instinctively sought near the commander protection against the threatening catastrophe. Most of the grown-up people, and even some of the children carried beds or boxes or other sorts of household goods, on their heads or under their arms. As often as a shell rushed over the castle yard or exploded near-by, the poor people, overcome by terror, threw down all they were carrying and ran toward shelter, screaming and wringing their hands. Then during a moment of silence they gathered up their goods and chattels from the ground; but as soon as another shell came along, the same scene repeated itself. We staff-officers did our utmost in trying to quiet the people, and, as far as possible, to place them in safety in the bomb-proof casemates of the fortress. Meantime the bells of the church began to peal, and a multitude, women with their children, and not a few men, ran across the market-place to the church where, with loud lamentations, they prayed God to save them.

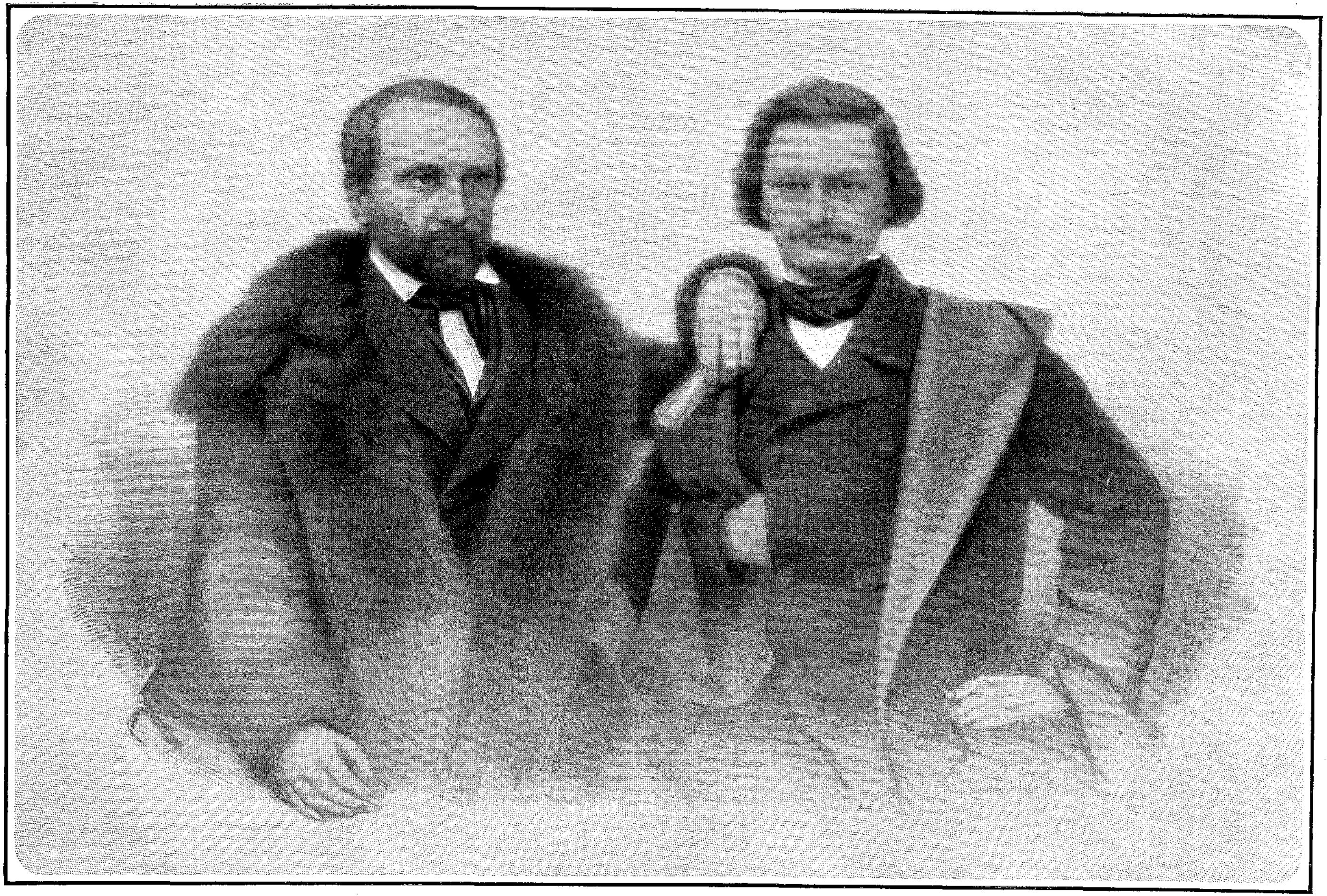
The bombardment, however, was not very serious. It lasted only a few hours, and did very little damage. A few fires caused by it were speedily extinguished. The Prussians probably intended only to let us know that the surrender of the fortress must not be too long delayed, if we would avoid greater discomfort.

The duty which most interested me was that of the "look-out" from the height of the castle tower. From there I had a magnificent view—toward the east the mountains in which Baden-Baden is nestled; toward the north the smiling Rhine valley with its rich fields and vineyards, its shady forests, and the church steeples of many villages peeping from among the fruit trees; to the south, the Black Forest; to the west, Alsatia on the opposite side of the Rhine with far-away blue mountain lines. How beautiful was all this! How benevolent Nature in her rich lavish goodness! And over there, in these apparently peaceful surroundings, lay "The Enemy," who had us firmly in his grasp. There I saw the outposts regularly relieved, and the patrols of horsemen busily moving to and fro, keeping a sharp eye upon us so that not a soul of us should escape; the batteries of the enemy ready to hurl destruction and death at us; their camps teeming with human beings, many of whom, aye, perhaps a large majority, thought as we thought and desired what we desired — possibly among them children of neighbors in my native village — and yet, all prepared at the command of their superiors, to fire the deadly bullet into our breasts. And over all this there streamed down in those summer days the beautiful sunlight of heaven, so warm and so peaceably radiant, as if there were nothing but harmony and happiness in the world. All this so cruelly unnatural, and yet so cruelly true!

A strange life that was in the besieged fortress. With the exception of one sortie there being no further fighting excitement, we soldiers did our routine service day after day with mechanical precision, and the burghers pursued what occupation there still remained to them, all in a state of strained expectation, waiting for the fate that could not be averted. The world outside lay far, far away from us in unmeasurable distance. There we sat within our ramparts, excluded from all humanity, as if we did not belong to it. Not a sound of it penetrated to us except a far-away rolling of the drum or the trumpet signals of the enemy besieging us. From time to time mysterious rumors arose, of which nobody knew whence they came. Our troops, it was once said, had won a great victory in the upper country and driven the Prussians before them. Then a fresh revolution had broken out in France and all Germany was in new commotion; then the Hungarians had disastrously defeated the united Austrians and Russians, and were ready to send their victorious forces to the aid of the German revolutionists. Once the higher officers of the garrison rushed up to me on the observation tower because somebody had actually heard, in the direction of the upper country, a long continuing thunder of cannon, which constantly approached nearer; and now they had come to see the clouds of dust raised by the columns advancing to our relief. But the imagined thunder of artillery was inaudible to us, all remained still, and we sank back into our dull hopelessness. Sometimes we tried to amuse ourselves with frolics in the wine houses — for the town was still well provided with wine. Then there was occasionally an effort at gaiety, but it was little more than an effort, for everybody felt that behind his chair stood the dark specter of the approaching catastrophe.

At last one day — it was in the third week of the siege — a Prussian officer, under a flag of truce, came into the fortress with a summons to surrender, bringing the news that the revolutionary army had long since passed the Swiss frontier, and had therefore ceased to exist; that not a single armed insurgent remained on German soil, and that the Prussian commander would consent to permit any man whom the garrison of Rastatt might entrust with such a mission, to convince himself of these facts with his own eyes, and to this end would give him safe conduct wherever he might wish to go. This caused tremendous excitement. At once the Governor called a general council of war in the great hall of the castle. The council, if I remember rightly, was to consist of all officers of the garrison from captain upward. After a stormy discussion it was resolved that the offer of the Prussian commander should be accepted, and Lieutenant-Colonel Corvin received the commission to explore the condition of things outside; and in case he found it to be as the Prussian flag of truce had represented, to negotiate for a capitulation on conditions as favorable as could be obtained.

In the gray dawn of the second morning after Corvin's departure, I lay down upon a sofa, in the great hall of the castle for a short rest. Soon I was awakened by the noise of heavy steps, rattling sabers, and a confusion of voices. From what I saw and heard I concluded that Corvin had returned from his mission and that the council of war was reassembling. The Governor entered, demanded silence, and asked Corvin, who



GOTTFRIED KINKEL AND CARL SCHURZ

After young Schurz had escaped from Rastatt he learned that his fellow-patriot Kinkel had been captured by the Prussians and imprisoned in the fortress there. This news destroyed Schurz's joy over his own safety, and inspired him to undertake a daring expedition back into Germany stood at his side, to make his report to the whole assembly. Corvin then told us that, accompanied by a Prussian officer, he had traveled down to the Swiss frontier and had convinced himself on the spot that the revolutionary army had crossed into Switzerland, surrendered its arms, and dissolved. He had also satisfied himself from the newspapers that in the rest of Germany there was not the slightest vestige of a revolutionary movement left. Everywhere submission and quiet. The Hungarians, too, had suffered great defeats in consequence of the Russian intervention and would undoubtedly soon succumb. In short, the garrison of Rastatt was entirely forsaken, and could not hope for any relief; and finally, Corvin added, he had been informed at Prussian headquarters that the commander of the besieging forces would insist upon a surrender of the fortress at discretion, without conditions of any kind.

Deep silence followed this speech. Everyone of the hearers felt that Corvin had told the truth. Finally somebody — I do not remember who — asked to be allowed to put some questions. Then there was an eruption of high-sounding exclamations about dying in "the last ditch" and similar talk, and then the Governor gave the floor to a former Prussian soldier, who had become an officer in the forces of the Palatinate. This officer said that he was as ready as any one to sacrifice to our cause his last drop of blood, and that those probably would who were Prussians, when we fell into the hands of the besieging army, have to die in any case. Nevertheless he advised the immediate surrender of the fortress. If we did not surrender to-day, we would be obliged to do so to-morrow. We ought not to expose the citizens of the town with their wives and children, to famine, or to another bombardment, and all in vain. It was time to make an end, whatever might happen to us personally. A murmur swept through the hall approving this advice, and then it was resolved that Corvin should try once more to secure, at the Prussian headquarters, for the officers and men of our garrison, as favorable conditions as possible. But if after a reasonable effort he saw the impossibility of obtaining such conditions, he should agree with the Prussian headquarters upon the necessary arrangements for a surrender at discretion. When we left the hall, most of us undoubtedly felt that nothing else could be hoped for. In the evening I mounted once more my tower of observation upon which I had spent so many watchful and dreamy hours. The magnificent landscape lay before me in the beautiful sunshine. It appeared to me even more beautiful than ever. I felt as if I must take a last leave of it.

"We Prussians will probably have to die in any case." These words echoed in my ear, and I was convinced of their truth. To these Prussians I belonged. I remember vividly the thoughts which then on that tower of observation, went through my head. One recollection forced itself again and again upon my mind, how a few years before, my father had, with me, visited Professor Pütz in Cologne; how the Professor had put his hand upon my shoulder and smilingly said to my father, "A hopeful boy;" and how proudly then my father had nodded his head and looked at me. "Of that hopeful boy there is now an end," I said to myself. Many of the bold dreams of a great and fruitful activity to which I had formerly abandoned myself recurred to me, and it seemed hard, very hard, to depart from the world before I had been permitted to render it any worthy service. A sensation of profound sorrow came over me, not on account of myself alone, but also on account of my parents who had expected so much of me, to whom I was to be the support of old age, and who now saw all their hopes shattered and destroyed forever. Finally nothing remained to me but the determination if it was all to end, to look my fate in the eyes with courage and dignity.

I remained on the gallery of the observation tower until the sun was down. Then I descended and reported myself to the Governor, whether he still had orders for the night. "To-night," he said, "every one of my officers ought to be on the ramparts. I apprehend that many of the men, knowing that we shall surrender to-morrow, will leave their posts. That should not be." I was glad to have something to do that would occupy my thoughts. Among the fortifications there was, indeed, a great deal of noise and confusion. The Governor was right in apprehending that many of the men would regard it as superfluous to take further care of the service; it would all be over anyhow the next day. There was also much hubbub in the wine houses when the soldiers would have their last cup together. But the admonition addressed by the officers to the men who were running about or drinking, did not find any vicious resistance. The number of those who still continued to do their duty was sufficient to maintain tolerable order.

Toward daybreak I stretched myself once more on my accustomed sofa, and after several hours of profound sleep woke up with the thought, "To-day you will be taken by the Prussians, to be shot dead; possibly to-morrow." Then I went to headquarters where I learned that Corvin had not succeeded in negotiating any conditions, and that the surrender at discretion was a certain thing. At twelve o'clock noon the troops were to march through the gates to lay down their arms between two lines of Prussians outside on the glacis. The orders had already been issued. I went to my quarters to write a last letter to my parents. I thanked them for all the love and care they had devoted to me, asked them to forgive me if I had disappointed their hopes, told them that following my honest convictions I had taken up arms for a cause that I believed to be right, — for the liberty and unity of the German people, and if it should be my lot to die for that cause, it would be an honorable death of which they would never have reason to be ashamed. This letter I put into the hands of good Mr. Nusser, my host, who, with tears in his eyes, promised to put it into the mail as soon as communications should be opened again. In the meanwhile the hour of noon approached. Already I heard the signals calling the troops on the ramparts, and in the barracks to the rally, and I prepared myself to go up to headquarters. Then a new idea suddenly flashed through my head. I remembered that only a few days previous, my attention had been attracted to a subterranean sewer for the waters of the street gutters which, near the Steinmauerner gate, led from the interior of the city, under the fortifications, into an open field outside. This sewer was probably a part of an uncompleted drainage system. The entrance to it in the interior of the city, was situated in a trench near a garden hedge. Outside it emptied into a ditch overgrown with shrubbery, which bordered a corn-field. When these circumstances had first come to my knowledge, it had occurred to me that if the opening as well as the exit of that sewer were not well watched, spies might easily pass through it from the outside into the town. I had reported the matter to the Governor, but immediately afterwards came the negotiations with the enemy, the mission of Corvin, and the excitement about the impending capitulation, which drove the matter out of my mind. Now at the last moment before the surrender the remembrance came back to me like a ray of light. Would it not be possible for me to escape through that sewer? Would it not, if I thus gained the open be possible in some manner to reach the Rhine, there to procure a boat and to cross to the French side? My resolution was promptly taken — I would at least try.

I called my servant who had prepared my belongings for the surrender. "Adam," I said, "you are a Palatinate man, a volunteer. I believe if you surrender to the Prussians you will soon be sent home. I am a Prussian, and us Prussians they will probably shoot dead. I will, therefore, try to escape, and I know a way. Let us therefore say good-by."

"No, Herr Lieutenant," Adam exclaimed, "I shall not leave you. Where you go, I go." The eyes of the good boy sparkled with pleasure.

"But," said I, "you have nothing to gain, and we shall probably have to incur great dangers."

"Danger or no danger," replied Adam, with decision, "I remain with you."

At this moment I saw an artillery officer of the name of Neustädter, whom I knew well, pass by my window. He, like myself, was born in Rhenish Prussia, and had formerly served in the Prussian artillery.

"Where are you going, Neustädter?" I called to him through the window.

"To join my battery," he answered. "In half an hour we shall have to surrender."

"The Prussians will shoot you dead," I replied. "Go with me and let us try to escape."

He stopped, came into the house and listened to my plan, which I explained to him in a few words.

"Well," he said, "I will go with you."

There was now no time to be lost. Adam was sent out to purchase a loaf of bread, two bottles of wine and some sausages. Then we put our pistols under our clothes, and rolled up our cloaks. Into mine, a large dark cape lined with scarlet, received recently from our stores, I wrapped up a short carbine that I possessed. The bottles and the eatables which Adam bought were packed up as well as we knew how. In the meantime the garrison began to march in close columns across the market-place. We followed the last column a short distance, and then turning into a side lane soon reached the inner mouth of our sewer. Without hesitation we slipped into it. It was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd of July.

The sewer was a tube built of brick masonry, sufficiently high and wide for us to move through it with bent knees and curved backs, half walking, half crawling. The water running through the sewer was high enough to cover our feet and ankles. As we penetrated into the interior we found here and there narrow manholes covered on top with iron gratings, through which air, and, during the day, some light came down. At such places we rested a moment and stretched ourselves out so as to get our spines into shape again. According to our calculation we should have reached about the middle of the sewer, when I happened to strike my foot against a piece of board lying in the water, which was just long enough to be squeezed between the walls of the sewer so that it could serve us as a sort of bench to sit upon. Upon this bench, which made our condition a little more comfortable, we huddled together for a longer rest.

Until then the constant movement to which we had been compelled had hardly permitted us to survey our situation. Now, sitting on that bench, we had leisure enough to collect our thoughts and to hold council as to what was further to be done. During the siege I had had frequent opportunity to observe the immediate surroundings of the fortress, and I therefore pretty well knew the ground on which the sewer emptied outside. I proposed to my companions that we should remain on the bench until about midnight and then leave the sewer, and then seek cover in a field planted with corn, which I knew to be in the neighborhood. From there we could, if the sky was tolerably clear, overlook a part of the road to Steinmauern, a village distant about an hour's walk from Rastatt, on the bank of the Rhine, and assure ourselves whether we might leave the protection of the cornfield without danger. And so, seeking cover from time to time in order to reconnoiter the road ahead of us we might hope, before daybreak, to reach Steinmauern and there to find a boat that might carry us to the French side of the Rhine. This plan was approved by my companions.

While we were thus engaged in taking counsel, we heard above us a dull, rumbling noise as from the wheels of vehicles and the heavy tread of great masses of men, from which we concluded that the Prussians were now entering the fortress and occupying the gates and the ramparts. We also heard the striking of a church clock which gave the hour, our bench being near one of the manholes so that the sound of the upper world reached us without much difficulty. About nine o'clock in the evening it began to rain, so heavily that we could clearly hear the splashing of the water as it poured down. At first it seemed to us that the rain-storm would be favorable to our plan of escape. But before long the matter appeared in a different light. We felt that the water was rising in our sewer and soon it began to shoot through it with great vehemence like a mountain stream. After a while it flooded the bench upon which we were sitting and reached up to our chests. We also perceived living creatures which suddenly, with great activity, rushed and crawled around us. They were, undoubtedly, rats. "We have to get out," I said to my companions, "or we shall be drowned." We left our bench and pushed forward. I had hardly advanced a few steps when in the darkness I ran my head against a hard object. I touched it with my hands and discovered that the obstacle was an iron railing. At once the thought came to me that this railing had been put there for the purpose of cutting off in time of siege communication between the interior of the town and the outside through the sewer. This thought, which I communicated at once to my companions, brought us almost to despair. But when I grasped the railing with both hands, as a prisoner may sometimes shake the iron rods of his dungeon window, I noticed that it could be moved a little, and a further examination proved that it did not reach quite down to the bottom, but left a free space of about two feet. Probably the railing was so arranged that it could be pulled up or let down, so that the sewer might be opened for purposes of cleansing and then shut again. Fortunately, nobody had, during the siege, known anything of this railing, and thus it had not been shut and the possibility of escape still remained to us. Now, in order to slip through the open space under it we were obliged to crawl with our whole bodies through the water; but that circumstance, although disagreeable, did not disturb us. We pushed vigorously on, and when we believed ourselves to be near the outward opening of the sewer, we stopped a moment to gather strength and presence of mind for the dangerous moment of our issuing forth from the concealment.

Then a terrible sound struck our ears. Close ahead of us, distant only a few paces, we heard a voice call, "Who goes there?" and at once another voice answered, "Good friend." We stood still as if struck by lightning. In a short time we heard the same calls repeat themselves at a somewhat greater distance, and again and again. It was clear that we were close to the opening of the sewer, that outside there was a dense chain of Prussian guard posts, and that just then a patrol or round had been passing along that chain. Softly I ventured a step or two further on. Really, there was the mouth of the sewer overgrown with brush so thick that I stood in darkness almost as dense as was that in the interior of the canal. But when I raised myself up a little I could distinctly perceive the dark figures of a Prussian double sentry immediately before me, as well as some camp-fires at a short distance. Had we been able, which seemed almost impossible, to get into the open without being noticed, still the road to Steinmauern was evidently closed to us.

Softly as we had come we crawled back into our sewer and sought safety there, at least for the moment. Fortunately the rain had ceased. The water was, indeed, still high, but it did not rise any more. "Back to our bench," I whispered to my companions. We crawled again under the railing and found our bit of plank. There we sat, close together. Our next council of war had a certain solemnity about it. There were few words, but a good deal of thinking. It was clear we could not venture into the open. To remain a longer time in the sewer was not to be thought of, because there was the danger that if it rained again we might be drowned. There was, therefore, nothing to be done but to go back into the town. But how could we return into the town without falling into the hands of the Prussians? After we had exchanged these thoughts in a whisper, a long pause followed. At last I interrupted the silence, saying, "Let us eat and drink a little; good counsel may come then." Adam unpacked our provisions, and, as we had eaten nothing since breakfast-time of the preceding day — midnight was now long past — hunger and thirst were keen. Our bread was, indeed, quite wet, but still fit to eat; also the sausages. We remembered, in time, that we must not consume our whole store, for we did not know where we should get the next meal. Moreover, we were more troubled by thirst than by hunger, as is always the case under such circumstances. For nearly twelve hours our feet had been in the water and were, therefore, as cold as ice. This had driven the blood to our heads. Adam now opened one of the two bottles which he had bought for us, and we discovered that they contained rum instead of wine. Although rum had always been repugnant to me, still I drank like my companions, in eager draughts, and my brain remained entirely clear in spite of it.

After we had finished our meal, Adam took the floor. "I have a widowed cousin in the town," he said. "Her house is not far from the entrance to the sewer. To reach it we have only to go through a kitchen-garden or two. We might hide ourselves there in the barn until we find something better."

This proposition had our approval, and we resolved to make the attempt. At the same moment something occurred to me that was depressing in the extreme. I remembered that during the siege our garrison had a sentinel close to the entrance of the sewer. If this post was occupied by the Prussians too, then we sat in the sewer between two Prussian guards. I communicated my apprehension to my companions. But what was to be done? Possibly the Prussians had not occupied that post. Perhaps we might slip by. In any case, nothing remained to us but to make the attempt.

When we left our bench to begin our retreat we heard the church clock outside strike three. I went ahead and soon reached the last manhole. I availed myself of the opportunity to stretch myself out a little, when something happened that at first appeared very unfortunate. I had used my short carbine in moving through the canal in a bent position, as a sort of crutch. When I lifted myself up the carbine fell from my arm into the water and caused a great noise. "Hello!" cried a voice just above me. "Hello! There is something in this hole; come here." At the same moment came a bayonet like a probe through the railing which covered the manhole. I heard it strike against the iron rods in time to duck myself and thus avoid being touched by it. "Now, out quickly!" I whispered to my companions, "or we are lost." With a few hasty steps we reached the end of the sewer. Without looking around we jumped over a hedge into the nearest kitchen-garden, and gained, with a rapid run, a second hedge which we cleared in the same way. Then we halted, breathless, under cover of some shrubs to listen whether anybody was following us. We heard nothing. It is probable that the falling of my carbine into the water attracted the attention of the guard-post in the immediate vicinity, and diverted it from the mouth of the sewer. Thus our escape may have been facilitated by the accident, which at first seemed so unfortunate.

When Adam looked around from our halting place, he found that we were close by the house of his cousin. We leaped another hedge which separated us from the kitchen-garden belonging to that house, but we were greeted by the loud barking of a dog. To pacify that animal we sacrificed the last remnant of our sausages. Finding the door of the barn open we entered it, stretched ourselves out on a pile of hay, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

But this rest was not to last long. I awoke suddenly and heard the church clock strike six. Adam had already risen and said he would now go into the house to ask his cousin what she could do for us. After a few minutes he returned and the cousin with him. I still see her before me — a woman of about thirty years, with a pale face and wide-open, frightened eyes. "For God's sake," she said, "what are you doing here? You cannot remain. This morning some Prussian cavalrymen will be quartered here, and they will surely look in the barn for litter for their horses. Then they will find you, and we shall all be lost."

"But be reasonable, cousin," said Adam. "Where can we go now? You certainly will not deliver us up."

But the poor woman was beside herself with fear. "If you do not go," she replied with decision, "I must tell the soldiers that you are here. You cannot expect me to sacrifice myself and my children for you."

There was more talk, but all in vain. We had no choice, we must leave the barn. But where to go? The woman showed us through the open door a ditch covered with high and thick shrubbery on the other side of the little yard, in which we might hide ourselves. Our situation became desperate. There we stood, all three in the military uniform of Baden, easily recognizable as soldiers of the revolutionary army. Now we were to have no other refuge than some shrubbery covering a ditch in the midst of a town teeming with hostile troops! Of course, we hesitated to leave the barn although it was a dangerous resting-place for us, but at any rate it offered us a roof over our heads, and perhaps it might be possible to find in it some hiding corner. We still hoped that Adam's cousin would yield to our prayers. She went to the house as she had to expect every moment the arrival of the cavalrymen. After about half an hour she came back and said the cavalrymen were there and were just sitting at their breakfast. Now was the moment for us to pass through the yard without being seen by them. She insisted on this with such determination that we had to submit. So we ran across the yard to the ditch, which on the opposite side was separated from the street by a tall board fence. It again rained hard, and in the immediate vicinity nobody seemed to be stirring. Thus we could, with some assurance, explore our new refuge. We found that at the end of the ditch toward the garden, cord-wood was heaped up in the form of a hollow square, open on the side towards us. We could slip through the brush into the square and were in that close space pretty well protected from the eyes of the passer-by. There we sat down on blocks of wood.

But what was to become of us now? The discomfort of our miserable situation, as well as our sitting there wet to the skin, we might easily have borne if we had had the slightest prospect of escape. My faithful Adam, otherwise so good-natured, was much wrought up over the conduct of his cousin. Neustädter regarded our situation as hopeless, and asked whether it was not better to put an end to our distress by a voluntary surrender to the soldiers in the house. I must confess that my sanguine temperament, too, was severly tested. Still I gathered up courage, and we then resolved to trust good fortune to the utmost. So we sat there hour after hour waiting for something to turn up, with the heavy rain mercilessly streaming down on us, pictures of misery. About noon we heard steps in the garden near our place of concealment. Cautiously I looked out from the open side of our cord-wood square, and perceived coming from the house a man with a saw in his hand. According to his looks and the instrument he carried I concluded he must be a laborer, and as the laboring men throughout were in favor of the revolutionary cause, I did not hesitate to confide myself to him. I threw a little chip of wood at the man which hit him on the arm, and as he stood still I attracted his attention by a low cough. He saw me, and came to us. With as few words as possible I explained to him our situation, and begged him to find us a place of safety, and also to procure for us something to eat, as our last morsel was gone. My confidence was not misplaced. He promised to do what was possible. Then he left, but returned in half an hour, and showed us close by a large open shed. At the end of that shed there was a little closed compartment in which the laborers probably deposited their tools, and on top of this under the roof of the shed, a small loft enclosed in boards. "I will break loose one of these boards," said our man. "You can then climb over the cord-wood and slip under the roof of the loft and lie down there. I will soon come back and bring you something to eat."

We followed his advice and succeeded in slipping into the little loft without being observed. The space we occupied was just large enough to permit us to lie side by side on our backs. We lay in a white dust, inches thick, which, in view of the wet condition of our clothing, was extremely disagreeable. But at least we felt secure for the time being. It was about one o'clock of the afternoon when we crawled into our new asylum. We waited quietly for our friend to bring us the necessary food, and would then consult with him about a plan of escape. We heard the church clock strike two, three, and four, but our man did not return. Shortly after four o'clock a lively noise arose in the shed below. From the talk, and the shouting and the rumbling we heard, we concluded that a troop of cavalrymen must have arrived, and that they were now engaged in putting the shed in order for their horses. The horses came soon, and on all sides soldiers swarmed around us. Through the chinks of the wooden wall of our loft we could easily see them. Our situation became extremely critical. If it had occurred to one of those soldiers to investigate the compartment and, to look into the loft, simply to raise himself on his toes, it would have been all over with us. Any kind of noise, a cough or a sneeze, would have betrayed us. We took the utmost pains to breathe softly, and longed for the night. The night came and we were still undiscovered, but the man on whose assistance we had counted, had not yet shown himself.

We began to be very hungry and thirsty and had neither a bit of bread nor a drop of water. What was left of our rum had been lost on the hasty run from the sewer to the house. Now we lay still like corpses. Gradually it became more quiet in the shed, and soon we heard heavy snoring, and from time to time somebody moving around, probably to look after the horses. We were afraid to sleep ourselves, although we were much exhausted. But at last we came to a whispered agreement alternately to sleep and to wake, and to shake the temporary sleeper if he began to breathe too heavily. So the night passed and morning came, but not the friend whom we so longingly expected. Noon, afternoon, evening, the whole second day passed, but of our friend no sign. There we lay, still and stiff, surrounded by hostile soldiers, and the prospect of succor growing less every moment. Thirst began to torture us. Fortunately the next night it rained again. Above my head there was a broken tile in the roof and through the hole, although it was small, some of the rain trickled down. I caught it in the hollow of my hand, and so enjoyed a refreshing draught. My companions followed my example. Again morning came, and our hope for the return of our friend sank lower and lower. The church clock struck one hour after another, and no aid. My limbs began to ache from the rigid stiffness of our position, and yet we hardly dared to move. Three days and two nights we had been without nourishment, and an unwonted feeling of weakness set in. The third night arrived. All hope of the coming of our friend was gone. We recognized the necessity of making a new attempt at escape before our strength had entirely vanished. We thought and thought, without saying a word, except perhaps, "He will not come any more."

At last I had an idea. When during the third night we heard the soldiers below snoring vigorously, I whispered to my neighbor, Neustädter, holding my mouth close to his ear: "Did you not, as we clambered over the cord-wood, notice a little house that stands about fifty paces from here?"

"Yes," said Neustädter.

"There must be a poor man living there," I continued, "probably a laborer. One of us must go to him and see whether he cannot help us. I should be glad to go myself, but I would have to clamber over you" (Neustädter lay nearest to the opening in the board wall) "and that might make a noise. You are, anyhow, the lightest of us. Will you try?"

"Yes."

I had a little money, for immediately before the capitulation we had received our soldier's pay.

"Take my purse," I whispered, "and give to the man who lives in the little house, ten florins or as much as he asks. Tell him to bring us some bread and wine, or water, and to inform himself as soon as possible whether or not the Prussian guard posts are still standing outside of the fortress. If those posts have been drawn in, we can try to-morrow night again to get through the sewer. Now go and bring us a piece of bread if you can."

"Good," said Neustädter.

In a minute, lightly and softly like a cat, he had slipped through the hole in the board wall. My heart beat fast while he was gone. A false step, an accidental noise, would betray him. But in less than half an hour he came back just as lightly and softly as before and lay down by my side.

"It is all right," he whispered, "here is a piece of bread, all he had in the house, and also an apple that in passing by I picked from a tree, but I am afraid it is still green." The bread and the apple were soon divided among us, and devoured with avidity; and then Neustädter reported with his mouth to my ear, that he found in the little house a man and his wife. The man to whom he had given the ten gulden had promised to bring us as early as possible next day some food and also the desired information about the condition of things outside of the fortress.

This refreshed our spirits, and much relieved we slept alternately until high morning. Now we expected with every moment our rescuer, but one hour after another passed and he did not come. Were we again to be disappointed? At last about noon we heard somebody in the compartment immediately below us, noisily moving things from one place to another; then a low cough. The next moment a head appeared in the opening of our board wall, and a man climbed up to us. It was our new friend. He brought a basket apparently filled with tools, but out of its depths he took two bottles of wine, a couple of sausages, and a large loaf of bread.

"This is something for hunger and thirst," our friend whispered. "I have been all around the city. The Prussian guard posts are no longer outside. I shall be glad to help you; only tell me what I am to do."

I now asked him to go to Steinmauern in order to look for a boat which in the coming night might take us across the Rhine. Then, about midnight, to be in the corn-field near the Steinmauern gate, outside of the fortress, and wait for us. He would hear the signal of a whistle; this he should answer, and then join us in order to take us to the boat. He should ask his wife to have something for us to eat at about eleven o'clock of the night.

I gave him a little more money, and he promised to do all that I had asked, and disappeared again as he had come. Now we held a royal feast, during which our good humor made it very difficult for us to preserve the necessary silence. All the longer appeared to us the ensuing hours that were so full of hope and at the same time of anxiety. About two o'clock we heard the rattling of musketry at a distance.

"What is that?" whispered Neustädter. "There, they are killing somebody."

So it seemed to me. We took it as an indication of the lot that would be ours if we were captured. In fact, however, as we learned subsequently, the executions began a few days later. What we had heard was probably some shots fired in cleaning guns.

Toward three o'clock a great ado began in the shed below. The cavalrymen were evidently preparing for departure; but they had hardly gone when another troop took possession of the premises. We concluded from the conversations we overheard that it was a troop of Hussars. Toward evening a large crowd of people seemed to gather below, and we distinguished among them also women's voices. Then the trumpeters began to play waltzes, and the merry company to dance. This was by no means disagreeable to us, for we expected that after such a frolic, which could scarcely pass off without some drink, our Hussars would sleep all the better. But before nine o'clock the crowd dispersed and all would have been quiet had not one of the Hussars held back on the spot a Rastatt maiden. The couple stood or sat immediately under our hiding place, and we could understand every word they exchanged. The conversation was of a very sentimental character. He assured her that she was charming, that she had inflamed his heart when she first looked at him, and that he loved her tenderly. She answered he should not trouble her with his bad jests. But he may have observed that she really did not want to be left untroubled, and so he continued to vary the theme in all sorts of bold and flowery figures of speech. At last she seemed to be really inclined to believe all he told her. We could hardly restrain a laugh. But when this otherwise interesting conversation would not come to an end, I began to be a little anxious it might last long enough to interfere seriously with our plans. I felt, therefore, very much relieved when finally, after ten o'clock, the cooing vows died away in the distance.

Now we counted the minutes as the decisive moment approached. When it struck eleven, Neustädter slipped out of the opening in the plank wall, stepped upon the pile of wood, and jumped lightly to the ground. I followed him. My legs had become very stiff in consequence of my lying for days and nights immovable on my back, and as I put my foot upon the wood, several sticks fell down with great noise. A moment later I heard not far away the tread of a patrol. I only had time to whisper back to my faithful Adam that he should remain until the patrol should have passed, and then follow me. I succeeded in reaching the little house in safety. Neustädter was already there, and Adam came a few minutes later.

"The patrol passed quietly by," said he, "and they snored so loud in the shed that any other noise would hardly have been heard."

The wife of our friend in the little house had prepared a precious repast of beef broth, with boiled meat and potatoes. Having refreshed our strength, we set out through the garden for the sewer. The moon was shining brightly, and we kept cautiously in the shadows of the hedges. But when we arrived at the ditch close by the mouth of the sewer, a new danger awaited us. A sentinel was pacing to and fro just beyond the sewer, hardly thirty feet away from it. We halted and stooped under the hedge. There was but one thing to do. As the man turned his back upon us and walked to the other side, one of us was to slip cautiously into the sewer. The two others had to do the same. In a few minutes we were reassembled in the darkness of our refuge. We crawled ahead and found our old bench again where we rested a while. Then pursuing our way we found the railing in its old place, slipped under it, and soon perceived a gleam of light through a mass of dark leaves, which suggested that the opening was immediately before us. We stood still once more to prepare our pistols for action. Whether, after having been so wet, they would have gone off is very questionable. But the field was clear, the chain of guards had disappeared. The corn-field lay immediately before us. A low whistle on our part was promptly answered, and our man joined us a moment afterwards.

He reported that the road was unguarded. We marched vigorously on, and in less than an hour we reached the village of Steinmauern. Our friend conducted us to the bank of the Rhine and showed us a boat in which a man lay fast asleep. He was quickly roused and our friend announced to him that we were the men he was to take across the Rhine. "That will cost five florins," said the boatman, who, upon my question as to what countryman he was, told me he came from Coblenz. I gave him the reward asked for, and offered also, some more money to our kind friend. "You have given me already enough," he said; "what you still have you will be very much in need of. My name is Augustin Loeffler. Perhaps we may meet again in this world. God protect you." Then we shook hands most cordially and parted. We fugitives stepped into the boat, and our friend wandered back to Rastatt. Many years later, when I was Secretary of the Interior in the government of the United States, I received one day a letter from Augustin Loeffler. It was dated at a little place in Canada. He wrote me that he had left Germany a short time after the revolutionary period, and was doing very well in his new home. He had read in the newspapers that I was one of the three young men who, in that July night, 1849, had been conducted by him from Rastatt to the Rhine. In response I expressed my joy at the receipt of his letter, and requested him to write again, but I have heard nothing from him since.

In an unexpectedly short time the boatman put us ashore in a dense growth of willows. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and as the surroundings seemed to be rather uninviting we resolved to sit down upon old stumps of trees and there to await the light of day. At daybreak we arose to look for the nearest Alsatian village; but soon we discovered that we were on an island. A little house which stood in the middle of the island seemed to be the abode of a frontier guard of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. So it looked as if we were still in the enemy's country, and as if the boatman from Coblenz had deceived us. The shutters and the doors of the little house were closed. We listened, but heard no sound inside. A rapid run over the island convinced us that excepting us three there was no human being on it. We went to the water's edge opposite Alsatia, and in the rising sunlight saw on the other side two men whom we soon recognized to be French customs officers. We called out to them across the water that we were fugitives, and in need of help. One of the men came over to us in a little skiff, and took us across to Alsatian soil. We gave up our arms to him and assured the officers amid great laughter that we had brought with us from Rastatt nothing else subject to tariff duty. When I felt myself now really in freedom and security, my first impulse was, after a silence of four days, to shout with the whole power of my lungs. My companions had the same feeling, and so we burst forth to our hearts' content, watched with great astonishment by the French officers who may have taken us for madmen. We had landed near a little village called Muenchhausen. The officers told us that in the town of Selz, nearby, there were many German fugitives, and to Selz therefore we went. On the way we gazed at one another in the clear sunlight, and discovered that we looked like savages. For days and nights we had waded or squatted in wet clothes in water, mud, and dust. Our hair was matted and our faces were streaked with dirt. A near rivulet furnished us the indescribable luxury of a washing, and thus restored to human shape, we soon reached the inn at Selz.

The refugees there from Baden, none of whom had been in Rastatt, welcomed us heartily and asked us at once for the story of our adventures. But our first wish was for a hot bath, a breakfast, and a bed. All this we obtained. I slept twenty-four hours with slight interruptions. Then I acquainted the company of refugees in the inn with the circumstances of our escape from Rastatt, and received a terrible piece of news from them in return. From them I learned that Kinkel had been captured by the Prussians in a fight near the fortress, just before the beginning of the siege. When we left the Palatinate and he could no longer make himself useful in the offices of the Provisional Government, he had joined a battalion of volunteers and shouldered his musket as a private soldier. Thus he would share the lot of the revolutionary army. In the battle on the line of the Murg River he was wounded in the head and fell into the hands of the attacking Prussians. He was then incarcerated in one of the casemates at Rastatt, together with the captured garrison, and would be tried by court-martial, which would, no doubt, order him to be shot. This was the tale I received at Selz. It fell like a black veil upon my joy over my own deliverance.

On the day after our arrival in Selz a police officer appeared at the inn, by the authority of the Mayor, to learn our names and also whether we expected to remain, or, if not, where we intended to go. "We want to go to Strasburg," I answered haphazard. The Mayor gave us thereupon a sort of passport, with the instruction that we should report ourselves at once in Strasburg to the Prefect. After having written to my parents and described to them my escape, we started for Strasburg without further delay. The real goal, however, of my journey was Switzerland, where, as I learned, Anneke and several others of my friends might be found.

(*To be continued*)

IN THE NIGHT

BY

PAUL KESTER

WHEN you shall waken
In some far off town
Distant alike by many miles
And many years
From home,
And all shall seem
Unchanged ; —
The dim light falling
By the window sill,
The maple leaves
Whispering beyond,
The echo of a neighbor's steps
Coming belated by ;
When it shall seem to you
You need but raise your hand
To touch your mother's
Sleeping face,
That any whispered word
Shall wake her,
For your comfort
In the awesome hour,
When you shall know
That morning brings no dread
Beyond the fear
Of rainy days or school ; —
Then when some sense
Of present time returns
And youth departs,
The heart grows old again
And feels with bitterness
The weight and pain
Of all the intervening years.

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

III

THE CATTLEMAN'S YARN: THE REMITTANCE MAN STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

AFTER Windy Bill had finished his story, we began to think it time to turn in. Uncle Jim and Charley slid and slipped down the chute-like passage leading from the cave and disappeared in the direction of the overhang beneath which they had spread their bed. After a moment we tore off long bundles of the nigger-head blades, lit the resinous ends at our fire, and with these torches started to make our way along the base of the cliff to the other cave.

Once without the influence of the fire our impromptu links cast an adequate light. The sheets of rain became suddenly visible as they entered the circle of illumination. By careful scrutiny of the footing I gained the entrance to our cave without mishap. I looked back. Here and there irregularly gleamed and spluttered my companions' torches. Across each slanted the rain. All else was of inky blackness except where, between them and me, a faint red reflection shone on the wet rocks. Then I turned inside.

Now to judge from the crumbling powder of the footing, that cave had been dry since Noah. In fact, its roof was nearly a thousand feet thick. But since we had spread our blankets, the persistent waters had soaked down and through. The thousand foot roof had sprung aleak. Three separate and distinct streams of water ran as from spigots. I lowered my torch. The canvas tarpaulin shone with wet, and in its exact center glimmered a pool of water three inches deep and at least two feet in diameter.

"Well, I 'll be — " I began. Then I remembered those three wending their way along a wet and disagreeable trail, happy and peaceful in anticipation of warm blankets and a level floor. I chuckled and sat on my heels out of the drip.

First came Jed Parker, his head bent to protect the fire in his pipe. He gained the very center of the cave before he looked up. Then he cast one glance at each bed, and one at me. His grave, hawk-like features relaxed. A faint grin appeared under his long mustache. Without a word he squatted down beside me.

Next the Cattleman. He looked about him with a comical expression of dismay, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"I believe I said I was sorry for those other fellows," he remarked.

Windy Bill was the last. He stooped his head to enter, straightened his lank figure, and took in the situation without expression.

"Well, this is handy," said he, "I was gettin' tur'ble dry, and was thinkin' I would have to climb way down to the creek in all this rain."

He stooped to the pool in the center of the tarpaulin, and drank.

But now our torches began to run low. A small dry bush grew near the entrance. We ignited it, and while it blazed we hastily sorted a blanket apiece and tumbled the rest out of the drip.

Our return without torches along the base of that butte was something to remember.

The night was so thick you could feel the darkness pressing on you: the mountain dropped abruptly to the left, was strewn with boulders and blocks of stone. Collisions and stumbles were frequent. Once I stepped off a little ledge five or six feet high — nothing worse than a barked shin. And all the while the rain, pelting us unmercifully, searched out what poor little remnants of dryness we had been able to retain.

At last we opened out the gleam of fire in our cave, and a minute later were engaged in struggling desperately up the slant that brought us to our ledge and the slope on which our fire burned.

"My Lord!" panted Windy Bill, "a man had ought to have hooks on his eyebrows to climb up here!"

We renewed the fire — and blessed the back-loads of mesquite we had packed up earlier in the evening. Our blankets we wrapped around our shoulders, our feet we hung over the ledge toward the blaze, our backs we leaned against the hollow slant of the cave's wall. We were not uncomfortable. The beat of the rain sprang up in the stillness, growing louder and louder, like horsemen passing on a hard road. Gradually we dozed off.

For a time everything was pleasant. Dreams came, fused with realities; the firelight faded from consciousness or returned fantastic to our half-awakening; a delicious numbness overspread our tired bodies. The shadows leaped, became solid, monstrous. We fell asleep.

After a time the fact obtruded itself dimly through our stupor, that the constant pressure of the hard rock had impeded our circulation. We stirred uneasily, shifting to a better position. That was the beginning of awakening. The new position did not suit. A slight shivering seized us, which the drawing closer of the blanket failed to end. Finally I threw aside my hat and looked out. Jed Parker, a vivid patchwork comforter wrapped about his shoulders, stood upright and silent by the fire. I kept still, fearing to awaken the others. In a short time I became aware that the others were doing identically the same thing. We laughed, threw off our blankets, stretched, and fed the fire.

A thick acrid smoke filled the air. The Cattleman, rising, left a trail of incandescent footprints. We investigated hastily, and discovered that the supposed earth on the slant of the cave was nothing more than bat guano, tons of it. The fire, eating its way beneath, had rendered untenable its immediate vicinity. We felt as though we were living over a volcano. How soon our ledge, of the same material, might be attacked, we had no means of knowing. Overcome with drowsiness we again disposed our blankets, resolved to get as many naps as possible before even these constrained quarters were taken from us.

This happened sooner and in a different manner than we had expected. Windy Bill brought us to consciousness by a wild yell. Consciousness reported us a strange hurried sound like the long roll on a drum. Investigation showed us that this cave, too, had sprung aleak, not with any premonitory drip, but all at once, as though some one had turned on a faucet. In ten seconds a very competent streamlet six inches wide had eroded a course down through the guano, past the fire and to the outer slope. And by the irony of fate that one — and only one — leak in all the roof expanse of a big cave was directly over one end of our tiny ledge. The Cattleman laughed.

"Reminds me of the old farmer and his kind friend," said he. "Kind friend hunts up the old farmer in the village.

"'John,' says he, 'I 've sad news for you. Your barn has burned up.'

"'My Lord!' says the farmer.

"'But that ain't the worst. Your cow was burned, too.'

"'My Lord!' says the farmer.

"'But that ain't the worst. Your horses were burned.'

"'My Lord!' says the farmer.

"'But that ain't the worst. The barn set fire to the house, and it was burned — total loss.'

"'My Lord!' groans the farmer.

"'But that ain't the worst. Your wife and child were killed, too.'

"At that the farmer began to roar with laughter.

"'Good Heavens, man!' cries his friend astonished, 'what in the world do you find to laugh at in that?'

"'Don't you see?' answers the farmer. 'Why, it 's so darn *complete!*'

"Well," finished the Cattleman, "that 's what strikes me about our case; it 's so darn complete!"

"What time is it?" asked Windy Bill.

"Midnight," I announced.

"Lord! Six hours to day!" groaned Windy Bill. "How 'd you like to be doin' a nice quiet job at gardenin' in the East where you could belly up to the bar reg'lar every evenin', and drink a pussy cafe and smoke tailor-made cigareets?"

"You would n't like it a bit," put in the Cattleman with decision; whereupon in proof he told us the following story.

Windy has mentioned Gentleman Tim, and that reminded me of the first time I ever saw him. He was an Irishman all right, but he had been educated in England, and except for his accent he was more an Englishman than anything else. A freight outfit brought him into Tucson from Santa Fé and dumped him down on the plaza where at once every idler in town gathered to quiz him.

Certainly he was one of the greenest specimens I ever saw in this country. He had on a pair of balloon pants and a Norfolk jacket, and was surrounded by a half-dozen baby trunks. His face was red-cheeked and aggressively clean, and his eye limpid as a child's. Most of those present thought that indicated childishness; but I could see that it was only utter unselfconsciousness.

It seemed that he was out for big game, and intended to go after silver-tips somewhere in these very mountains. Of course he was offered plenty of advice, and would probably have made engagements much to be regretted had I not taken a strong fancy to him.

"My friend," said I, drawing him aside, "I don't want to be inquisitive, but what might you do when you 're home?"

"I 'm a younger son," said he.

I was green myself in those days, and knew nothing of primogeniture.

"That is a very interesting piece of family history," said I, "but it does not answer my question."

He smiled.

"Well now, I had n't thought of that," said he, "but in a manner of speaking, it does. I do nothing."

"Well," said I, unabashed, "if you saw me trying to be a younger son and likely to forget myself and do something without meaning to, would n't you be apt to warn me?"

"Well, 'pon honor, you 're a queer chap. What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you hire any of those men to guide you in the mountains, you 'll be outrageously cheated, and will be lucky if you 're not gobbled by Apaches."

"Do you do any guiding yourself, now?" he asked most innocent of manner.

But I fired up.

"You damn ungrateful pup," I said, "go to the devil in your own way;" and turned square on my heel.

But the young man was at my elbow, his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, I say now, I 'm sorry. I did n't rightly understand. Do wait one moment until I dispose of these boxes of mine, and then I want the honor of your further acquaintance."

He got some Greasers to take his trunks over to the hotel, then linked his arm in mine most engagingly.

"Now, my dear chap," said he, "let's go somewhere for a B & S, and find out about each other."

We were both young and expansive. We exchanged views, names, and confidences, and before noon had arranged to hunt together, I to collect the outfit.

The upshot of the matter was that the Honorable Timothy Clare and I had a most excellent month's excursion, shot several good bear, and returned to Tucson the best of friends.

At Tucson was Schiefflein and his stories of a big strike down in the Apache country. Nothing would do but that we should both go to see for ourselves. We joined the second expedition; crept in the gullies, tied bushes about ourselves when monumenting corners, and so helped establish the town of Tombstone. We made nothing, nor attempted to. Neither of us knew anything of mining, but we were both thirsty for adventure, and took a schoolboy delight in playing the game of life or death with the Chiricahuas.

In fact I never saw anybody take to the wild life as eagerly as the Honorable Timothy Clare. He wanted to attempt everything. With him it was no sooner see than try, and he had such an abundance of enthusiasm that he generally succeeded. The balloon pants soon went. In a month his outfit was irreproachable. He used to study us by the hour, taking in every detail of our equipment, from the smallest to the most important. Then he asked questions. For all his desire to be one of the country, he was never ashamed to acknowledge his ignorance

"Now, don't you chaps think it silly to wear such high heels to your boots?" he would ask. "It seems to me a very useless sort of vanity."

"No vanity about it, Tim," I explained. "In the first place, it keeps your foot from slipping through the stirrup. In the second place, it is good to grip on the ground when you are roping afoot."

"By Jove, that 's true!" he cried.

So he 'd get him a pair of boots. For a while it was enough to wear and own all these things. He seemed to delight in his six-shooter and his rope just as ornaments to himself and horse. But he soon got over that. Then he had to learn to use them.

For the time being, pistol practise, for instance, would absorb all his thoughts. He 'd bang away at intervals all day, and figure out new theories all night.

"That bally scheme won't work," he would complain. "I believe if I extended my thumb along the cylinder, it would help that side jump."

He was always easing the trigger-pull, filing the sights. In time he got to be a fairly accurate and very quick shot.

The same way with roping and hog-tying and all the rest.

"What 's the use?" I used to ask him. "If you were going to be a buckeroo, you could n't go into harder training."

"I like it," was always his answer.

He had only one real vice, that I could see. He would gamble. Stud poker was his favorite; and I never saw a Britisher yet who could play poker. I used to head him off when I could, and he was always grateful, but the passion was strong.

After we got back from founding Tombstone, I was busted and had to go to work.

"I 've got plenty," said Tim, "and it 's all yours."

"I know, old fellow," I told him, "but your money would n't do for me."

Buck Johnson was just seeing his chance then, and was preparing to take some breeding cattle over into the Soda Springs Valley. Everybody laughed at him — said it was right in the line of the Chiricahua raids, which was true. But Buck had been in there with Agency steers, and thought he knew. So he collected a trail crew, brought some Oregon cattle across, and built his home ranch of three foot adobe walls with port-holes. I joined the trail crew; and somehow or another the Honorable Timothy got permission to go along on his own hook.

The trail was a long one. We had thirst and heat and stampedes and some Indian scares. But in the queer atmospheric conditions that prevailed that summer, I never saw the desert more wonderful. It was like waking to the glory of God to sit up at dawn and see the colors change on the dry ranges.

At the home ranch, again, Tim managed to get permission to stay on. He kept his own remuda of horses, took care of them, hunted, and took part in all the cow work. We lost some cattle from Indians, of course, but it was too near the Reservation for them to do more than pick up a few stray head on their way through. The troops were always after them full jump, and so they never had time to round up the beef. But of course we had to look out or we 'd lose our hair, and many a cowboy has won out to the home ranch in an almighty exciting race. This was nuts for the Honorable Timothy Clare, much better than hunting silver-tips, and he enjoyed it no limit.

Things went along that way for some time, until one evening as I was turning out the horses, a buckboard drew in, and from it descended Tony Riggs and a dapper little fellow dressed all in black and with a plug hat.

"Which I accounts for said hat reachin' the ranch, because it 's Friday and the boys not in town," Tony whispered to me.

As I happened to be the only man in sight, the stranger addressed me.

"I am looking," said he in a peculiar sing-song manner I have since learned to be English, "for the Honorable Timothy Clare. Is he here?"

"Oh, you 're looking for him, are you?" said I. "And who might you be?"

You see, I liked Tim, and I did n't intend to deliver him over into trouble.

The man picked a pair of eye-glasses off his stomach where they dangled at the end of a chain, perched them on his nose, and stared me over. I must have looked uncompromising, for after a few seconds he abruptly wrinkled his nose so that the glasses fell promptly to his stomach again, felt in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a card. I took it, and read:

JEFFERIES CASE, *Barrister.*

"A lawyer!" said I suspiciously.

"My dear man," he rejoined with a slight impatience, "I am not here to do your young friend a harm. In fact, my firm have been his family solicitors for generations."

"Very well," I agreed, and led the way to the one-room adobe that Tim and I occupied.

If I had expected an enthusiastic greeting for the boyhood friend from the old home, I would have been disappointed. Tim was sitting with his back to the door reading an old magazine. When we entered, he glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, Case," said he, and went on reading. After a moment he said without looking up, "Sit down."

The little man took it calmly, deposited himself in a chair and his bag between his feet, and looked about him daintily at our rough quarters. I made a move to go, whereupon Tim laid down his magazine, yawned, stretched his arms over his head, and sighed.

"Don't go, Harry," he begged. "Well, Case," he addressed the barrister, "what is it this time? Must be something devilish important to bring you — how many thousand miles is it — into such a country as this."

"It is important, Mr. Clare," stated the lawyer in his dry sing-song tones; "but my journey might have been avoided had you paid some attention to my letters."

"Letters!" repeated Tim opening his eyes. "My dear chap, I 've had no letters."

"Addressed as usual to your New York bankers."

Tim laughed softly. "Where they are, with my last two quarters' allowance. I especially instructed them to send me no mail. One spends no money in this country." He paused, pulling his mustache. "I'm truly sorry you had to come so far," he continued, "and if your business is, as I suspect, the old one of inducing me to return to my dear uncle's arms, I assure you the mission will prove quite fruitless. Uncle Hillary and I could never live in the same county, let alone the same house."

"And yet your uncle, the Viscount Mar, was very fond of you," ventured Case. "Your allowances —— "

"Oh, I grant you his generosity in *money* affairs —— "

"He has continued that generosity in the terms of his will, and those terms I am here to communicate to you."

"Uncle Hillary is dead!" cried Tim.

"He passed away the sixteenth of last June."

A slight pause ensued.

"I am ready to hear you," said Tim soberly at last.

The barrister stooped and began to fumble with his bag.

"No, not that!" cried Tim with some impatience. "Tell me in your own words."

The lawyer sat back, and pressed his finger points together over his stomach.

"The late Viscount," said he, "has been graciously pleased to leave you in fee simple his entire estate of Staghurst, together with its buildings, rentals, and privileges. This, besides the residential rights, amounts to some ten thousand pounds sterling per annum."

"A little less than fifty thousand dollars a year, Harry," Tim shot over his shoulder at me.

"There is one condition," put in the lawyer.

"Oh, there is!" exclaimed Tim, his crest falling. "Well, knowing my Uncle Hillary —— "

"The condition is not extravagant," the lawyer hastily interposed. "It merely entails continued residence in England, and a minimum of nine months on the estate. This provision is absolute, and the estate reverts on its discontinuance, but may I be permitted to observe that the majority of men, myself among the number, are content to spend the most of their lives, not merely in the confines of a kingdom, but between the four walls of a room, for much less than ten thousand pounds a year. Also that England is not without its attractions for an Englishman, and that Staghurst is a country place of many possibilities."

The Honorable Timothy had recovered from his first surprise.

"And if the condition is not complied with?" he enquired.

"Then the estate reverts to the heirs at law; and you receive an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly."

"May I ask further the reason for this extraordinary condition?"

"My distinguished client never informed me," replied the lawyer, "but" — and a twinkle appeared in his eye — "as an occasional disbursor of funds — Monte Carlo — "

Tim burst out laughing.

"Oh, but I recognize Uncle Hillary there!" he cried. "Well, Mr. Case, I am sure Mr. Johnson, the owner of this ranch, can put you up, and to-morrow we 'll start back."

He returned after a few minutes to find me sitting smoking a moody pipe. I liked Tim, and I was sorry to have him go. Then, too, I was ruffled in the senseless manner of youth, by the sudden altitude to which his changed fortunes had lifted him. He stood in the middle of the room, surveying me, then came across and laid his arm on my shoulder.

"Well," I growled, without looking up, "you 're a very rich man now, Mr. Clare."

At that he jerked me bodily out of my seat and stood me up in the center of the room, the Irish blazing out of his eyes.

"Here, none of that!" he snapped. "You —— little fool! Don't you 'Mr. Clare' me!"

So in five minutes we were talking it over. Tim was very much excited at the prospect. He knew Staghurst well, and told me all about the big stone house, and the avenue through the trees, and the hedge-row roads, and the lawn with its peacocks, and the round green hills, and the laborers' cottages.

"It 's home," said he, "and I did n't realize before how much I wanted to see it. And I 'll be a man of weight there, Harry, and it 'll be mighty good."

We made all sorts of plans as to how I was going to visit him just as soon as I could get together the money for the passage. He had the delicacy not to offer to let me have it; and that clinched my trust and love of him.

The next day he drove away with Tony and the dapper little lawyer. I am not ashamed to say that I watched the buckboard until it disappeared in the mirage.

I was with Buck Johnson all that summer and the following winter as well. We had our first round-up, found the natural increase much in excess of the loss by Indians, and extended our holdings up over the Rock Creek country. We witnessed the start of many Indian campaigns, participated in a few little brushes with the Chiricahuas, saw the beginning of the cattle-rustling. A man had not much opportunity to think of anything but what he had right on hand, but I found time for a few speculations on Tim. I wondered how he looked now, and what he was doing, and how in blazes he managed to get away with fifty thousand a year.

And then one Sunday in June, while I was lying on my bunk, Tim pushed open the door and walked in. I was young, but I 'd seen a lot, and I knew the expression of his face. So I laid low and said nothing.

In a minute the door opened again, and Buck Johnson himself came in.

"How do," said he, "I saw you ride up."

"How do you do," replied Tim.

"I know all about you," said Buck, without any preliminaries, "your man, Case, has wrote me. I don't know your reasons, and I don't want to know — it 's none of my business — and I ain't goin' to tell you just what kind of a —— fool I think you are — that 's none of my business, either. But I want you to understand without question how you stand on the ranch."

"Quite good, sir," said Tim very quietly.

"When you were out here before, I was glad to have you here as a sort of guest. Then you were what I 've heerd called a gentleman of leisure. Now you 're nothin' but a remittance man. Your money 's nothin' to me, but the principle of the thing is. The country is plumb pestered with remittance men, doin' nothin', and I don't aim to run no home for incompetents. I had a son of a duke drivin' wagon for me; and he could n't drive nails in a snow-bank. So don't you herd up with the idea that you can come on this ranch and loaf."

"I don't want to loaf," put in Tim, "I want a job."

"I 'm willin' to give you a job," replied Buck, "but it 's jest an ordinary cow-puncher's job at forty a month. And if you don't fill your saddle, it goes to some one else."

"That is satisfactory," agreed Tim.

"All right," finished Buck, "so that 's understood. Your friend Case wanted me to give you a lot of advice. A man generally has about as much use for advice as a cow has for four hind legs."

He went out.

"For God's sake, what's up?" I cried, leaping from my bunk.

"Hullo, Harry," said he, as though he had seen me the day before, "I 've come back."

"How come back?" I asked. "I thought you could n't leave the estate. Have they broken the will?"

"No," said he.

"Is the money lost?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"The long and short of it is, that I could n't afford that estate and that money."

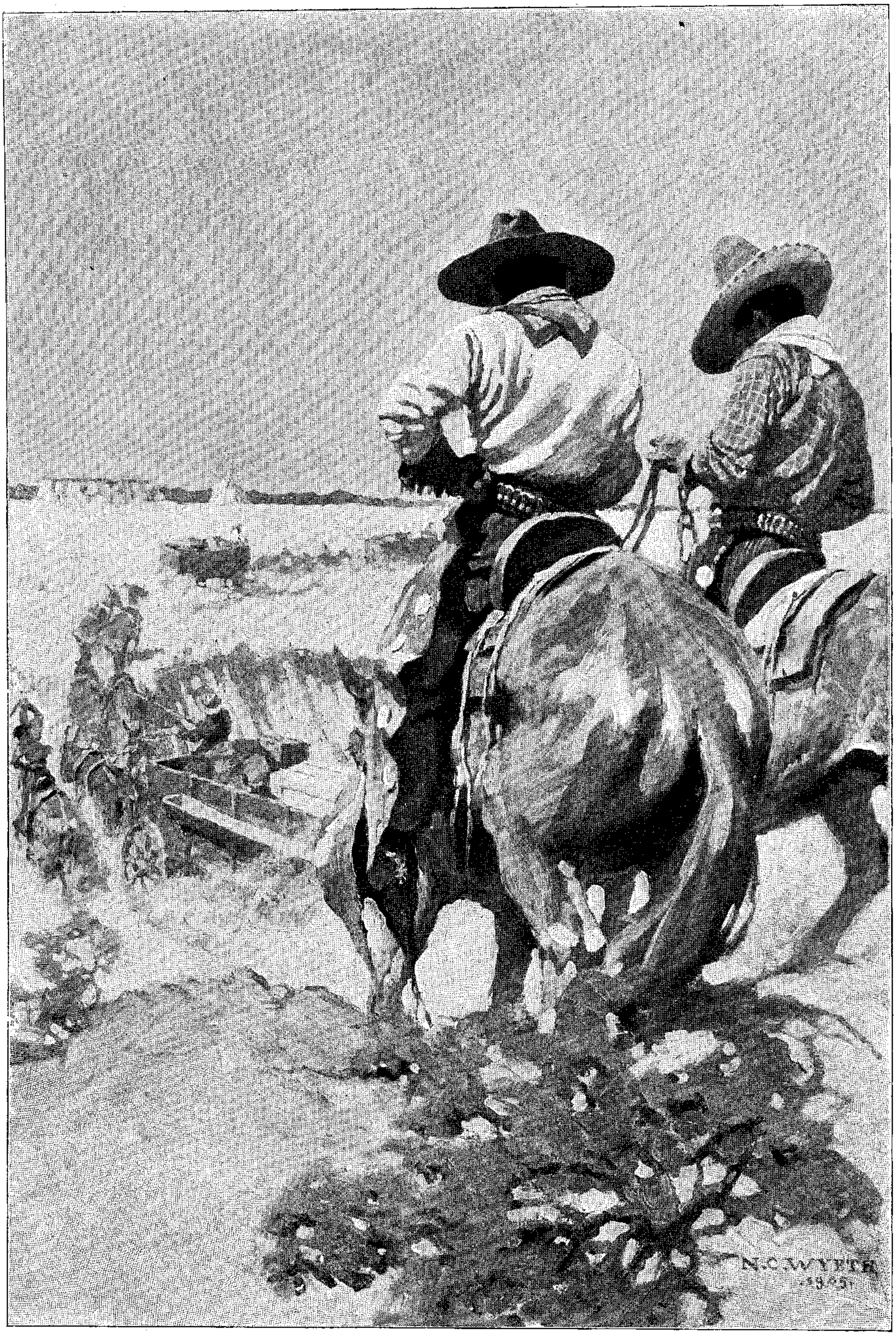
"What do you mean?"

"I 've given it up."

"Given it up! What for?"

"To come back here."

I took this all in slowly.


N.C. WYETH
1905

"WE JOINED THE SECOND EXPEDITION"

"Tim Clare," said I at last, "do you mean to say that you have given up an English estate and fifty thousand dollars a year to be a remittance man at five hundred and a cowpuncher on as much more?"

"Exactly," said he.

"Tim," I adjured him solemnly, "you are a —— fool!"

"Maybe," he agreed.

"Why did you do it?" I begged.

He walked to the door and looked out across the desert to where the mountains hovered like soap-bubbles on the horizon. For a long time he looked; then whirled on me.

"Harry," said he in a low voice, "do you remember the camp we made on the shoulder of the mountain that night we were caught out? And do you remember how the dawn came up on the big snow peaks across the way — and all the cañon below us filled with whirling mists — and the steel stars leaving us one by one? Where could I find room for that in English paddocks? And do you recall the day we trailed across the Yuma deserts, and the sun beat into our skulls, and the dry, brittle hills looked like papier maché, and the gray sage-brush ran off into the rise of the hills; and then came sunset and the hard dry mountains grew filmy like gauze veils of many colors, and melted and glowed and faded to slate blue, and the stars came out? The English hills are rounded and green and curried, and the sky is near, and the stars only a few miles up. And do you recollect that dark night when old Loco and his warriors were camped at the base of Cochise's Stronghold, and we crept down through the velvet dark wondering when we would be discovered, our mouths sticky with excitement, and the little winds blowing?"

He walked up and down a half-dozen times, his breast heaving.

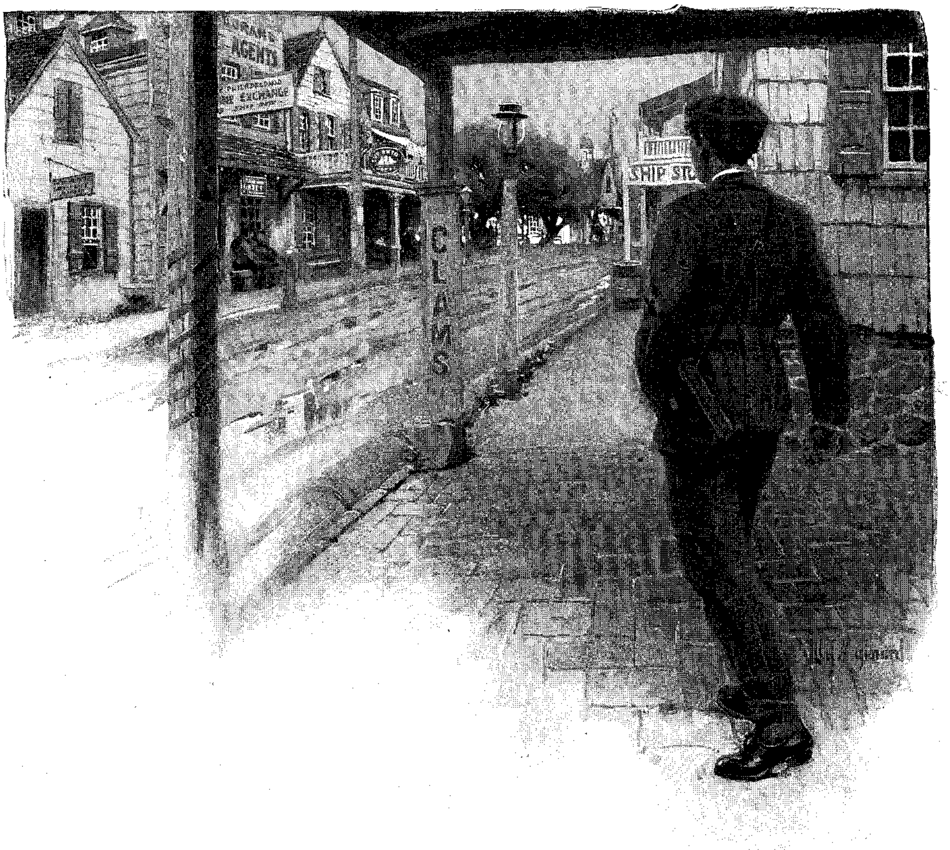
"It 's all very well for the man who is brought up to it, and who has seen nothing else. Case can exist in four walls; he has been brought up to it and knows nothing different. But a man like me ——

"They wanted me to canter between hedge-rows — I who have ridden the desert where the sky over me and the plain under me were bigger than the Islander's universe! They wanted me to oversee little farms — I who have watched the sun rising over half a world! Talk of your ten thou' a year and what they 'll buy! You know, Harry, how it feels when a steer takes the slack of your rope and your pony sits back! Where in England can I buy that? You know the rising and the falling of days, and the boundless spaces where your heart grows big, and the thirst of the desert and the hunger of the trail, and a sun that shines and fills the sky, and a wind that blows fresh from the wide places! Where in parcelled, snug, green, tight little England could I buy that with ten thou' — aye, or an hundred times ten thou'? No, no, Harry, that fortune would cost me too dear. I have seen and done and been too much. I 've come back to the Big Country, where the pay is poor and the work is hard and the comfort small; but where a man and his soul meet their Maker face to face."

The Cattleman had finished his yarn. For a time no one spoke. Outside, the volume of rain was subsiding. Windy Bill reported a few stars shining through rifts in the showers. The chill that precedes the dawn brought us as close to the fire as the smouldering guano would permit.

"I don't know whether he was right or wrong," mused the Cattleman after a while. "A man can do a heap with that much money. And yet an old 'alkali' is never happy anywhere else. However," he concluded emphatically, "one thing I do know: rain, cold, hunger, discomfort, curses, kicks, and violent deaths included, there is n't one of you grumblers who would hold that gardening job you spoke of three days!"

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE THE RANCH FOREMAN'S YARN, "THE CATTLE RUSTLER STORY"



THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

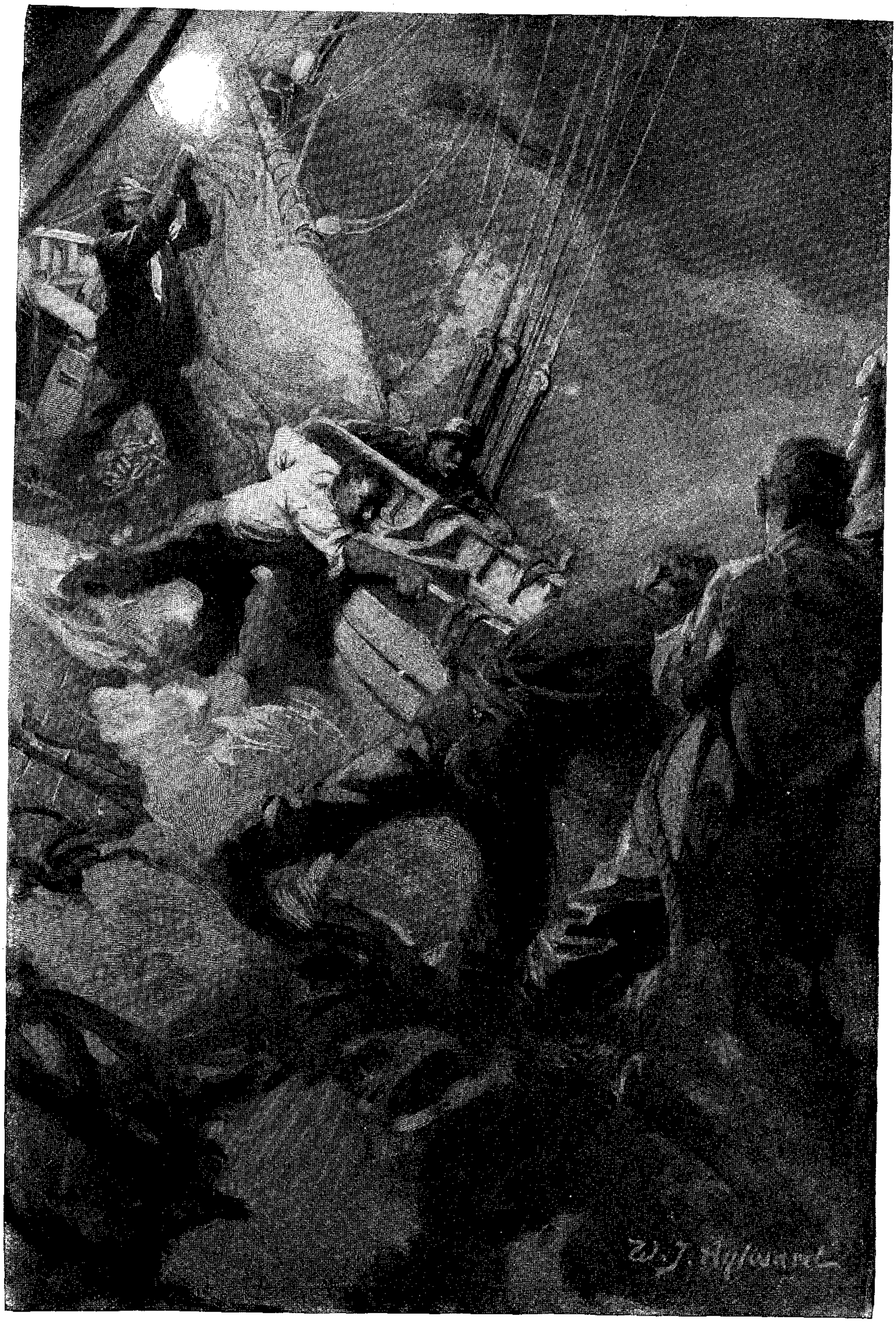
AUTHOR OF "THE PRAYING SKIPPER"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. AYLWARD

YOUNG James Arbuthnot Wilson slipped into the *Standard* building with an uneasy air as if he were vaguely on the defensive. Six months of work in the "City Department" had not rid him of the feeling of a cat in a strange garret. The veterans of the staff were rather pleased that this should be the attitude common among young reporters. It showed that the office machine was geared to high tension when every man, short of five years service, was thankful to find his "job" had not slid from under him between two days.

Wilson could recall no specific warnings that his head was in peril. His activities had been too inconspicuous to merit the dignity of official notice of any kind. He had faithfully followed his foot-sore round of minor police courts, hospitals, one-alarm fires, and dreary public meetings, to have his copy jammed as scanty paragraphs under the head of "City Jottings." A "story" filling a third of a column had marked his one red-letter day on the *Standard*.

Each afternoon, at one o'clock, he hurried to his pigeon-hole in the row of letter-boxes by the city editor's door, his heart thumping to this sense of intangible fear, and with it pulsing the foolish hope of a "big assignment." Some day they must give him a



"THE SCHOONER LURCHED UNDER WITH A WEARY, LIFELESS ROLL, AND A BLACK SEA STAMPED ACROSS HER SODDEN HULL" chance, and he would show them whether or not he could handle something worth while. But the flame of hope was low on this dull day of June as Wilson unlocked his box and tore open the yellow envelope on which his name was scrawled.

He whistled in blank amazement as he followed an unfamiliar hand down to the managing editor's signature. The youngster's face flushed and his fingers twittered as he turned sharply to see if the loungers at their desks had noted his agitation. Then he stole into the hall and re-read, with his lips moving as if he were spelling out the words:

> Dear Mr. Wilson:—You have been pegging away without any let-up for three months and your work has been excellent. Here is an easy assignment as a reward of merit. It will give you a pleasant outing, and us a good page story for the Sunday sheet. The enclosed clipping from to-day's paper will give you the idea. The art department will have a snap-shot camera waiting for you. Our Ship-News man made arrangments this morning for you to be met and taken aboard. The one-forty train from Broad Street Station will take you through to Lewes and the Breakwater. I enclose some expense money. Try to be back on Thursday. This will give you three days at sea. We want plenty of rattling description and human interest, with local color ad lib. Good luck.

"Oh, there must be some mistake," gasped young Wilson. "A page Sunday story? A whole page? My work has been excellent? The managing editor has been following it? Why, I did n't suppose he knew me by sight. I can't believe it."

Befogged with hopes and fears, he turned back to the door of the city editor's room.

"He 's just gone out to lunch with the managing editor," volunteered the day assistant. "No, I don't know where they went. Said they 'd be back about two thirty."

Wilson looked at the office clock. If he would catch the one-forty train for Lewes, there was no leeway for hesitation. He started toward the elevator, then halted to read the clipping which might throw some light upon this staggering manifesto:

> THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER
>
> The new steam pilot-boat will go into commission off the Delaware Capes early next week. This change from sail to steam is another blow at the romance of blue water. Six of the eight trim schooners of the Delaware fleet have already been dismantled, and only the "Albatross, Number I" is cruising on the station. She will be laid up as soon as the steamer is ready to put the pilots aboard incoming vessels. Every ocean voyager will regret the passing of the pilot-schooner. These stormy petrels among sailing craft have been the first messengers from the looked-for land, as specks in the tumbling waste of sea, or lying hove to in all weathers. . . .

Wilson threw his doubts overboard. All he had ever read of bellying canvas, whipping spars, and lee rails a-wash, leaped into the foreground of his boyish imagination. Here was his chance for such a "descriptive story" as he had dreamed of through weeks and months, this last cruise of the last pilot schooner. He dashed into the art room and bolted for the station. After he had dropped panting into a seat of the accommodation train for Lewes, he found himself already overhauling his stock of sea-lore and sailor adjectives.

There was time for reflection in this four-hour journey to the sea, and ere long, sober second thought began to overtake his first wild elation. The young reporter's doubts came trooping back. He remembered now that he had never written a line of "ship-news" for the *Standard*. He blushed to confess to himself that his life on salt water had been bounded by the decks of river-excursion steamers. And what had he ever done worth the notice of the managing editor? Of course, he had worked hard, and the world, at least in fiction, occasionally rewarded honest merit in lowly places with unexpected largess. But any "star man" of the staff would have given a week's salary for such a note as this from the chief executive of the *Standard*. And he, James Arbuthnot Wilson, was indubitably the rawest and humblest recruit of that keen and rough-riding squadron of talent.

An inevitable reaction swung his mood into the gloomiest forebodings. The train was loafing along the upper reaches of Delaware Bay when he re-read the intoxicating note, and caught himself repeating "Dear Mr. Wilson," with a sudden glimmer of association. In another miserable moment, the youth's beautiful dream was wrenched from him. What a fool he had been! "Wilson,—Wilson," he muttered and burst out:

"Of course, there is another Wilson, the tip-top man of the staff. It 's the Wilson who 's been filling in as chief of the Washington Bureau for six months. I heard somebody say the other night that 'Doc' Wilson was coming back, and was to go on general work again. He must have turned up over Sunday. And that new boy put his note in my box. Well, I am IT."

Young James Arbuthnot Wilson squeezed back a smarting tear. He did not try to fence with this surmise. There was no room for doubt that the kind words and the pleasant outing had been aimed at his high-salaried elder. James Arbuthnot had never clapped eyes on the gifted "Doc" Wilson, whose Washington dispatches had carried no signature and whose distant personality had made no impression upon this wretched understudy of his.

How could the pilgrim muster courage to go back and face the issue? He would be the office butt — Well, he could resign; but most likely, he reflected, dismissal would be the instant penalty of this incredibly presumptuous blunder. The only thing to be done was to drop off at the next way-station and return to the scene of his downfall. But to his stammering plea the brakeman returned:

"Next train up won't get along here till late to-night. You better go through to Lewes instead of waiting seven hours at one of these next-to-nothin' flag stations."

The reporter slumped into his seat and looked through the open window. The tang of brine was in the breeze that gushed up the bay with the rising tide. Across the green fields he began to glimpse flashing blue water, and bits of the traffic of far-off seas. A deep-laden tramp freighter was creeping toward her port, a battered bark surged solemnly in tow of an ocean-going tug, and a four-masted schooner was reaching up the bay with every sail pulling. Across the aisle of the car Wilson noticed, with a melancholy pleasure, four deep-tanned men of rugged aspect, who played cards with much talk of ships and tides and skippers. They belonged in this alluring picture.

Wilson thought of the stewing city far behind him, and the spirit of some sea-faring ancestor was whispering in his ear. Yes, by Jove! he would see the tragic venture through after all. It were better to return with a "story," and fall with colors flying, than to slink back to empty ridicule. Let them try to overtake him if they dared. This was "Mr. Wilson's" mission, and no one could snatch it from him.

When the train labored into Lewes, the fugitive looked across the flats to the cuddling arm of the Breakwater and the shining sea beyond. With the instinct of the hunted, he made ready to flee in this direction, away from the station and the town. As he dropped from the car, a man in the uniform of a station agent climbed aboard and shouted:

"Telegram for Mr. Wilson. Is Mr. Wilson aboard? Urgent telegram for Mr. J. A. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson's pulse fluttered as he dove behind the warehouse across the tracks, while the hoarse cry of the station agent rang horribly in his ears. The long arm of the *Standard* had almost clutched him by the collar. As he hurried down the nearest street to the water, he saw heading toward him a lusty youth of a sailorish cut, who eyed the camera case as if hasty suspicions were confirmed.

"Is your name Wilson?" demanded the stranger. "If it be, come along with me. I'm from the 'Albatross' boat-crew."

Wondering how much guilt was written in his face, Wilson fervently shook the hand of the briny youth. They fared toward the pier, while the convoy explained:

"You 're in luck. We 're ready to go to sea as soon as you get aboard. Hit it just right, did n't you? The pilots 'll be glad to see you again. They was tickled to death over the piece you wrote for the paper when the "Eben Tunnell, Number Three," come in after fightin' through the '88 blizzard, and specially what you wrote about ol' 'Pop' Markle stickin' by the "Morgan Castle" when she ketched fire off the Capes two year ago. And, say, they still talk about that jack-pot you sky-hooted clean through the cabin skylight, and how th' Pilots' Association went in mournin' for thirty days after that poker game. Two o' them boys is aboard this cruise, with the chips all stacked an' waitin', and their knives whetted. I 'm sorry I missed the fun before."

James Arbuthnot Wilson gulped hard at these lamentable tidings. He was vaulting from the frying-pan into the fire. These rude and reckless men would probably heave him overboard. And, alas, the penny-ante of his mild college dissipations had left him as deficient in poker prowess as in sea-lore. The foremast hand from the "Albatross" was somewhat crestfallen over his capture. If this slip of a boy was the seasoned and capable "Doc" Wilson, able to hold his own in all weather and any company, then appearances were basely deceiving, and the escort felt a sense of personal grievance.

The boat was waiting at the pier and the four slouching seamen rowed out to the black schooner which lazily rolled her gleaming sides off the end of the Breakwater. Wilson climbed awkwardly aboard, and was saved from sprawling his length on deck by a strong hand which yanked him in a welcoming grip. Then a stocky man, with a grizzled mustache stepped back and fairly shouted :

"Why, h—! You ain't 'Doc' Wilson. What kind of a game it this? I popped up from below in time to see your hat coming over the side. Kick me, please. I 'm dreamin', as sure as my name 's McCall."

He fished a rumpled telegram from his blue clothes, and flourished it before the nose of his guest, as he cried formidably :

"Read that!"

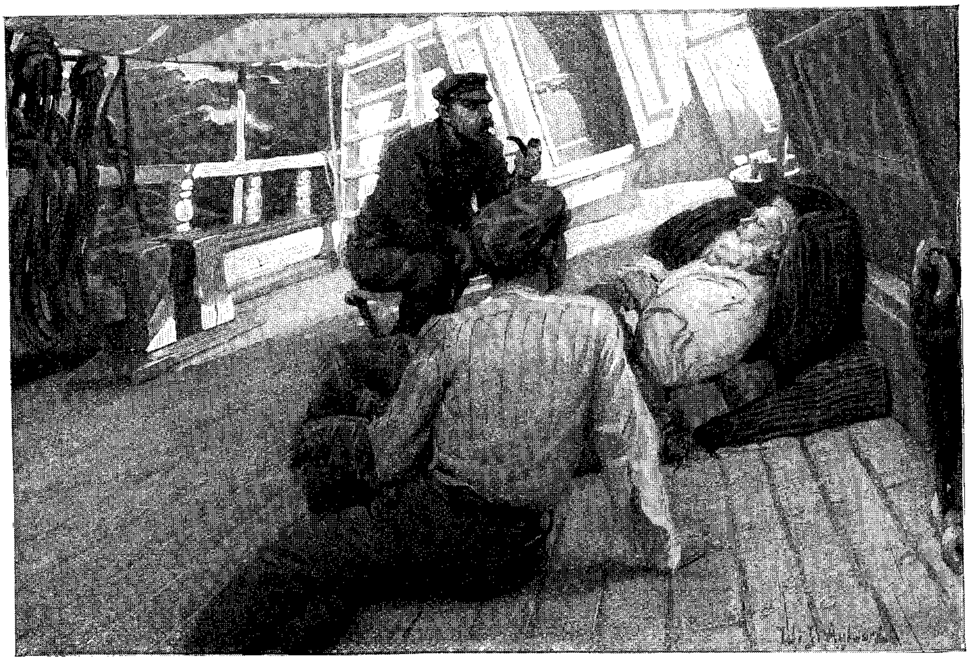
> "Doc" Wilson, of the *Standard*, will be down on the afternoon train. Take him aboard and treat him right."

Young Wilson looked at the half-mile of water between the schooner and the beach, and thought of trying to swim for it. But the bully-ragging tone of the pilot struck a spark of his latent pluck and he answered with some spirit :

"I 'm mighty sorry you 're so disappointed. My name is Wilson, James Arbuthnot Wilson, of the *Standard*. The order to join your boat was delivered to me. If there 's been a mistake, and I 'm so unwelcome, I 'll have to put you to the trouble of setting me ashore again."

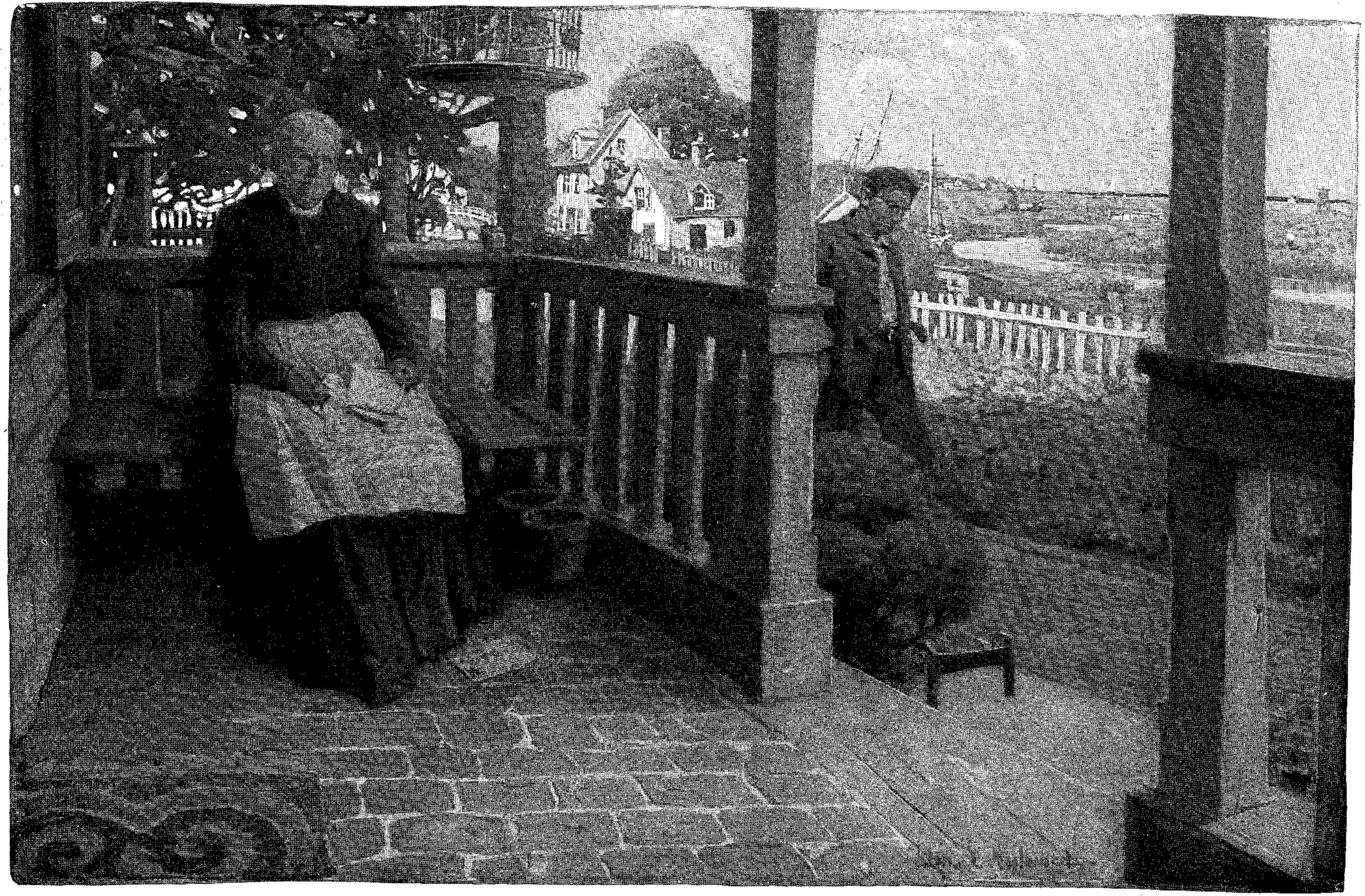
The innate hospitality of his kind smothered the pilot's first emotions, and he regretted his rudeness as he smote the lad on the back and shouted :

"All right, Jimmy Arbutus. I guess there 's no great damage done. It 's now or never for your newspaper, and if we can't carry the skipper, we 'll get along with the mate of your outfit. And we 'll give you a cruise to make your lead-pencil smoke. Tumble below and shake them natty clothes. The boat-keeper will fit you out with a pair of boots and a jumper."


"sat down beside the old man, and began to ask him about the loss of the 'Albatross'"

Sore and abashed, with the hateful emotions of an intruder, Wilson crept below and faced another ordeal. In the pilots' roomy cabin, which ran half the length of the schooner, four men were changing their clothes and tidying up their bunks. One of them emerged from the confusion to yell at the invader's patent-leather ties :

"Hello, Doc, you old pirate. Is that you? Glad to see you aboard. Well, I will be d——."



"A SWEET-FACED WOMAN WHO READ HER LETTER WHILE THE BEARER WALKED SOFTLY AMONG THE CABBAGE ROWS"

His jaw dropped and he looked sheepish as a hurricane voice came through the open skylight:

"Don't hurt the kid's feelin's. I 've done plenty of that. This is Jimmy Arbutus Wilson, apprentice to 'Doc' and he 's doin' the best he can. 'Doc' got stranded somewheres, and the lad is takin' his run. I don't fathom it a little bit, but what 's the odds?"

The passenger was introduced to all hands who showed a depressing lack of enthusiasm, and the pilots returned to their tasks. Wilson retired, blushing and confused, to the edge of his bunk. Presently the oldest man of the party sat down beside the intruder, and shook his hand for the second time. Wilson raised his downcast face to the white-haired veteran who said softly:

"Now, sonny, don't let the boys rile you none. They 're kinder sore on some of the greenhorns that writes pieces all wrong for the Philadelphy papers, and this 'Doc' Wilson knows sailor ways and sailor lingo, and they sorter took a shine to him and his style. But fur's I know, you can write rings around him. And Old Pop Markle, as they calls me, will see you through, blow high, blow low. It 's my last cruise, this is. I 'm past seventy year, sonny, and my oldest boy is a pilot, he brought a tanker in yestiddy, and my grandson is servin' his apprentice years, and he 'll be gettin' his papers pretty soon. It 's time for me to quit. I was goin' to lay up ashore in the spring, but I kinder wanted to wind up with the old 'Albatross.' Better come on deck, sonny, we 're shortenin' cable."

Wilson smiled his gratitude at the gentle and garrulous old pilot, whose smooth-shaven face was webbed with fine-drawn wrinkles, as if each salty cruise had left its own recording line. The blue eyes were faded from staring into fifty years of sun and wind, but they held a beaming interest in the welfare of this tyro struggling in the meshes of hostile circumstance.

The reporter followed his guardian on deck, and his spirits swiftly rose. The "Albatross" was paying off under a flattened forestaysail, while her crew tailed onto the main-sheet with a roaring chorus, for they, too, felt a thrill of sentiment in this last cruise. The wind held fresh from the south'ard, and under the smooth lee of Cape Henlopen, the "Albatross" shot seaward, as if she were skating over a polished floor. Now the pilots came tumbling up, and shouted as they turned to and help set the main-topsail and staysail. The schooner staggered down to it, until the white water hissed over her low bulwark, and sobbed through the scuppers. "Old Pop" Markle slapped his knee and cried huskily:

"Give her all she 'll stand, boys. It 's like old times when we raced that dodgasted "Number Four" and hung to the weather riggin' by our teeth, and bent a new suit of sails every other cruise."

Holding the wind abeam, the "Albatross" drove straight out to sea, and then, once clear of Cape May, slid off to the north'ard. Now, the quartering sea picked her up and she swooped down the slopes and tried nimbly to climb the frothing hills, as the jolly wind smote her press of canvas and jammed her smoking through them. A new exhilaration surged in young Wilson's veins. He was drinking it all in, the buoyant flight of the low, slim schooner, the intimate nearness of the sea, the sweetness of the wind, and the solemnity of the marching twilight. He would not have been elsewhere for worlds. Then the fat and sweating face of the cook appeared from below, and bellowed an inarticulate summons.

The pilots obeyed with ardor, and Wilson followed timidly in their wake. Supper smoked on the cabin table, and the guest was glad to survey the stout fare of hash, cold meat, potatoes, green peas, flaky hot biscuits, and a mammoth pudding. "Old Pop" Markle took the youngster under his protecting wing, and found a seat on the locker beside his own. The reporter fell to, while the pilots chatted with bursts of gusty laughter. He made one desperate rally to join the talk, and in a quiet moment asked a neighbor:

"How do you know when a ship wants a pilot?"

"We generally have a trained green parrot that flies over and asks 'em," was the cruel response. "But we ran short of stores last cruise, and had to eat him. This voyage we intend to mail 'em postal cards."

There was an appreciative roar, and Wilson winced as "Old Pop" Markle whispered:

"Don't mind that Peter Haines. He 's got a heart as soft as mush. It 's only their skylarkin', sonny. Hit 'em back. That 's what they like."

But the victim had lost all self-confidence, and now he was beginning to feel dizzy and forlorn. The smell of food, the heat, and the jerky plunging of the cabin were overwhelming. He staggered to his bunk and crept in. This was the last blow, that on top of his false pretences, he should be laid low before the eyes of this hostile crowd. He knew not what happened, until hours after he awoke from a semi-stupor to find "Old Pop" Markle sponging his face with cold water and calling in his ear:

"There 's a steamer coming up from the east'ard. Brace up and get on deck. It 's a pretty sight."

The boy clambered through the companionway as the boat-keeper touched a match to an oil-soaked bunch of waste in a wire cage at the end of his torch. The schooner and the near-by sea were bathed in a yellow glare. Out in the darkness a blue Coston light glowed a response. Some one shouted: "On deck for the skiff," and five minutes later the boat-crew was pulling off in the night to the waiting steamer, with a pilot in the stern-sheets.

"There goes your friend, Peter Haines," chuckled "Pop" Markle. "I knowed you 'd take it hard if I did n't give you a chance to say good-bye to him. He won't pester you no more this cruise."

The wind blew some of the cobwebs from poor Wilson's muddled head, and he felt refreshed. Soon the pelting spray drove him below deck and he curled up on a locker, watching the poker game from which youth and inexperience barred him. And what was more cutting, he was not even asked to play.

"It would be like taking pennies from a blind child," callously commented the strapping McCall who had welcomed him aboard. But the white-haired patriarch of them all did not join the game, and he said cheerily to Wilson:

"You 're too young and I 'm too old to be wastin' our wages in them pursuits, ain't we, sonny? There 's an old lady and a cottage at Lewes that takes care of my rake-off. And instid of raisin' the limit, I raise vegetubbles for my fun."

Wilson opened his bruised heart and told the old pilot the story of his venture, and felt relieved that his masquerade had been thrown away. "Pop" Markle's blue eyes twinkled:

"See here, Jimmy Arbutus, I 'll see that you write a fust-rate piece for your paper. Ask me anything your amazin' ignorance tells you to. The boys wanted me to take in the fust vessel we met, and was willin' to shove their turns aside, but I told 'em it was my last cruise, and I was goin' to see her through to the finish. So we 've lots of time to talk pilotin' together. What was the most remarkable experience ever I had? Pshaw, that sounds like a full-rigged reporter, sonny, really it does.

"Well, I never got drownded boardin' a vessel, but I once fell afoul of a skipper that was a worse blunderin' idjit than you 've been. It may sound kinder comfortin' to you. About fifty miles off the Capes, I clumb aboard an Italian bark. Her captain said he was bound for Wilmington, and would I take him in? He got a tow-boat at the Breakwater, and we were goin' up the river all right, when plumb by accident, this benighted Dago imparted to me that he was bound for Wilmington, North Caroliny. 'Great Scott! You dogdasted lunatic,' says I, you 're pretty nigh up to Wilmington, Delaware.' He went crazier than ever, and put about for sea after I showed him on the chart where he was at. He had been runnin' by dead-reckonin', and did n't know where he was. So, when he picked up a pilot and found he was headed all right for Wilmington, he figured his troubles were over. So there 's worse than you afloat, Jimmy Arbutus."

At his suggestion, Wilson dug up his note-book and scribbled therein many other yarns, for the old pilot warmed to his task, and insisted that each of the poker players should contribute a story to the fund. When he was routed out for breakfast, the party had lost another pilot who had found his ship at daybreak. The wind had drawn into the northeast, and the "Albatross" was snugged down under double reefs. The barometer was falling, and the boat-keeper shook his head when the pilots insisted upon edging further off shore.

"Drive her till she cracks," shouted McCall. "This is the trip when we keep going till we get our ships. The "Albatross" goes home empty, you bet your boots."

With much daring and difficulty one man was put aboard a liner late in the afternoon. Three pilots were left, and they swept Wilson into their genial comradeship, as the little party clawed its way to supper, and hung onto the table by its eyelids. In his mind, Wilson began to see the page story," full of "human interest" and "color." To-morrow he would work at his "introduction," and the thought of really making a start at filling those stately columns was perturbing. He felt something like stage-fright at the notion of it.

Before midnight, James Arbuthnot Wilson had forgotten his "story," and was thinking only of the awful turmoil above him. The wind had leaped to the might of a sudden summer gale. The schooner was hove to and battened tight, and like a tightly-corked bottle she danced over the shouting seas. Made sick and giddy, Wilson sought "Old Pop" Markle who was peacefully snoring in the next bunk, and shook him awake.

"Pshaw, sonny," the old man muttered, "she 's safer than a big ship. She 'll rare and tear and sputter till it blows over. If it 'll ease your mind any, I 'll take a peek on deck."

The pilot slipped into his oil-skins and vanished.

"It 's pretty thick," he said when he came below, "but there ain't no great sea on, not for us. Rainin' hard and blowin' some. McCall is standin' watch with the boat-keeper. You 're safer than if you was in the *Standard* office. You can't lose your job out here, Jimmy."

Somewhat comforted, Wilson tried to sleep. It was a terrifying experience for the greenhorn with more "local color" than he had bargained for. Sometime later in the night, he was half dreaming that "Doc" Wilson was holding his head under water and drowning him with the most enjoyable deliberation.

With a crashing sound like the explosion of a great gun in his ears, he was flung headlong clear across the cabin, and on top of him came "Old Pop" Markle, sputtering harmless curses. The cabin floor sloped like the side of a house and stayed there as Wilson scrambled to his hands and knees. Then came a more sickening lurch, and before the hanging cabin lamp was smashed against the deck-beams, the lad saw that the old man was dazed. He gave him a hand, and together they climbed the slope, and grasped the legs of the stationary table. They heard the other pilots stumble up the companion ladder, and hammer back the hatch, with yells of terror lest they be trapped.

Forward of the cabin bulkhead, they heard the roar of in-rushing water, and smothered outcries among the watch below. While the old man and the boy tried to grope their way aft to the ladder, the sea crashed through the bulkhead door from the galley beyond, and instantly they were picked up and hurled aft, choking and fighting for life. Wilson chanced to grasp a step of the ladder, and with his free arm pulled "Old Pop" Markle to this refuge. The reporter did not want to die, and he knew that death dragged him by the heels. And it was with no heroic prompting that he pushed the old man up ahead of him. It was done on the instant, as one friend would help another in a pinch, without wrought-out purpose.

The water was sucking at his waist as he fought his way up, and partly out, and managed to double himself over the hatch coaming, with the old man's legs across his shoulders. Thus they were half jammed in the cramped exit. Just then the flare torch was lighted by a seaman. In the yellow glare "Old Pop" Markle saw the two pilots and two, only two, of the crew wrestling with the one skiff left at the davits. One of them stopped to beckon wildly to the old man and started to go to his aid.

In this moment the schooner lurched under with a weary, lifeless roll, and a black sea stamped across her sodden hull. It licked up the boat and the handful of toiling men, it leaped forward and pulled down the black figure with the torch. The two men still jammed in the hatchway were cruelly battered, but they could not be wrenched away. And when the towering comber had passed, there was darkness and silence, and no more shouting voices on the schooner's deck.

The old pilot wriggled free and got his hands on a life-buoy that hung within his reach at the after end of the cabin hatch. Wilson dragged himself after him, and pitched against a splintered mass of planking up-ended against the wheel. They listened and heard a steamer's imploring whistle and one faint cry far off to leeward. "Pop" Markle groaned as he fumbled in the darkness and laboriously passed a tangle of line around the wreck of the skylight cover to which Wilson was clinging.

"Hang on, sonny," he gasped. "I 've made the buoy fast to the loose timber. We 'll go off together with the next sea, sure. My God! Here it comes."

The dying schooner seemed to sink from beneath them, and clinging to their frail bit of a raft, they were spun off to leeward in the arms of the sea that swamped the rock-ballasted "Albatross." Turned over and over, the two men fought for breath until the skylight cover righted and they came to the surface. They slid swiftly into a murky hollow and were borne to the tattered crest whose froth was strangling.

But the wind was falling fast. Such seas as those which had broken over the helpless

"Albatross" were running in swollen billows when they met no barrier to check them. Therefore the castaways could cling and breathe, and even made shift to pass the loose ends of the line around their waists while they waited for the end. Now their spray-blinded eyes dimly saw the lights of the steamer that had bitten half way through the pilot-schooner. She was blundering far to windward, and her signal rockets cut red gashes in the night. They could watch her swing in a useless circle as she sought to find the craft she had struck. Drifting away to leeward, the old pilot and the young reporter tried to shout, but their little rasping cries were pitifully futile. They coughed the racking brine from their throats, and saw the last rocket soar, saw the steamer's lights fade in the rain, become twinkling points and vanish.

There were no words between them, until the day began to break. Now and then one sought the other's hand and found a feebly responsive grip. Thus they knew that death had not come to the little raft. With the gray light, the wind veered round to the south'ard, and except for the swinging swell, the sea was smoothed to summer gentleness. The eternal miracle of dawn had never come to more grateful hearts than these two. Youth had survived the battering ordeal with mind still alert, but old age was near passing with hurts and exhaustion. Now that he could see to help, the boy so managed it that the pilot could lie half across the life-buoy which floated high with the supporting planking beneath it.

"Them as was n't drownded and smashed in their bunks, could n't swim, or none to speak of," sighed the old man." I knew 'em all from boys. Two left . . . And we 're the most wuthless of the lot, sonny. But you may learn how to make an honest livin' some day. . . . Don't bother with me . . . I 'm due to go. . . . The old lady has the cottage, and there 's the pension from the Pilot's Fund. . . . And two more pilots in the family. . . . Ain't you sorry you did n't let 'Doc' Wilson come?"

The boy sputtered:

"No, we are n't dead yet, and if we 're picked up it 's the story of a lifetime. I don't believe the Lord saved us from the wreck to die on a summer morning like this. And, my, but you were good to me, Mr. Markle."

They floated in silence while the June sun rose higher, and heat and thirst piled up their wretchedness. The seasoned fiber of the old man had been toughened for such a stress as this. He hung on grimly because he had always hung on grimly to whatever life set him to endure. Although they were out on the edge of traffic bound in and out of the Delaware Capes, he still hoped, but mostly for the boy.

Six hours after the "Albatross" had gone to the bottom, a boat from a crippled brig, laden with salt from Turk's Island, picked up a bit of wreckage to which were lashed a white-haired man and a beardless lad. Both were too weak to talk, and the British skipper had them put into bunks, and poured raw Jamaica rum down their throats. Wilson was the first to revive, but he could not rise, and had to content himself with tidings that the pilot was alive and conscious. Night had come before the reporter could totter as far as the mate's cabin and see his comrade.

The pilot's leathery face was strangely bleached, and he could no more than whisper with a faltering huskiness:

"God bless their poor souls. They was all neighbors of mine. Hello, Jimmy Arbutus, have you begun to write that piece for the paper? There 's something wrong with my insides. I think I busted some of 'em when we was jammed in that hatch. Well, we 're going home, my son. Are you all taut again?'

Wilson tried to hide his anxiety and set himself to nursing the old man as best he could. His clumsy attentions were received with a sweet resignation, but the old man showed signs of impatience. At length, unable to restrain his desire, he asked:

"Why don't you begin to write your piece instead of wastin' time on my old hulk? I want to see it 's done all shipshape. We ain't goin' to have no 'Doc' Wilson nor a lot of fresh young pilots laughin' at our blunders. I 'll overhaul the writin' for you."

Wilson was eager to begin. The skipper found a half-filled log-book, and the butt of a pencil, and the reporter sat by the pilot's bunk, and wrote with frowning effort. His labor was so evident that at length the interested pilot asked:

"You seem to be making heavy weather of it, Jimmy. Mind my lookin' over the nigh end of it?"

Wilson passed the log-book over with a flutter of expectancy. He was proud of his opening paragraphs. He flattered himself that he had caught the spirit of the tragedy of the last and lost pilot-schooner. The old man read them with puckered brow, and laid the book down without comment. Wilson waited and had to break the awkward silence:

"Anything the matter with that?"

"Well, I had only a common school education, and I 've been at sea fifty years. I 'm no judge, I guess. It 's too high-falutin' for me. Those dictionary words are mighty imposin', and the opening verse of poetry looks gilt-edged. But, well, every man to his trade."

The very young reporter looked hurt, and the pilot tried to sooth him by flatly denying the truth of everything he had said. Wilson put the book away and went on deck. In his mind there was a glimmering notion that his literary method might be open to criticism. The old fear and lack of self-confidence came back. He would rest another day and try again.

Next morning the brig was beating against a baffling head wind, and the Delaware Capes were two hundred and fifty miles away. A mattress was brought on deck, and the old man was laid on it beneath an awning. He was growing weaker, and began to fret when he found the brig was making so little headway toward her port and his home. Wilson was moody and worried about his comrade. He had no heart for his "story."

After a while, the British skipper sat down beside the old man, and began to ask him about the loss of the "Albatross." The pilot began with the start of the last cruise, and with crisp and homely detail, and with many breaks in his voice, he carried the tale down to the loss of the vessel, the loss of his comrades, and the escape of the oldest and youngest of those that had sailed in her. And because he felt it all so deeply, the story did not once wander from its chartered course.

Wilson pulled himself together and picked up his log-book. He felt that it was his duty to write what he heard. When he had finished, the scales fell from his eyes, for at a great price, he had been taught to discern that virtue of simplicity which most of his craft must spend years to learn. When the pilot fell into a doze, he stole below and began to write his "story." It was not all as the pilot had told it, but its backbone and its vitals belonged to the simple and untutored old man. Next day when he read it to "Pop" Markle, the pilot brightened and observed:

"Any sailor could understand that, my lad. It sounds as dodgasted ordinary as if I had wrote it myself. The pilots will think a heap of that piece. I want you to hold your job, sonny."

The third day passed, and then the fourth, and the booming head wind was holding the lubberly brig out of sight of the Delaware Capes. The pilot insisted that he be carried on deck whenever the sun shone. He was looking for the Henlopen light. When he was not drowsy, he would talk of home to his young comrade, for all his thoughts were flocking thither.

"I don't think I 'm going to fetch it, sonny," he murmured when the fifth day broke with no land in sight. "It looks like you 're going to be the sole survivor of the 'Albatross.' That will make your piece a heap stronger, won't it? My own boy could n't have done more for me than you have. If we don't pick up the Capes by noon, I want you to write a letter for me to Mary, that 's my wife. You can take it ashore at Lewes. You 'll find the cottage easy enough. And you must go around and look at my vegetubbles. One of my boys will be home, and he 'll see that they get my hulk to the buryin' ground. The skipper here has promised to anchor long enough to send me ashore."

Wilson choked, and tried to cheer the old man. But the faded blue eyes were serene with the foreknowledge of his end. The letter was written at his dictation, and Wilson sobbed while he went below to find an envelope in the skipper's desk. Then the pilot tried to sign it, and his knotted brown fingers held the pencil while Wilson helped him trace the wavering: "Your loving Seth."

Late in the afternoon of this, the fifth day, a tiny shaft, like a beckoning finger cut the cloudless western sky-line. Seth Markle heard the shouts of the men clustered forward who were eager to bring him the longed-for news. Wilson and the skipper came to him, and propped him up in his pillows on the poop-deck.

"Henlopen light," he whispered. "Henlopen light, and Lewes just around the Point."

The dim light of life burned brighter in this draught of hope, but soon waned lower than before. After a long silence, the old man tried to speak. Wilson put his ear close to the resolute mouth, and could barely hear:

"Tell her how good you 've been to me. I—I hope the piece is all right. The last cruise. . . . Oh, Mary, you 're waiting around the Point of the Cape."

He was alive until sunset, but he did not speak, except once when Wilson thought he heard a fluttering whisper of "Mary," and after that the rough-hewn face became very peaceful.

The brig crept into the lee of the Breakwater soon after daylight next morning. Wilson went ashore and found the cottage with the marvelous vegetable garden, and a sweet-faced woman who read her letter while the bearer walked softly among the cabbage rows, and noted, with a quick pang, how lovingly they had been tended. Presently Mary Markle came to him, and put her motherly arms around his neck and kissed him through her tears. They went to a near-by cottage where dwelt the eldest son. There Wilson left them. Before he went away he said:

"He was the best friend I ever had. I 'm coming down day after to-morrow. May I go to the church with you? "

He had to tarry in the street for the news had spread, and other weeping wives of pilots and seamen pressed around him. When, as tenderly as possible, he was able to leave them, he went to the telegraph office and sent this message to the managing editor of the *Standard*:

> Just landed. Am sole survivor of pilot-schooner "Albatross" run down and foundered a week ago. Will report with my story at noon.

On the train Wilson added to his "story" in the old log-book, the facts of the last days of Pilot Seth Markle. His pencil quivered and baulked when he recalled the words and face of his gentle old critic, and somehow, through his tears, he brought the narrative of the last cruise to its unadorned conclusion. Then he closed the book and leaned back with a great weariness. Now he was passing that bright vista of shore through which he had first seen the Bay, where he had chosen to advance rather than to retreat. Those intervening days seemed like years of life. He had gone away a boy, he was coming back a man.

When the young reporter walked into the *Standard* office, the first man to greet him was a bald and bulky stranger with an impressive manner who said:

"Ah, the young hero, I presume. You had a great streak of luck, didn 't you? Glad to see you pulled through. My name is Wilson. I 'm to take your notes at once and work up the story from them. We 're going to play it up as the leading feature in to-morrow's paper, and follow up with a page for Sunday."

Young Wilson looked at "Doc" Wilson with a new assertiveness and threw back his slight shoulders as he replied:

"No, thank you. Nothing doing. My story is written, and it 's going to be turned in to the boss as it stands. I 'm going in to see him now."

"Oh, nonsense," snapped "Doc" Wilson. "I can understand your wanting to do the story, and your head being swelled a bit and all that. But if you want to hold your job you 'd better fork over your notes without any more fuss about it. The old man passed it out that he was going to fire you, anyhow. I 'll say a good word for you if you can produce the goods."

Young Wilson brushed past his elder, who stood dumfounded at the insolence of the "pup." Then the managing editor was confronted by an unabashed intruder who announced:

"Here 's my story, sir. There 's about six columns of it. And it 's all ready to be edited. And no "Doc" Wilson nor anybody else is going to rewrite it until you 've passed on it,"

The managing editor saw a bedraggled figure with a firm-set jaw and a level glance which looked him squarely in the eyes. He took in the sea-stained clothes, and the burned and grimy face, and smiled as he said:

"I 'll read it, Mr. Wilson. Go home and come back at six o'clock. Then we 'll talk it over. You 've been through a tremendous experience, have n't you? It 's your story. Don't fret about that."

When James Arbuthnot Wilson next entered the managing editor's office, that dignified personage grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"My son, why have n't I known you could write a story like this? It 's the real thing. It 's a masterpiece. Where did you learn how?"

The boy's face twitched as he said very slowly:

"The man who taught me how died in sight of home. It 's his story. It isn 't mine at all. I want a day off, if you please, to go down to Lewes again. I 'm — I 'm the last of the 'Albatross.'"

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

V

HOW RAILROADS MAKE PUBLIC OPINION

> "*All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. . . . With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted . . . and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE people are to-day making up their minds on the railroad problem; out of their present decision will grow laws, and those laws will shape the destiny of the nation. It becomes of incalculable importance, then, to know where the information upon which we now base our thinking is coming from. Are the sources clear? Is the information true?

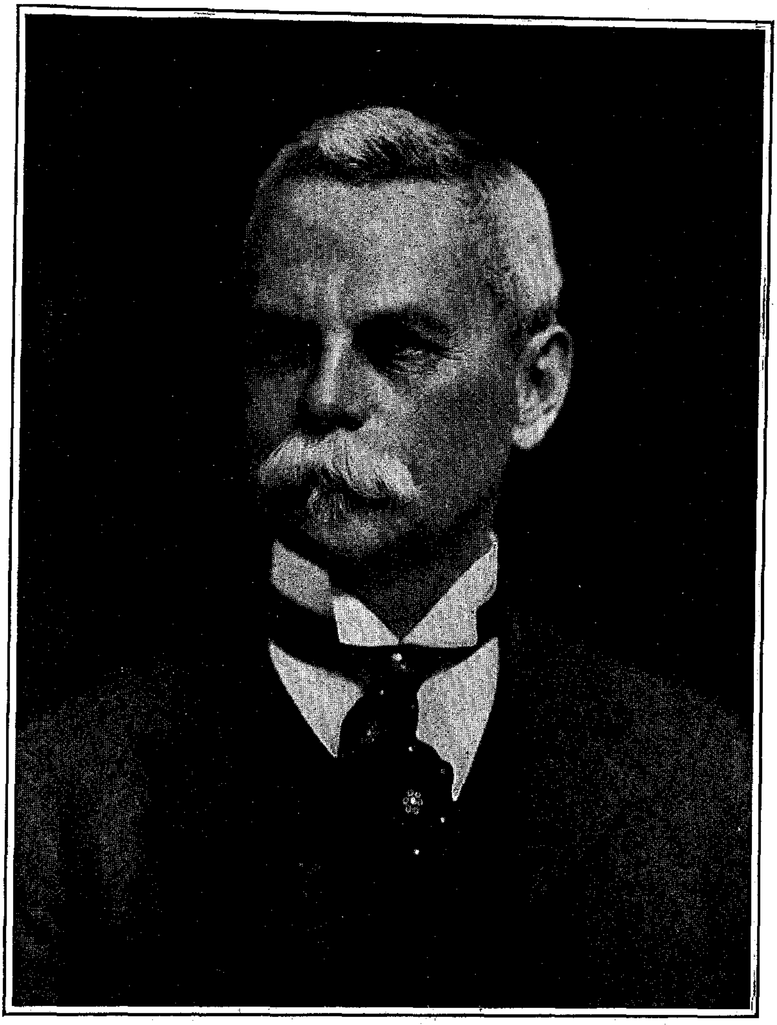
Railroad owners were undisguisedly astonished last winter by the force of the public demand for railroad legislation; it drove the Esch-Townsend bill through the House of Representatives almost without opposition. Such a measure threatened the existing unrestrained private control of railroad corporations and endangered the prestige of the men who own them.

Though the popular bill was stopped at the doors of an unwilling Senate, the railroad men knew that unless public opinion was modified, other legislation, perhaps more drastic, would be sought when Congress convened this winter. Accordingly they undertook to counteract or modify the swelling force of unfriendly opinion and to create in its place a more favorable regard. Since Congress adjourned last spring, they have been engaged in what is undoubtedly the most sweeping campaign for reaching and changing public thought ever undertaken in this country. No investigation into the meanings of the railroad problem as it now presents itself in this country can be regarded as complete, which does not take cognizance of these remarkable activities.

Consider the conditions. A great cloud had come up out of the west; it was black with complaints against railroad injustice and railroad domination. While the agitation represented the undoubted sentiments of the people, it owed its expression largely to certain shippers and business organizations. And finally it was voiced by President Roosevelt, and definite legislation was demanded.

But the people, however vigorous their demands for reform, are undisciplined and unorganized. They are torn by petty local interests and they are busy. To make the giant bestir himself the issues must be made very clear and the feeling must be deep. By presenting new information, new issues, new arguments, it is therefore evident that a publicity organization may either convince or confuse public opinion so that it does not settle with undivided mind upon definite demands and stick to them until reforms are attained.

Railroad men have a perfect right, of course, in common with all other citizens, to present facts and arguments to the people. The more true publicity there is the better, for the public mind should not only be made up, but made up right. But the people have a duty to inquire concerning the sources of the information they are getting; they are entitled to know, when a man is presenting an argument, whether he represents himself or is paid by some one else. It is one thing to



SAMUEL SPENCER

President of the Southern Railroad, appointed by the Wall Street interests to manage the railroad campaign for influencing public opinion

inform the public mind; another thing to deceive it. And finally the people have not only a right but a duty to inquire if the facts which they are receiving are true facts. Perhaps there was never before in our history such need of intelligent discrimination and analysis upon the part of the people as there is at this moment; it is a sort of supreme test of the nation: whether we know enough, whether we are brave enough, to deserve a real democracy.

Wall Street, accordingly, with characteristic thoroughness, organized a campaign; and a committee of three men was appointed to direct operations: Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railroad; F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie; and David Wilcox, president of the Delaware & Hudson.

Upon Mr. Spencer fell the main responsibility of the work, and for several reasons. In the first place, he had for years made his headquarters in Washington, the central office of the Southern Railroad, where he naturally formed the acquaintance of many Senators and Congressmen; and he had come to know all the by-paths of legislative activity. An experienced, agreeable, discreet man — he was well fitted for the task. To him the railroads of the country, sharing the burden, contributed all the necessary money. The extent of the various enterprises of the organization will enable us to form some idea of how large a sum was required.

Several channels exist through which public opinion may be reached: newspapers and magazines, perhaps, first of all; speeches, lectures, and sermons; books; conventions; investigations.

The fountainhead of public information is the newspaper. The first concern, then, of the railroad organization was to reach the newspapers.

For this purpose a firm of publicity agents, with headquarters in Boston, was chosen. Their business was not extensive, but both members of the firm were able and energetic; and both had had a thorough training in the newspaper business. They had represented high-class clients; notably Harvard University.

Immediately the firm expanded. It increased its Boston staff; it opened offices in New York, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, Topeka, Kansas — Kansas being regarded as especially threatening — and it employed agents in South Dakota, California, and elsewhere. I can, perhaps, give the clearest idea of the scope of the work by describing the activities of a single branch office — that in Chicago.

The firm occupies rooms in the Orchestra Building on Michigan Avenue. Its employees in Chicago alone number forty-three. Foremost among these are a corps of experienced newspaper men.

To this office comes every publication of any sort within the Chicago territory — every little village paper in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois, and other states. All of these are carefully scanned by experienced readers and every article in any way touching upon the railroad question is clipped out and filed. But the bureau does not depend upon the papers alone. Traveling agents have visited every town in the country and have seen, personally, every editor. The record of these visits is recorded in an extensive card-catalogue. Here is the name of the town, the name of the editor, the circulation of his paper, whether he is prosperous or not, his political beliefs, his views on the trust problem, on the liquor question, even on religious subjects, the peculiar character of his paper, whether devoted mostly to local news, or whether expressing vigorous editorial opinions. Moreover, there are notations dealing with peculiar industrial and commercial interests of each town — its weaknesses and its strength. In short, reading some of the cards in this catalogue I could almost see the little villages out in the Mississippi Valley, see the country editor in his small office, and understand all his hopes, fears, ambitions.

Possessed of this knowledge, how adroitly and perfectly the well-equipped publicity agents can play upon each town and influence each editor! Every card bears also, in columns, a list of numbers. Every number refers to an article sent out by the firm. Most of these articles are especially prepared by the staff writers for a certain town, or a group of towns. There is no confused firing of wasteful volleys; each shot is carefully aimed. It is really interesting material often mingled with valuable matter on other subjects, and the country editor, like every editor, is eager for the good things. In cases I know of the railroads have employed very able correspondents at state capitals, or at Washington, who sent daily or weekly letters on various subjects, but never failing to work in masked material favorable to the railroads. Often, perhaps usually, the editor has no idea of where this material comes from. It apparently drops out of the blue heavens like a sort of manna — for these publicity agents are careful not to advertise the fact that they are in any way connected with the railroads.

Having sent out an article to an editor, his paper is closely watched by the readers, and when it appears the number in the card-catalogue is checked in red. A glance at a card, therefore, will instantly reveal how much and what sort of railroad articles every paper in the country is publishing, how railroad information is running high in one community and low in another — whether a paper is "good" or "bad" from the standpoint of the railroads.

This card-catalogue is well named in the office "The Barometer." It is certainly as good an indicator of the atmosphere of railroad opinion in the country as could possibly be devised. It gives the observer, indeed, an impression of hopeless perfection. What chance have feeble, unorganized outsiders to make and register public opinion in the face of such a machine?

Does it get results? Indeed it does. One of the members of the firm told me with pride of the record in Nebraska. In the week ended June 5th, last, the newspapers of that state published exactly 212 columns of matter unfavorable to the railroads, and only two columns favorable. Eleven weeks later, after a careful campaign, a week's record showed that the papers of Nebraska had published 202 columns *favorable* to the railroads and *four* unfavorable. A pretty good barometric condition!

But the work is by no means confined to the offices. If an editor is found to be radically anti-railroad, as frequently happens in the West, an agent goes about among shipping and commercial organizations of the town and stirs up public opinion against the editor. Now, shippers and business men generally are peculiarly subject to railroad influence or discrimination. A very little thing will put them wrong with the railroad. Consequently, when the railroad asks a favor that costs nothing — like the signing of a petition, or the writing of a letter — why, they are inclined to yield and avoid trouble. Moreover, it is of familiar knowledge that the politicians in many towns are pro-railroad. Usually one or more of the prominent lawyers are retained by the railroads, and there is always the local railroad staff to be counted upon.

All these forces are so cunningly marshaled that the recalcitrant editor is "smoked out" by his own people.

Now, I have no evidence that this particular firm of publicity agents had any "corruption fund" or that they *paid* editors to support the railroad cause. Moreover, I do not believe, knowing something of the character of the men, that they have done it in any instance. Their position was this: they owned a publicity machine — a highly intelligent one. They sold its services to the railroads and thereafter they sent out railroad arguments just as they would have sent out baking-powder arguments if they had been employed by a baking-powder company — without wasting a moment's thought apparently as to what effect their action might have upon the public welfare.

Two points must be emphasized. In the first place these agents conducted their operations secretly. It is a principle that the attorney must declare what client he defends. If these agents had appeared frankly before the court of public opinion as railroad employees, no one could have quarreled with them; and they would have deceived no one. And why, if the railroad men have a really good argument, should they not make it openly and frankly?

In the second place against such an organization as this, supplied with unlimited money, representing a private interest which wishes to defeat the public will, to break the law, to enjoy the fruits of unrestrained power, what chance to be heard have those who believe that present conditions are wrong? The people are unorganized, they have no money to hire agents, nor experts to make investigations, nor writers to set forth the facts attractively. The result is, that the public gets chiefly the facts as prepared by the railroad for their own defense. The case is exactly that of the rich litigant who goes before the court with lawyers, experts, and unlimited money to combat the poor litigant who must appear without lawyers or experts whom he has no money to hire. And in this case the rich litigant represents the few thousand railroad owners and those powerful shippers who are favored by railroad discrimination, and the poor litigant is the great unorganized public.

So much for the methods employed. Let us now examine the facts so widely circulated by the railroads. Are they true facts?

One example must suffice. The statement which has probably been given wider circulation by the railroads than any other is that "railroad rates in America are the lowest in the world," and the conclusion drawn is that therefore we have no cause for complaint, that our railroad owners are progressive and unselfish, and the inference is that if we should "regulate" or own the railroads as do the European countries our rates would tend to go as high as theirs.

Now, this is a most insidiously deceptive statement in several ways. It is the use of statistics not to inform but to deceive. On its face the statement — "that the average rate per ton per mile for all freight shipped in America is the lowest in the world" — is true, but the conclusions which the railroads seek to force are false.

In comparing rates in Europe with those in America the railroad publicity agents are comparing things totally unlike. Conditions are entirely different.

There is every reason why the average rate *should be* higher in Europe. For example, a great bulk of low-rate heavy freight — coal, grain, ore, sand, and so on, which constitutes the chief business of railroads in this country, is there largely carried on canals or by water. Average hauls of freight in Europe are short; here they are much longer, tending to reduce the ton mile rate. Express packages, here charged at high prices, are there carried as freight. In England, the railroads deliver and collect freight with their own teams, thus helping to keep the freight-rates high; in this country the shipper teams his own freight. Germany carries all her government stores, her army and its equipment free; and moreover, she has every year a surplus from operation which goes to help out general expenses of government.

If a perfectly honest comparison were made, taking into consideration all these differences in the service rendered, it would undoubtedly be found that the rates here and abroad are not far different. Cost of terminals and rights of way and taxes are generally higher in Europe than here, another reason why rates *should be* higher there. But the important point, after all, lies not in the actual comparison, deceptive though it may be. Let us admit that rates are lower in this country; does it therefore follow that they are not still much too high considering the cost of the service performed, or that the profits of the Wall Street owners are not too great, or that discrimination and injustice do not exist?

Besides the direct preparation of articles for newspapers, these publicity agents send out enormous numbers of publications in pamphlet and book form.

Now it is a good thing for the people to have all these arguments; provided, *they know the source from which the arguments come* and provided, *the other side has an equal opportunity to present its case.* Editors, professors in colleges, prominent lawyers, clergymen, and other public men, any one, indeed, who is likely to have even a little influence in his community, have been supplied with much of this railroad literature. Most of the pamphlets are not on their face railroad arguments at all, but are seemingly perfectly dispassionate and unprejudiced discussions of the problem. I have a collection of fifty-six such books and pamphlets, all different, issued within the last few months. The literature varies all the way from a cloth-bound book of 486 pages to a leaflet of four pages. Since I began my present series of articles on the railroad question I have had at least thirty copies of one of them, a small book prepared by H. T. Newcomb of Washington, called "Facts About the Railroads," sent to me from various parts of the country by people who wanted to know where it came from, and whether or not it was a railroad publicity pamphlet. These various publications are planned to reach every interest. One is addressed to the farmers, called "The Farmer and His Friends," another is for workers, another is a book of 206 pages for lawyers, discussing the legal aspects of the question, with careful summaries of decisions. There are many pamphlets for editors, containing reprints from editorials published by papers in various parts of the country — *some of them having been originally written in the office of the publicity agents* and sent out to the newspapers.

Finally, there is the new book by Professor Hugo R. Meyer called "Government Regulation of Railway Rates." This book is being widely circulated by the railroads, and is regarded as one of the strongest arguments in their favor. Professor Meyer is connected with the University of Chicago, and is perhaps the only economist in the country who appears as a thick-and-thin defender of present railroad conditions. His book is well written and interesting, the result of twelve years of work; it bears on its face the marks of the sincerity of the author's convictions. But the work throughout is marked by singular bias and prejudice, a fact so evident that it comes in for censure from such a publication as the *Railroad Gazette.* The editor of the *Gazette* says in the issue of December 1, 1905: "We deeply regret that the learned professor should have approached his subject with such mistaken evidences of partisanship and bias."

The chief arguments are based on conditions in Germany, although the author has never been in Germany. No doubt this may account for the many inaccuracies in statement — to say nothing of the bias — which mark the work. Professor B. H. Meyer of Wisconsin, an authority on transportation economics, who has spent much time in Europe studying railroad conditions, devoted the greater part of an address before the American Economic Association at Baltimore, in December, 1905, to pointing out in detail these errors and misapprehensions. He said:

> If he (Prof. H. R. Meyer) had ever made inquiries on the ground, the first half of his book would perhaps never have been written; or, at least, its pages would probably have reflected a better temper.

The book contains much about the difficulties and mistakes of foreign governments in regulating railroads, it shows how feeble has been our own Interstate Commerce Commission, and how enterprising and able have been the American railroad managers, and how excellent have been the results of private control.

But the most remarkable feature of this book is its omissions. I read it with care and with interest, but singularly enough I found nothing about the rebates by which the railroads have built up the Standard Oil and the Beef Trusts. I found nothing in the book about private cars, terminal roads, midnight tariffs, and other devices by means of which railroads deal unjustly as between citizens. I found nothing about railroad law-breaking, nor about the prevalence of railroad carelessness and accidents in this country, nor about the wholesale giving of free passes to influence editorial and legislative opinion, nor the way in which the railroads are seizing upon coal-lands, iron-lands, and steamship-lines throughout the country. I found no word concerning the present monopolization of railroads in the hands of a few men. There is much discussion of the "Workings of Competition," nothing of its disappearance. And singularly enough there was nothing in this book concerning railroad influence in politics, the bribery of legislators, the railroad lobbies, the control of Senators. These are some of the things the people want to know about, and are they not things to be considered by an honest student who really seeks to teach us—the ignorant public—whether or not the government should regulate the railroads?

But this was not, after all, the most pitiable omission from Professor Meyer's book — and indeed from all the publications to which I have referred. The only yard-stick which Professor Meyer uses to measure methods of industry and government is contained in the queries, "Does it pay?" "Does it build up trade?" "Does it make money?" Industrial progress, wealth piled up, in all this literature is made the sole test of excellence. There is no word of the new standard which is being raised over all this country: "Does the present railroad system make good men?" "Does it produce democratic citizens?" "Does it encourage justice and fair dealing?" We are learning that the great problem is not the accumulation of wealth, but the *just distribution of wealth*; that trade is good, but not at the expense of a corrupted citizenship and a ruined democracy. It gets back, after all, to the question: What is your ideal? Money or Men?

But this Boston firm, widespread as are its activities, does not by any means control all of the publicity enterprises of the railroads. The state of Iowa, for example, is exempt from its activities. Iowa has been called the "Q Reservation," from the political domination of a large part of the state by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Its railroad dictator is J. W. Blythe, attorney for the Burlington. The railroads have their own publicity department located in Des Moines and headed by W. J. Garrison, who goes a step further than the Boston firm and actually offers to pay editors for printing pro-railroad literature. How can the people form a just opinion upon a subject if the very facts, which should be presented without bias, are warped by railroad money?

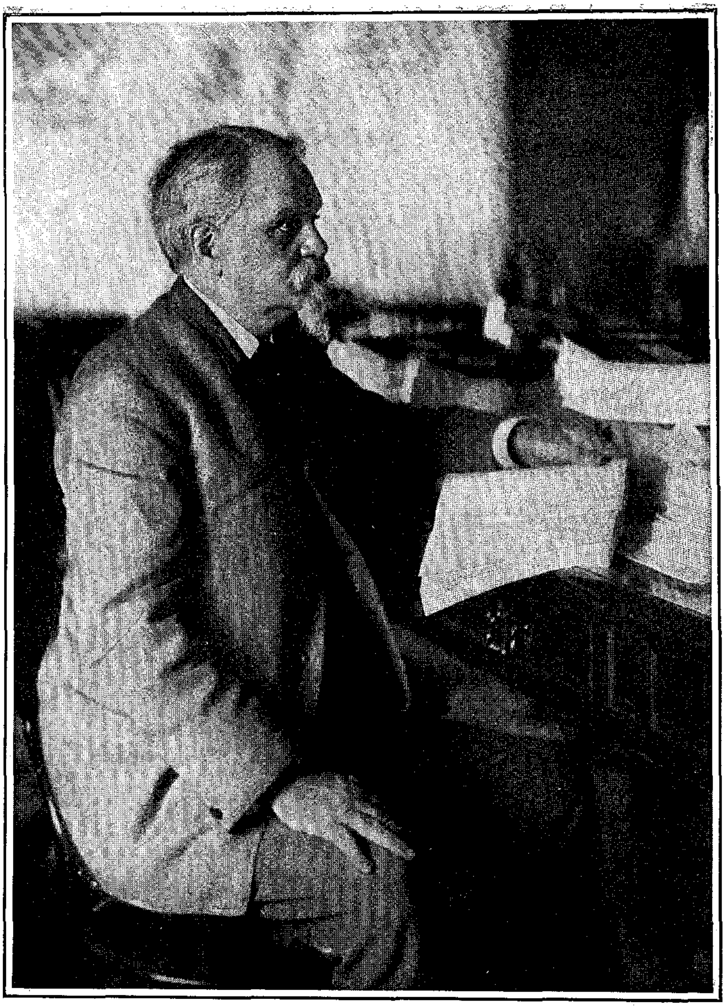
Concerning another publicity device of the railroads the *Nebraska State Journal* says, October 5, 1905:

> Editors of country papers have been surprised lately at receiving from some source a proposition to furnish them supplements of good reading matter free of charge, they only to agree to run the supplement as a part of their papers. A few accepted the offer. The first supplement contained hidden in the reading matter an attack on the parcels post, which the express companies are fighting with might and main. The second contains a veiled attack on President Roosevelt's railroad policy.
>
> The headlines of this article quote Senator Elkins as "willing to co-operate with President Roosevelt in passing satisfactory measures to control the railroads," but the body of the article gives the Senator's well-known pro-railroad views. It isn't polite to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but this seems to be one of the cases where politeness is not to be considered.

The supplement here referred to is published by a man who has long been employed by the railroads, chiefly in promoting Western agricultural development.

I could give the names of many other such agents, at Washington and elsewhere, but there seems no need of multiplying instances.

So much for the newspapers. Examine now some of the other activities of the railroads in changing public opinion.



EX-SENATOR CHARLES J. FAULKNER OF WEST VIRGINIA

Able and astute lawyer, employed by the railroads to manage their congressional campaign

I have already referred many times in these articles to the Senate railroad investigation of last spring. Having refused to pass railroad legislation, and feeling sharply the public demand for it, the Senate deputized its regular Committee on Interstate Commerce, Senator Elkins of West Virginia, chairman, to give hearings on the subject after the adjournment of Congress. The Committee accordingly convened in April and sat for over six weeks, the testimony, including that presented during the previous regular session of the Senate, filling five large volumes of about 1,000 pages each.

An investigation like this, conducted under such imposing auspices, attended by great railroad and industrial magnates and statesmen, daily reported by able newspaper correspondents, furnishes about as good a vehicle for influencing public opinion as could well be devised.

Being such a fountainhead of information, it becomes of the utmost importance to look into the character and results of this investigation.

On the face of it the inquiry was an attempt by an unprejudiced committee of great senators to get at all the facts, that justice might be done to all the people — little as well as big, weak as well as strong.

But what do we find? The shrewd men of the railroads knew how important an engine of publicity this investigation would be, and their organization was ready.

They first employed, as a general agent before the committee, Ex-Senator Faulkner of West Virginia. Mr. Faulkner had himself served for twelve years in the United States Senate; he was therefore versed in every twist and turn of senatorial usage, and he knew, as personal friends and associates, all the senators on the committee. In the second place Mr. Faulkner is a very able attorney with much experience in railroad and corporation affairs. During the entire session of the Committee he sat just behind Senator Elkins, its chairman, also from West Virginia, with whom he consulted frequently. Mr. Faulkner did not appear as a witness, but with the experience and skill of a thorough lawyer he brought in his witnesses, piled up the evidence in the most effective way, and arranged for proper and regular rebuttal of the fugitive testimony given by witnesses on the other side. After sitting for days in the committee-room the spectator had a sense as of expert scene-shifting, a well-organized working out of a preconceived plan. Beside Mr. Faulkner sat Walker D. Hines, formerly vice-president and attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. At the beginning of the session he appeared for three days on the stand, presenting the case of the railroads. His testimony alone fills 233 printed pages of the record. One after another, railroad presidents, railroad attorneys, railroad statisticians, great shippers who naturally favor the railroads were brought on by Senator Faulkner to support their case. Professor H. R. Meyer, to whom I have referred, appeared and gave sixty-five pages of testimony. H. T. Newcomb, formerly a government statistician, now employed by the railroads, gave 185 pages of statistical information, prepared, of course, to prove the railroad case.

Many small shippers came from distant points on passes, all expenses paid by the railroads. All these men had a perfect right to be heard, but I wish to point out and emphasize the fact of the perfect organization of the whole railroad case — the facilities which the railroads had — money, passes, the best legal talent, and, above all, perfect discipline. Over two-thirds of the witnesses who appeared defended the railroads or the Armour Car-line Company. So continuous was this stream, that Senator Cullom once remarked to a witness:

"We have heard a good many business men from different parts of the country, and I have almost forgotten if we have ever heard anybody who complained of the railroad or favored additional legislation."

Against this orderly presentation of evidence, facts, and arguments, the witnesses who appeared demanding some regulation of railroad power were almost lost. Bear in mind the fact that all these men had to come on their own time and at their own expense; they had no lawyer to represent them, no expert statisticians, they could make no attempt to direct or centralize their evidence. Most of them knew only local conditions and little of the broader railroad and commercial affairs. The only semblance of organized and intelligent testimony on that side was given by E. P. Bacon of Milwaukee, chairman of the executive committee of the Interstate Commerce Law Convention, and a few of his associates in the movement for governmental regulation of the railroads. But Mr. Bacon was present only a part of the time; and there were whole days when no representatives of the opposing interests were in attendance, and the evidence of the railroads met no opposition whatever. If it had not been for the testimony of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, of Governor Cummins of Iowa, and a few others real public interest would have made next to no showing at all. And at the close of the session, the committee allowed Mr. Hines, the railroad attorney, to appear and present forty-six pages of testimony in rebuttal of that given by Mr. Bacon and his associates. The disparity between the perfectly organized railroad attack and the feeble, ragged opposition was nothing short of pitiable. The effect on the newspaper correspondents was evident at once, and there is good reason to credit the claim of the railroads, generally made after the adjournment of the committee, that they had changed the sentiment of the whole country.

Let us look a little further into the investigation. It was very remarkable in other respects. Not only did the railroads present their case strongly, but the Senate Committee allowed the railroad witnesses to attack the opposition on personal grounds. They sought to show that all who opposed them were agitators, that they represented no public opinion, and that they were actuated by personal interest.

A. C. Bird, vice-president of the Gould railroads, said to the committee:

"If you will take the list filed here of the constituent bodies of the Interstate Commerce Law Convention (Mr. Bacon's organization), you cannot find one man in a hundred that knows the difference between a rate, a tariff-sheet, and a time-table. I know this is true. These men are the men who have created this agitation. . . . There is not a man in all these constituent organizations that could earn forty cents a day."

Mr. Bird also said of Mr. Bacon personally: "His own interests, the interests of communities which are rivals of his communities, have blinded him."

Another witness compared Mr. Bacon to "Peter the Hermit."

And is it possible that Mr. Bird and other railroad men were not blinded by their own interests?

J. J. Hill in his testimony flung aside all the agitation for railroad reform by comparing it contemptuously to an attack of "pink-eye or the grippe," which "will have to have its run."

Not only did the Senate Committee allow such disparagement of anti-railroad witnesses, but one or two of the senators themselves indulged in exactly the same sort of flings. Senator Kean of New Jersey was one of these. During the testimony of Mr. Bacon this senator was constantly and sarcastically referring to Mr Bacon's "self-interest" as a grain-dealer or as a resident of Milwaukee. But I did not hear Senator Kean attack the appearance of any railroad president on the ground of self-interest! And has not a grain-dealer the right to be heard with dignity? or a citizen of Milwaukee?

Who is this Senator Kean, that he talks of self-interest? Senator Kean is from New Jersey; sent to Washington by the New Jersey Republican machine, one of the worst in the country. And who does Senator Kean represent in the Senate? Is it the people of his state or the Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations? Talk of self-interest!

But I have not yet referred to the most significant of all the features of this investigation. It was, as I have shown, peculiarly an engine for shaping public opinion and yet here is this tremendous fact: *The public was almost unrepresented in its deliberations.* Among the witnesses were scores of personally interested railroad men, other scores of personally interested shippers; but the producers and consumers who, after all, pay the freight, where were they? Mr. Bacon's great organization, though it was fighting the railroads, did not, after all, represent the public; it represented oppressed shipping interests. Mr. Bacon himself in his testimony called attention to the helplessness of the real public as against the railroads:

> "The public at large," he said, "who ultimately bear the burden of the rate, upon whom the rate actually falls, has no opportunity of coming before any tribunal and obtaining relief. . . . The great mass of the public, upon whom the rate falls in the end, have no protection whatever, and they have no organization for presenting their difficulties, and they have to depend upon proper legislation for their protection, which will prevent the enforcement of rates that are excessive."

In the face of such a statement it is well to remember that this investigation was before the representatives of the people and for the people. and yet these senators made no effort to get out the people's side of the case.

If we except the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Governor Cummins, Professor Ripley, and possibly two or three other witnesses, who may be regarded as speaking neither for railroads nor shippers, the public — the producers and consumers — had no representation whatever at this hearing. Where the railroad and the shippers plunder hand in hand as they do, say in the oil industry, in the sugar industry, in the steel industry, there was apparently no complaint of conditions — for the public, which pays high prices for oil, steel, sugar, coal, beef, and the like in small amounts on every pound used, was not organized, had no lawyers, no representatives.

Indeed, nothing was clearer in the investigation than the essential agreement of the railroad men and the big shippers.

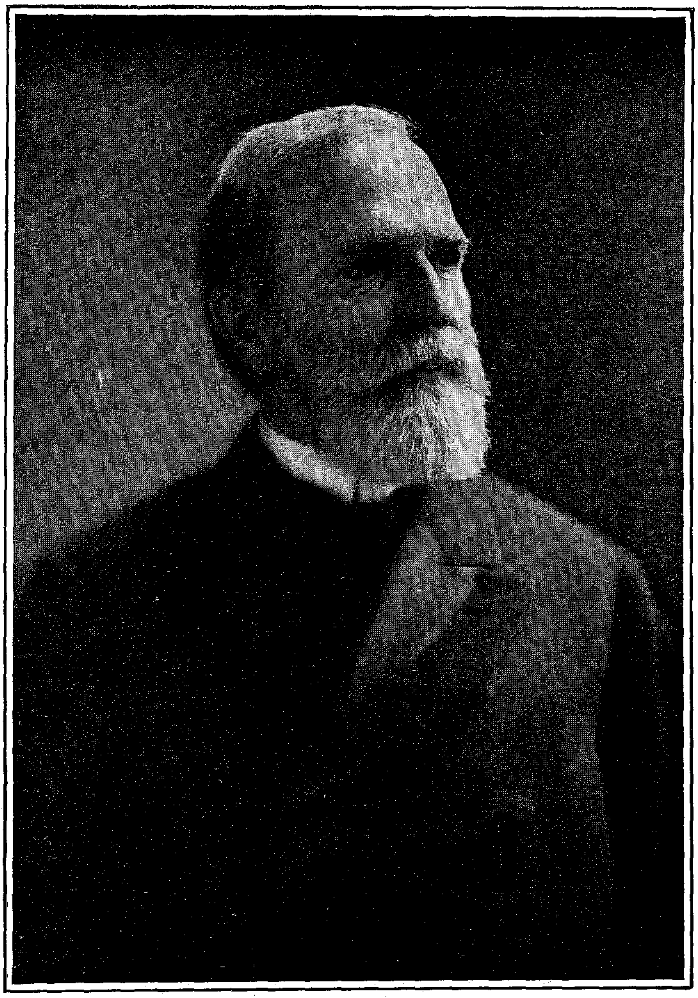
To show the high degree of satisfaction with railroad conditions on the part of the shippers, Ex-Senator Faulkner placed various witnesses on the stand. Among them were E. H. Gary, president of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation which owns 1,000 miles of railroad and pays $75,000,000 in freight every year.

"Are you generally, as a shipper," asked Senator Elkins, "satisfied with freight rates?"

"We are," said Mr. Gary.

"And have no cause of complaint that they are excessive?" asked Senator Elkins.

"We have not," replied Mr. Gary.



E. P. BACON OF MILWAUKEE

The only organized force in the country worth mentioning which has sought to combat the railroad position is the Interstate Commerce Law Convention, of the executive committee of which Mr. Bacon is chairman

The Steel Corporation, of course, is controlled by J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. They might as well have placed Mr. Morgan himself on the stand and asked him if he was pleased with the railroads as to have set up Mr. Gary. To any one who stopped a moment to think, the whole affair was not short of ridiculous.

So they had the testimony of F. J. Hearne, president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. which is owned by George Gould and John D. Rockefeller, and that of many other great shippers — most of whom, it is quite safe to say, get rebates, discrimination, or favoritism in some form from the railroads. And these witnesses were brought in to show that there is no demand for railroad regulation! The public at large, which pays dearly for this fraternal admiration of trusts and railroads, had little or no chance to express any opinion at all!

And having brought out all these things before the Senate Committee, Mr. Spencer's publicity bureau turned around and circulated all those parts of the testimony favorable to the railroads broadcast throughout the country. The opponents of the railroads, having no money and next to no organization, could not circulate *their* testimony.

One more great fact regarding this investigation and I am through with it. What are the things after all that the people most wish to know regarding the railroads? Here are some of them:

Do railroads give rebates, who receives rebates, how are they paid?

Are our rates reasonable? And what are the true profits of the railroads?

Do railroads corrupt legislators and the Congress and how do they do it?

Are the railroads controlled by half a dozen men and who are those men?

Why do the railroads kill and wound 80,000 American citizens every year?

These are essential and vital questions, touching the very life and prosperity of every citizen. A great and serious investigation, like that of the United States Senate — one would think — would naturally concern itself with these things especially. But what do we find? With the hand of the railroads in reality guiding and directing the investigation, we find, naturally, just as little as possible about these essential things and just as much as possible about unessentials. As to a downright disclosure of real conditions, like that of the Hughes life insurance investigation in New York, or the railroad inquiry in Wisconsin, there was no sign of it. If any one in those sessions had dared to ask a railroad president as Hughes asked the life insurance presidents how much he paid to the Republican campaign fund in 1904, there would have been nothing short of an explosion. But there was no one to ask so impudent a question. There was no one who *wanted* it asked. The downright final truth is, that this Senate Committee is a railroad committee — I mean the majority. And this investigation, therefore, has brought out such railroad facts as Senator Elkins (railroad owner of West Virginia), Senator Kean (Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations), Senator Aldrich (Standard Oil and railroads) Senator Foraker (railroads), wanted brought out — and no more. Several of the senators on the committee might have made an honest investigation if they had not been in the minority, and if they had not been afflicted with the trembling palsy which attacks politicians who are called upon to ask uncomfortable questions of railroad men. These are hard things to say, but they must be said, if ever this country comes to a clear understanding of how its public opinion is manufactured and its laws are made.

Both of the enterprises of which I have spoken so far have been constructive in their nature, a positive campaign in the newspapers, a positive direction of the Senate investigation. But the work has also been obstructive. Was there an effort anywhere to make public opinion on the other side, it must instantly be pounced upon and if not wholly smothered at least so confused as to render it innocuous.

They pursued this policy in the South both before and during President Roosevelt's visit down there. I have before me two pamphlets widely circulated in the South, attacking the President for receiving free transportation from the railroads. Appeals were also made to race prejudice. Thousands of copies of Senator Chandler's half-humorous observation that if railroad discriminations were stopped then the separate cars or compartments for negroes in the South, known as Jim Crow cars, would have to be discontinued were sent out. The publicity agents knew well that this would touch the sore spot of the South and divert attention from the real issue.

The only organized force in the country worth mentioning which has sought to combat the railroad position is an organization of commercial bodies headed by E. P. Bacon, of Milwaukee. Mr. Bacon is a rather remarkable figure. He is past seventy, and not in vigorous health. He had come to the time of life when he wanted to rest. But once embarked upon the enterprise, he would not let go. He headed the new movement of the shippers, he appeared before congressional and state committees, he became as thorough an authority on the broader aspects of the railroad question as there is among the shippers of the country. And he has clung to the thankless, gratuitous task with singular patience and tenacity. With him as with other leaders in the movement there has been nothing but hard work, money out of pocket, and no rewards. They held conventions of shippers beginning in 1900 and rolled up a big petition to Congress. Immediately the railroads began undermining their organization. Through all their innumerable channels they brought pressure to bear on shippers — so effective in some cases that the very men who signed Mr. Bacon's call for the conventions turned around and repudiated the whole movement.

But it persisted in spite of everything, and last fall, a convention was called to be held in Chicago, October 26th This would naturally make public opinion. Weeks in advance the railroads began their operations among the shippers' organizations which intended to send delegates to the convention. In some organizations like the Chamber of Commerce in Minneapolis the fight raged fast and furious. In nearly every case the big shippers, the men who get favors from the railroads, were anti-Bacon; the little shippers who were discriminated against were pro-Bacon. I quote from the *Minneapolis Journal:*

> Every effort is being made to put the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, as a body, on record against the Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of freight rates by the federal government.
>
> All of the big shippers have signed the protests against federal supervision without any hesitation, but the small fellows refuse to get into line, and a division of the chamber is feared. Some of them say they never will sign the petitions.

When the railroads could not thus elect the men they wanted, they began operations upon the delegates themselves. In many cases they offered them passes and sometimes even agreed to pay all their expenses if they would come to Chicago and "vote right." Many delegates actually did come in this way. George C. Copenhaver, secretary of the Denver Carriage Builders' Association, for example, admitted frankly that his expenses were paid. He said in an interview:

"Why should any one deny that our expenses were paid? I am not ashamed of it. Weaver came here about two weeks before the convention, and offered to pay our expenses. We were not out a cent, and had the best accommodations in Chicago."

And yet, in spite of all this astonishing activity backed by the unlimited resources of the railroads, the movement still persisted, and a large number of delegates came to Chicago. The railroads, under the direct supervision of the Boston publicity bureau to which I have already referred, opened headquarters in the Auditorium Annex. I saw the agents of this firm getting the delegates together and organizing them. Among those active upon the railroad side were several men with whose activities as organizers and agitators I had made acquaintance when I was studying the labor problem. The bitterest anti-union organizers of two years ago were D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis; J. Kirby, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio; and Daniel Davenport, of Bridgeport, Conn. All these men were here present, but now representing the railroads. Mr Parry is president of the National Manufacturers' Association and an officer in the Indianapolis & Southern Railroad Company. Mr. Davenport is not a shipper at all, but a lawyer.

Mr. Bacon had called the convention to ratify the demand of President Roosevelt for railroad regulation. Threatened with a complete defeat by delegates who favored the railroads, the leaders saw that the only way that they could accomplish their purpose was to require every delegate admitted to signify by an agreement in writing, that he supported President Roosevelt's demand for rate regulation.

When confronted with this demand that they express an opinion favorable to the legislation demanded by the President, the delegates favorable to the railroads set up a cry — always popular — that free speech had been stifled. From inquiries made personally I believe that in a few instances, notably those of two or three Southerners who were Democrats and not admirers of the President, this requirement of the Bacon followers did honestly drive shippers away from Mr. Bacon's convention.

The railroad agents had expected this split and had hired a hall, where the insurgent delegates now came together and organized a convention of their own. This meeting was closely looked after and directed by the railroad publicity agents and by Mr. Parry and Mr. Davenport.

Now no one is denying the right of shippers who favor the railroads, whether they do so from conviction, or personal interest, or, indeed, by purchase, to hold a convention and express their views. But why attempt to break up a convention called for the purpose of advocating the contrary view?

I made a somewhat careful examination of the membership of the anti-Bacon pro-railroad convention. Many of the members represented very large industries which receive favors from the railroads — like the Illinois Steel Company — or industries peculiarly dependent on railroads, like the coal shippers. A very large proportion of those present were coal men. Now, coal is peculiarly related to railroading. A majority, perhaps, of the mines of the country are owned by the railroads, and the railroads are among the chief purchasers and users of coal. The next largest representation was of lumber shippers, who are also peculiarly dependent on the railroads. One of the chief movers in the Railroad Convention was an owner of sawmills in the South operated in connection with so-called "tap lines" or terminal roads, to which the railroad makes allowances in their nature essentially rebates. Naturally, such men did not wish governmental regulation which might stop their private favoritism. As a generalization it may be said that shippers who got favors from the railroads were in the Anti-Bacon Convention and shippers who suffered by railroad discrimination were in the Bacon Convention.

After the conventions were over, some of the delegates who had their expenses paid by the railroads went home, and were roundly abused by the organization which they had misrepresented. One of these was Mr. Copenhaver, to whom I have already referred, and other delegates from Denver. Several of these associations met and passed resolutions denouncing the acts of their representatives and supporting the position of the Bacon Convention. More than that, the railroad interests watched all following conventions of shippers and tried to keep them from passing resolutions favorable to the President's demands. When the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association met in Washington, November 7th, Mr. Parry and Mr. Davenport were both on hand trying to influence the delegates — in which enterprise they did not finally succeed.

Now, we must not dispute the right of both of these interests to be heard. It is no disgrace for a man to favor the railroads either because of honest convictions or for wholly selfish reasons. The point I wish to make is this: The Bacon Convention was an outright and honest demand for reform. The Anti-Bacon Convention was nursed and backed by the railroads. *It was not what it seemed.* By this devise the railroad, keeping its looming figure in the background, tried to deceive public opinion by showing that shippers generally did not want any more legislation. The meat of this whole matter lies in the underhand effort of the railroads *not to inform* but to *corrupt and deceive* public opinion — and that strikes at the very root of democracy. We are a fair people; we want to hear the side of the railroads, but why all this secret machinery, all these roundabout methods of stealing men's minds? Is it not, in itself, a confession of essential wrongness? Last winter, when President Mellen of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Ry. came out boldly and frankly and told the Connecticut legislature what he wanted and why he wanted it, the action met the approval of the entire country. I saw at least twenty editorials commending his action. When the railroad comes out fairly into the field, and presents its case, there is no more indulgent hearer than the people. Why, then, won't they do it?

Having thus constructed public opinion through certain channels and obstructed it elsewhere, the railroads bring together — how cleverly — all this organized sentiment so that it will bear directly upon legislators and congressmen at the very moment when it will do the most good. I happened to be in Washington last winter just before the House of Representatives voted on the Esch-Townsend bill. Several different congressmen showed me how they had been "hearing from their districts." Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin had a thick pack of telegrams and letters from his constituents.

Sentiment in Wisconsin is strongly in favor of railroad regulation, especially the control of the rate. But did these telegrams and letters urge Mr. Cooper to support the rate regulation bill? Not a bit of it. Every one of them urged just the contrary.

How did this come about? Another Congressmen, Haugen of Iowa, used upon the floor of the House this letter of explanation from a constituent of his in Iowa:

> DEAR HAUGEN: — Yesterday the superintendent and freight agent were here wanting us to sign a petition that the present tariff law was good enough for us. We refused. Then they wanted us to regulate the laws for the best interest of the shippers and the railroad companies, which we signed, as Mr. —— and myself thought it would not have any bearing on you, for that was what you would be in favor of. In fact, I doubt if they sent it to you. I told them I did not know the nature of the law. As I am only one shipper of many, I do not attempt to dictate to you. I signed because the railroad company has been good to me. I am shipping every day, and the petition signed was no benefit to them.

Several documents have come into my possession showing exactly how this "public sentiment" is brought to bear on senators and representatives. Here is a letter from Brent Arnold, freight agent of the L. & N. Ry. located at Cincinnati. It was sent October 11, 1905, to many shippers along the line of that railroad.

GENTLEMEN: — I will take it as a favor if you will write letters in duplicate, as here enclosed per samples on your letter-heads, sending the originals and copies to me

Yours truly,
BRENT ARNOLD, *Superintendent.*

With this communication was inclosed the following letter, in blank, to Senators McCreary and Blackburn, and Congressman Rhinock:

HON. J. B. McCREARY,
U. S. Senator,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: — We disapprove pending legislation in Congress, the effect of which will be to extend the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission so as to practically give to said Commission the authority to make rates. We believe that the present powers of the Commission are sufficient.

We, however, hope that authority will be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body, to effectually put a stop to the payment of rebates.

Yours truly,

It is to be observed that Mr. Brent Arnold does not even permit the shippers to use their own language. These letters represent the ideas, not of the people, but of the L. & N. Railroad. Mr. Arnold, as division freight agent, has great power over the destinies of the shippers along his line. A little favor here, or the discrimination of displeasure there, goes a long way in making success or failure. Some shippers sign, then, because they are afraid; some in hope of future favors, some as a matter of personal friendship. But nearly all sign. And the senators and congressmen are flooded with this expression of "public opinion." Now this is the plain debauchery of that public intelligence which is the very foundation of a democracy. There is all the difference in the world between the man who writes to his congressman out of the hot convictions generated under his own hat — be they either sordid or fired by the noblest ideals — and the man who weakly sells out his convictions, his count-one in a democracy, for the cash or the favor of another person, be he a railroad agent or any one else.

Supposing now that all this gigantic system of publicity fails, and there is still an opposing public opinion? No one who looks into these matters can fail to be impressed with the marvelous vitality of a genuine conviction. Get an idea into the minds of a few men — a deep, let us say, moral idea, or an idea that they are being wronged, that justice is not being done, and it persists, it thrives in the face of every machine known to human ingenuity. Even overwhelming cash, that excellent smotherer of convictions, can not extinguish it. And upon that fact rests the hope of democratic institutions.

When all ordinary devices for changing public opinion have failed, then the railroad companies take the next and last step in their campaign. They go about the business, deliberately and in cold blood, of buying up the channels for the expression of public opinion. It seems a terrible thing to say, but the railroads have in at least one case that we know of purchased practically the entire press of a state — a corruption so vast as to be hardly conceivable. Let us see how they did it.

In the first place the railroads advertise in nearly every newspaper and practically every editor rides on a free pass. This represents a steady, fruitful income and in itself disposes the editor to a friendly treatment of the railroads. How easily this patronage may be made the vehicle for influencing the policy of the paper! The editor must be a man of strong convictions indeed to offend regularly one of his largest clients. And how adroitly the agent of the road gives or withholds passes or gives or withholds advertising as the editor is "good" or "bad!"

When this will not do, the railroads begin to buy outright — as they bought many newspapers during their bitter campaign to defeat La Follette of Wisconsin and his reform measures. We know exactly how this was done, because we have affidavits from several editors. Of course, the railroads here operated through the Republican machine, but it was railroad money that did the work. They paid from $200 to $1,000 for the influence of the various papers; and one editor was sharp enough to sell out twice!

I can do no better than to set down here one affidavit among several showing how these newspapers were bought:

FENNIMORE, WIS., Feb. 6, 1902: — In order to acquaint the public as to certain facts in regard to which I believe they ought to be informed, the undersigned desires to make the following personal statement:

"I have not signed a contract to support the Wisconsin Republican League, or its principles; have not sold the editorial space of my paper, and have made no promises or concessions of any nature to said league. I will acknowledge that I received the sum of two hundred dollars from the league in payment of its equivalent in subscriptions to my paper, which were to have been sent me later, but as the said subscriptions have not yet been received, and I feel that the acceptance and further retention of the money might by some be construed as exercising an undue and perhaps improper influence on myself and the policy of my paper, I have returned to the proper officials of the Wisconsin Republican League the said sum of two hundred dollars. I wish to be free of everything that might possibly be looked upon as a surrender of the privilege of expressing my honest convictions at any and all times and on any subject, political or otherwise; and believe that a publisher ought to be honorable enough to take the public into his confidence in such matters as this.

(Signed) "HENRY E. ROETHE."

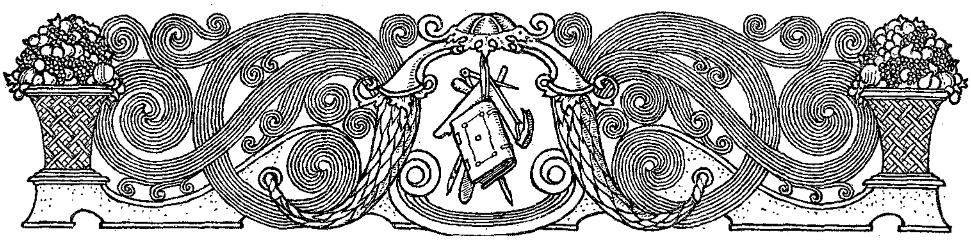
State of Wisconsin, County of Grant, ss.: — Henry E. Roethe, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of any connection he may have had with the Wisconsin Republican League.

D. T. PARKER,
Notary Public, Grant County, Wis.
My commission expires August 30, 1903.

It finally came to such a pass that the only way La Follette could reach the people — the newspapers being closed against him — with his arguments on the railroad question, was to publish pamphlets and circulate them broadcast throughout the state.

All this leads up, naturally, to the influence of the railroads in politics, which is quite a different subject. When all these efforts to cloud or corrupt the fountain-head of government — public opinion — have failed, then the railroads take the next step; they go into politics, own political bosses, elect boss-made legislators, and finally buy enough more of them directly to accomplish what they wish.

The question of the "sanitation" of public opinion, then, as Lowell expresses it, "becomes instant and pressing." If we can let in light and air, if the people understand how they are being approached on every hand by the railroads, though they may not know it; that they are being used to defeat their own best interests, they will at least proceed forewarned.



A GRIEF DEFERRED

BY

ALICE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "A WINTER'S COURTING," "THE TREE OF A THOUSAND LEAVES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. TAYLOR

WHEN Clelia May set forth, as she did three and four times in the week, to hurry through the half-mile of pine woods between her house and Sabrina Thorne's, the family usually asked her, with the tolerant smile accorded to old jokes, whether she was going to see her intimate friend. Clelia always answered from a good-natured acceptance of the pleasantry, and went on, not in the least puzzled by the certainty that although she was but twenty-three and Sabrina was sixty, they were in all ways companionable. It had begun when Clelia, a child of ten, had had a temper fit at home, and started out to join the Shakers. She had met a turkey-gobbler at Sabrina's gate, and, ashamed to cry but too obstinate to run, had stood in blank horror until Sabrina came out and routed the foe. Then Sabrina had taken her in to eat honey and spend an enchanted afternoon. After that Sabrina's house was the delectable land, and Clelia fled to it when she was happy or when the world was against her. To-day she walked swiftly through the warm incense of the pines. It was hot weather, and insects vexed the ear with an unwearied trill. But the heat of despair was greater in the girl than any assault from without. Her cheeks had each a deep red spot. Her eyes were dark with feeling, and on the long black lashes hung fringing drops. She walked lightly, with springing strides. Beyond the pine woods, in the patch of sunny road bordered by dust-covered hardhack and elder, she paused for a moment, to dash the tears from her eyes. There in the open day she felt as if some prying glance might read her grief. The woods were kinder to it.

Sabrina's house was at the first turning, a gray, weather-beaten dwelling of mellow tones set within a generous sweep of green. It had a garden in front. Sabrina herself was in the garden now, weeding the balm bed. Sometimes Clelia thought the garden was almost too sweet after Sabrina had been there stirring up the scents. At least a third of it was given to herbs, and even the touch of a skirt in passing would brush out fragrance from it. There were things there that strangely seemed to have no smell at all, but grown in such rank masses they contributed mysteriously to the alembic of the year. Sabrina, risen to her feet now, had a look of youth touched by something that was not so much age as difference. She was slender, and still with a girl's symmetry, the light-footed way of moving, the little sinuous graces of a body unspoiled and delighting in its own uses. Her face had a rounded plumpness and her cheeks were pink. People said now, as they had in her youth, that Sabrina Thorne had the skin of a baby. One old woman, chiefly engaged in marking down human commodities, always added that it was because of that heart trouble Sabrina had; but nobody listened. Sabrina seemed to have made no concession to time, save that her waving hair was white. In its beauty and abundance, it was a marvel. It sprang thickly up on each side of her parting, and the soft mass of it was wound round and round on the top of her head. She was a beautiful being, neither old nor young.

She stood there smiling at Clelia's approach.

"How do?" she said softly; but when the girl was near enough to betray the trouble of her face, she added, "Whatever is the matter?"

"Come into the house, Sabrina," said Clelia, in a muffled voice. "I can't tell it out here."

Sabrina dropped her trowel on a heap of weeds, and cast her gardening gloves on the top. She led the way to the house, and when they were in the coolness of the big sitting-room with its air of inherited repose, she turned about and spoke again in her round, low voice. "Well?" There was anxiety in the tone.

Clelia, facing her, began to speak with a hard composure.

"Richmond — Richmond Blake —" and her voice broke. She threw herself forward upon Sabrina's shoulder and clasped her with shaking hands. "He has given me up, Sabrina," she moaned, between her sobs. "It is over. He has given me up."

Sabrina led her to the great chair by the window, and forced her into it. Then she knelt beside her and drew the girl's head again to her shoulder. She patted her cheek with little regular beats that had a rhythmic soothing.

"There, there, dear," she kept saying. "There, there!"

Presently Clelia choked down her sobs, and raised her face, tempestuous in its marks of grief.

"I 'd just as soon tell you," she said, with a broken hardness, a composure struggled for and then lost. "I 'd just as soon anybody would know it. I don't feel as if I 'd any use for myself, now he don't prize me. Well, Sabrina, he don't want me any more."

"You sure, dear?" asked Sabrina. "You better be sure."

"We got talking about the land," said Clelia, in a high voice.

"The Ten Acre lot?"

"Yes. I said to him: 'There 's that man from New York. He 's offered you two hundred dollars for it. Why don't you take it?'"

"What 's the man from New York want it for?" asked Sabrina, with what seemed a trifling irrelevance.

Clelia answered impatiently.

"I don't know. To build a summer cottage, I suppose. That 's what Richmond asked me, and I said I did n't know. Then he said he was n't going to sell till he knew what he was selling for."

"Well, I call that kinder long-headed, myself," said Sabrina.

"So you might; but the New York man went away that afternoon. 'Well,' says he, before he went, 'that 's my offer. Take it or leave it.'"

"But that 's nothing to be mad about."

"We did n't stop there. I reminded Rich how far that money would go towards building, and his jaw got set, and he said he could n't help it. Then I told him I 'd be switched if ever I lived with his folks —— "

"Oh, dear, dear!" lamented Sabrina. "You did n't say that, did you? Now you must n't, dear. You must n't say things folks can't forget."

A gush of tears flooded the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, I did n't mean to!" she cried, in the bitterness of remembering a battle lost. "He knew I did n't mean to. But I got sort of crazy, Sabrina. I did. And I told him at last — " Her eyelids dropped under their weight of tears.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him he could choose between his folks and me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'I 'll choose now. It 's over.' He got up and walked out of the room. He turned at the door. 'It 's over, Clelia,' says he. 'Don't you ever call me back, for I sha' n't come.' And he won't. He ain't that kind."

"Oh me! oh me!" moaned Sabrina. She, too, knew he was not that kind.

They sat in silence for a moment, the girl looking straight before her in a dull acquiescence, and Sabrina's pink face settled into aging lines. Suddenly, the girl spoke sharply.

"But I can't bear it, Sabrina, I can't bear it. It will kill me — if I don't kill myself."

Sabrina rose slowly, and took a chair at the other window.

"Yes," said she, "you can bear it. Other folks have gone through it before you, an' other folks will again. It 's a kind of a sickness there 's goin' to be as long as the earth turns round. You 've got to bear it."

Her voice struck sharply, and Clelia, called momentarily out of herself, glanced at her with a sudden interest. For the first time since their intimacy, Sabrina looked her age.

Little fine lines seemed to have started out upon her cheeks and forehead. Her eyes had the look of grief. But Clelia's thoughts went back at once to her own trouble. She spoke gravely now, like an older woman.

"It 's not because we 've quarreled, Sabrina. I 'd say I was sorry this minute. But he would n't take me back. It shows he don't care. If he 'd cared about me, he 'd have thought 'twas a little thing; but he 's chosen between us and he won't go back."

"Well!" said Sabrina, conclusively. "However it turns out, it 's here an' you 've got to face it. Clelia, I 've a good mind to tell you somethin' I ain't ever told anybody."

"Yes," said Clelia, indifferently, her mind upon herself. "Yes, tell me."

Sabrina folded her hands upon her lap and set her gaze straight forward, and yet with a removed look, as if she had withdrawn into the past.

"I don't know as you ever knew, Clelia," she said, and Clelia at once thought that it was as if she were reading from a book, "but when I was about your age, I come near bein' married."

"Father said you were much sought after," said Clelia, with a prim shyness not like her own stormy confession. Sabrina, with her white hair and her young face seemed somehow set apart from love and the sweet uses of it.

"I guess he never knew about that particular one. Nobody knew that. I had as good a time as you 've had, Clelia. I liked him the same way. I 've thought of it, day in, day out, when I 've seen you with Richmond Blake. I 've never been so near livin' since as I have when I 've seen you an' Richmond together out in that gardin', laughin' an' jokin' in amongst the flowers. Well, he give me up, dear. He give me up." Her hands took a firmer hold on each other. Her face convulsed into the look of grief, and Clelia, who had never seen her moved with any emotion that concerned herself alone, gazed at her in awe, and with her own passion quieting as she felt that of one so old, yet living still.

"Did you — have words?" she ventured.

"No, dear, no. I guess we could n't have had, I felt so humble towards him. I never forgot a minute how good it was to have him like me. No. There was somebody else. You see he was terrible smart. He put himself through college, an' then he met her, an' she was just as smart as he was. Lively, too, I guess. I never see her. But I had n't anything but my good looks — I was real pretty then. I had that an' a kind of a way of keepin' house an' makin' folks comfortable. Well, I found out he didn't prize me; so I give him his freedom. An' he was glad, dear, he was glad." She rocked back and forth for a moment, in forgetfulness of any save the long-past moment when she was alive.

"O Sabrina!" breathed the girl.

It recalled her. She straightened, and resumed the habit of a disciplined life.

"Now this it what I was comin' to," she said, "the way to bear it. It ain't a light thing. It 's a heavy one. A lot o' folks go through with it, an' they take it different ways. Sometimes their minds give out. Folks say they 're love-cracked. Sometimes they die. Yes, Clelia, often I 've thought that would be the easiest. But there 's other ways."

Clelia's tears were dried. She sat upright and looked at the woman opposite. It suddenly seemed to her that she had never known Sabrina. She had seen her nursing the sick or in the garden, smiling over her gentle pursuits; but she had not known her. Sabrina spoke now with authority, as if she were passing along the laws of life into hands outstretched for them.

"When it happened to me, mother was sick. She had creepin' paralysis, an' I had to be with her' most every minute. When I got my letter, I was in the gardin', right there by the spearmint bed. You see I 'd written him, dear, to offer him his freedom; but I found out afterwards I must have thought, in the bottom of my heart, he would n't take it. Well, I opened the letter. 'Twas a hot summer day like this. He took what I offered him, dear — he never knew I cared — an' he was pleased. The letter showed it. I spoke out loud. 'O God,' I says, 'I don't believe it!' Then I heard mother's voice callin' me. She wanted a drink o' water. I begun steppin' in kind o' blinded, to get it for her. Seemed as if 'twas miles across the balm bed. 'I must n't fall,' I says to myself. 'I must n't die till mother does!' And then somethin' put it into my head I need n't believe it nor I need n't give up to it, not till mother died. Then 'twould be time enough to know I 'd got a broken heart."

It almost seemed as if she had never faced her grief before. She abandoned herself to the savor of it, the girl forgotten.

"Well, mother died, an' that night after the funeral I set down by the window where I 'm settin' now an' says, 'Now I can think it over.' But I knew as well as anything ever was that when I faced it 'twould take away my reason. So I says, 'Mother's things have got to be put away. I 'll wait till then.' So I packed up her things, an' sent 'em to her sister out West. Some o' her common ones t' I 'd seen her wear, I burnt up, so 't nobody should n't have 'em. I put her old bunnit into the kitchen stove, an' I can see the cover goin' down on it now. 'Twas thirty-eight year ago this very summer. Then says I, 'I 'll face it.' But old Abner Lake had a shock. an' there wa'n't nobody to take care of him less 'n they sent him to the town farm, and folks said he cried night an' day, knowin' what was before him. So I had him moved over here, an' I tended him till he died. An' so 'twas with one an' another. It begun to seem as if folks needed somebody that had n't anything of her own to keep her; an' then, spells between their wantin' me, I 'd say, 'I won't face it till I 've cleaned the house,' or 'till I 've got the gardin' made.' An' Clelia, that was the grief that was goin' to conquer me, if I 'd faced it; an' I ain't faced it yet! I ain't believed it!"

A sense of her own youth and her sharp sorrow came at once upon the girl, and she cried out.

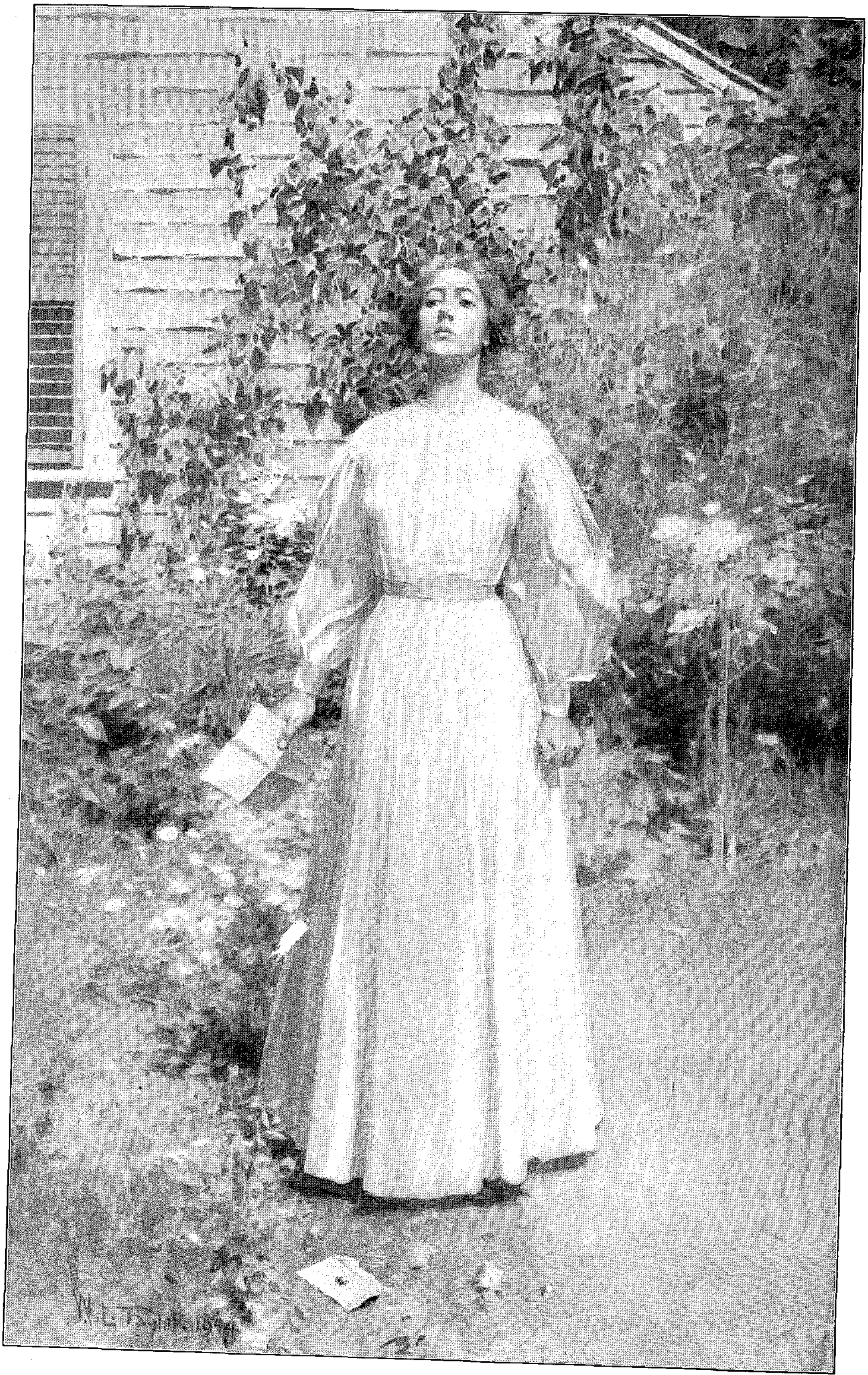
"I 've got to face it. It won't let me do anything else. It 's here, Sabrina. I could n't help feeling it, if I killed myself trying."

Sabrina's face softened exquisitely.

"I guess 'tis here," she said tenderly. "I guess you do feel it. But, dearie, there 's lots of folks walkin' round doin' their work with their hearts droppin' blood all the time. Only you must n't listen to it. You just say, 'I 'll do the things I 've got to do, an' I 'll fix my mind on 'em. I won't cry till to-morrow.' An' when to-morrow comes, you say the same."

Clelia set her mouth in a piteous conformity. But it quivered back.

"I guess you think I 'm a coward, Sabrina," she said. "Well, I 'll do the best I can.


W. L. Taylor 1904

"'I DON'T BELIEVE IT!'"

Maybe if 'twas fall I could get a school, and set my mind on that. I can help mother, but she 'd rather manage things herself."

Sabrina bent forward, with an eager gesture.

"Dear, there 's lots o' things," she said. "The earth 's real pretty. You concern yourself with that. You say, 'I won't give up till I 've seen the apple-blows once more. I won't give up till I 've got the rose-bugs off 'n the vines.' An' every night says you to yourself, 'I won't cry till to-morrow.'"

Clelia rose heavily.

"You 're real good, Sabrina," she said. Then she added, in a shy whisper. "And I — I won't ever tell."

"You sit right down," returned Sabrina, vigorously, rising as she said it. "I 'll bring you the pease to shell. They 're late ones, an' they 're good. You stay, an' this afternoon we 'll go out an' pick the elderberries down on the cross-road. I 've got to have some wine."

That week and the next Clelia made herself listlessly busy, and Sabrina was away, nursing a child who was sick of a fever. Clelia was pondering now on her own hurt, now on the story her friend had told her. It seemed like a soothing alternation of grief, sometimes in the pitiless sun-glare of her own loss and again walking in a darkened yet fragrant valley where the other woman had lived for many years. But on an evening of the third week, she had news that sent her speeding through the Half Mile road and in at the door where Sabrina sat resting after a hard day. Clelia was breathless.

"Sabrina," she cried, "Sabrina, Richmond's mother 's sick and he 's away. He 's gone to New York, and she 's left all alone with Aunt Lucindy."

"What 's the matter with her?" asked Sabrina, coming to her feet and beginning to smooth her hair.

"She 's feverish, and Aunt Lucindy says she's been shaking with cold."

"You sent for the doctor?" Sabrina was doing up a little bundle of her night-clothes that had lain on the chair beside her while she rested.

"No."

"Well, you do that, straight off. An' when he comes, he 'll tell you what to do an' you do it."

"Can't you go, Sabrina? Can't you go? Aunt Lucindy wanted you."

"No," said Sabrina, tying on her hat, and taking up her bundle. "I only come to pick up a few things. That little creatur' may not live the night out. But I 'll walk along with you, an' step in an' see how things seem."

Once only in the Half Mile walk did they speak, and then Clelia broke forth throbbingly to the accompaniment of a sudden color in her cheeks.

"I don't know as I want to go into Richmond's house when he 's away, now we 're not the same."

"Don't make any difference whether it 's Richmond's house or whether it ain't, if there 's sickness," returned Sabrina briefly. But at the doorstone she paused a moment, to add with some recurrence of the intensity the girl had seen in her that other day: "Ain't you glad you got somethin' to do for him? Ain't you *glad?* You go ahead an' do what you can, an' call yourself lucky you 've got it to do."

And Clelia very humbly did it. Then it was another week, and the two friends had not met; but again at twilight Clelia took her walk, and this time she found Sabrina stretched out on the lounge of the sitting-room. There was a change in her. Pallor had settled upon her face, and her dark eyebrows and lashes stood out startlingly upon the ashen mask. Clelia hurried up to her and knelt beside the couch.

"What is it, Sabrina?" she whispered. "What is it?"

Sabrina opened her eyes. She smiled languidly, and the girl, noting the patience of her face, was thrilled with fear.

"How 's Richmond's mother?" asked Sabrina.

"Better. She 's sitting up. I sha'n't be there any more. He 's coming home to-night."

"Richmond?"

"Yes. The doctor said there was n't any need of sending for him, and I 'm glad we did n't, now. Sabrina, what 's the matter?"

"I had one of my heart spells, that 's all," said Sabrina gently. "There, don't you go to lookin' like that."

"What made you, Sabrina? what made you?"

Sabrina hesitated.

"Well," she said, at length, "I guess I got kinder startled. Deacon Tolman run in an' told what kind of doin's there was goin' to be to-morrow. He was full of it, and he blurted it all out to once."

"About Senator Gilman coming?"

"Yes."

"And their trimming up the hall for him to speak in, and his writing on it was his boyhood's home and he should n't die happy unless he 'd come back and seen it once more?"

"Yes. That 's about it."

"Well," said Clelia, in slow wonder, "I don't see what there was about that to give anybody a heart spell."

Sabrina looked at her for a moment in sharp questioning, followed by relief.

"No," she said softly, "no. But I guess I got kinder startled."

"I 'm going to stay with you," said Clelia tenderly. "I 'll stay all night."

"There 's a good girl. Now there 's somebody round, I guess maybe I could drop off to sleep."

At first Clelia was not much alarmed: for though Sabrina was known to have heart spells, she always came out of them and went on her way with the same gentle impregnability. But in the middle of the night, she suddenly woke Clelia sleeping on the lounge beside her, by saying in a clear tone:

"Would n't it be strange, Clelia?"

"Would n't what be strange?" asked the girl, instantly alert.

"Would n't it be strange if anybody put off their sorrow all their lives long, an' then died before they got a chance to give way to it?"

"Sabrina! Sabrina, you thinking about those things?"

"Never mind," answered Sabrina soothingly. "I guess I waked up kinder quick."

But again after she had had a sinking spell, and Clelia had given her some warming drops, she said half-shyly, "Clelia, maybe you 'll think I 'm a terrible fool; but if I should pass away, there 's somethin' I should like to have you do."

Clelia knelt beside her, and put her wet cheek down on the little roughened hand.

"There was that city boarder I took care of, the summer she gi'n out down here," went on Sabrina dreamily. "I liked her an' I liked her clo'es. They were real pretty. She see I liked 'em, an' what should she do when she went back home, but send me a blue silk wrapper all lace and ribbins, just like hers, only nicer. It 's in that chist. I never 've wore it. But if I should be taken away — I 'most think I 'd like to have it put on me."

The cool summer dawn was flowing in at the window. The solemnity of the hour moved Clelia like the strangeness of the time. It hushed her to composure.

"I will," she promised. "If you should go before me, I 'll do everything you want. Now you get some sleep."

But after Sabrina had shut her eyes and seemed to be drowsing off, she opened them to say, this time with an imperative strength:

"But don't you let it spile their good time."

"Whose, Sabrina?"

"The doin's they 're goin' to have in the hall. If I should go in the midst of it, don't you tell no more 'n you can help. But I guess I can live through one day anyways."

That forenoon she was a little brighter, as one may be with the mounting sun, and Clelia disregarding all entreaties to see the "doings" at the hall, took faithful care of her. But in the late afternoon while she sat beside the bed and Sabrina drowsed, there was a clear whistle very near. It sounded like a quail outside the window. Clelia flushed red. The sick woman, opening her eyes, saw how she was shaking.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"It 's Richmond," said Clelia, in a full, moved voice. "It 's his whistle."

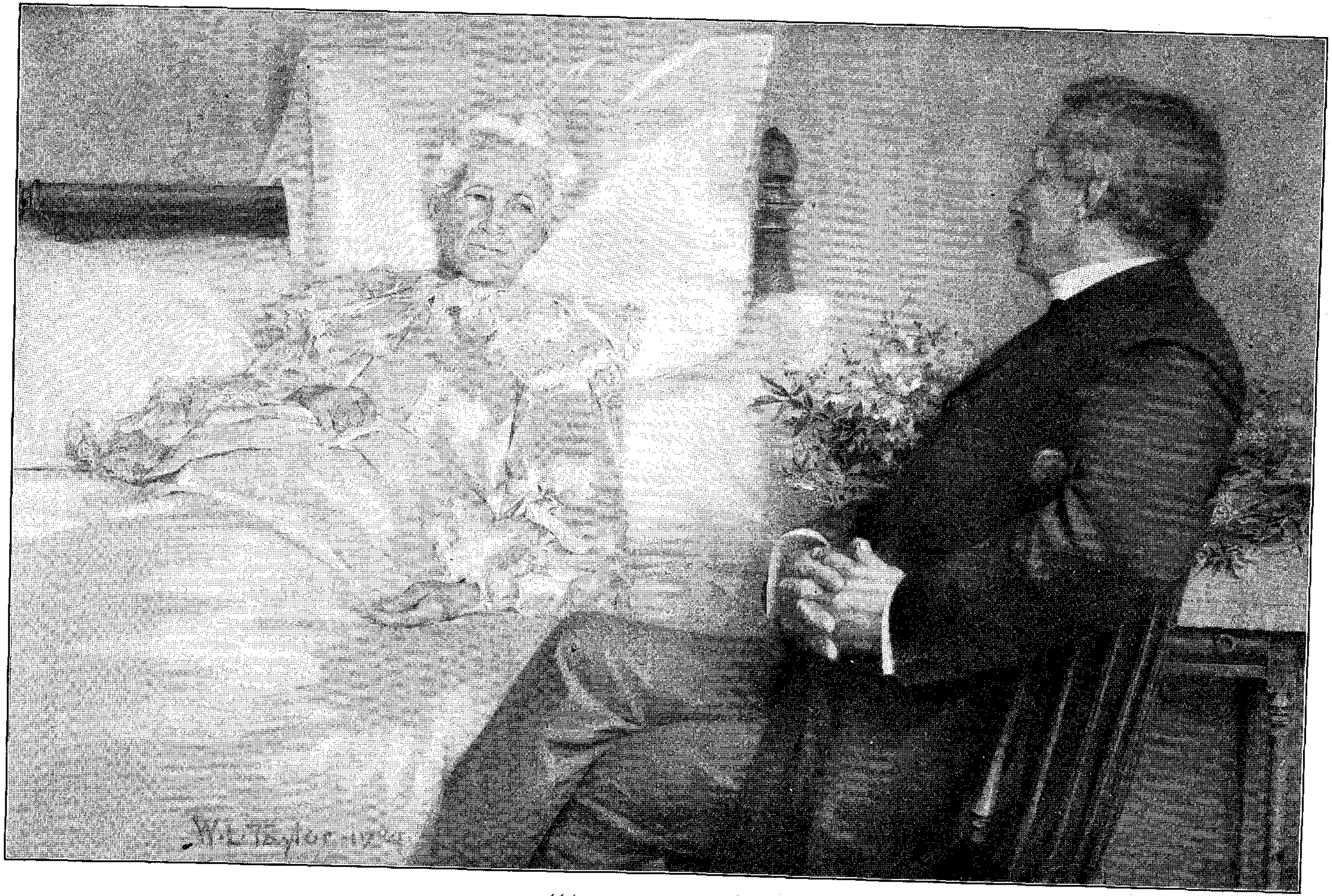
"You go out to him, dear," urged Sabrina, as if she could not say it fast enough. "You hurry."

And Clelia went, trembling.

When she came back, half an hour later, she walked like a goddess breathing happiness and pride.

"O Sabrina!" She sank down by the bedside and put her head beside Sabrina's cheek. "He was there in the garden. He kissed me right in sight of the road. If 't had been in the face and eyes of everybody, it could n't have made any difference. 'You took care of mother,' he said. 'I like your mother,' I said. 'I 'd like to live with her — and Aunt Lucindy.' And he said then, Sabrina, he said then, 'We sha' n't have to.' And Sabrina, he went on to New York to see if he could find out anything about the railroad that 's going through to save stopping at the Junction, and he saw Senator Gilman, and that 's how the Senator came down here. He got talking with Richmond, old times and all, and he just wanted to come. And the railroad 's going through the Ten Acre pasture, and Richmond 'll get a lot of money."

Sabrina's hand rested on the girl's head.


W. L. Taylor 1904

‘‘‘WELL, BINA’’’

"There, dear," she said movingly. "Did n't I tell you? Don't cry till to-morrow, an' maybe you won't have to then."

Clelia sat up, wiping her eyes and laughing.

"That is n't all," she said. "Senator Gilman wants to see you."

"Me!" Sabrina rose and sat upright in bed. The color flooded her pale cheeks. Her eyes dilated.

"Yes. He told Richmond you used to go to school together, and he 's coming down here on his way to the train. And sick or well, he said, you 'd got to see him."

Sabrina had put one shaking hand to her hair.

"It 's turned white," she said to herself.

But Clelia did not hear her. She had opened the chest at the foot of the bed, and taken out a soft package wrapped in white. She pulled out a score of pins and shook the shimmering folds of the blue dress. Then she glanced at Sabrina still sitting there, the color flooding her cheeks again with their old pinkness.

"Oh!" breathed Clelia, in rapture at the dress, and again at the sweet rose-bloom in Sabrina's face. Then she calmed herself, remembering this was a sick chamber, though every moment the airs of life seemed entering. She brought the dress to the bedside. "You put your arm in, Sabrina," she coaxed.

Sabrina did it. She moved in a daze, and presently she was lying in her bed clothed in blue and white, her soft hair piled above her head, and her eyes wide with some unconfessed emotion. But to Clelia, she was accustomed to look vivid; life was her portion always. The girl sped out of the room, and came back presently, her arms full of summer flowers, tiger lilies, larkspur, monkshood, and herbs that, being bruised, gave out odors. Sabrina's eyes questioned her. Clelia tossed the flowers in a heap on the table.

"What you doin' that for?" asked Sabrina.

"I don't know," answered the girl, in a whisper. "There 's no time to put 'em in water. I want to have things pretty, that 's all. You take your drops, dear. They 've come."

But Sabrina lay there, an image of beauty in a sea of calm.

"I don't want any drops," she said. "I should n't think o' dyin' now."

Clelia went out, and presently Sabrina heard her young voice with its note of happiness.

"In this way, sir," she was saying. "Yes, Rich, you be in the garden. I 'll come back."

Senator Gilman, bowing his head under the low lintel, was coming in. He walked up to the bedside, and Sabrina's eyes appraised him. He was a remarkable looking man, with the flowing profile of a selected type, and thick gray hair tossed back from his fine forehead. He sat down by her.

"Well, Bina," said he.

This was not the voice that had filled the hall that morning or jovially greeted townsmen all the afternoon. It was gently adapted to her state, and Sabrina quieted under its friendliness.

"Could n't go away without seeing you," said Senator Gilman. "They told me you were sick. I said to myself, 'She 'll see me. She 'll know 'twould spoil my visit, if I had to go away without it."

Sabrina was looking him sweetly in the face, and smiling at him.

"How much time you got?" she asked, like a child.

He took out his watch.

"My train is at five forty-five," he said.

"Then you talk fast."

"What you want to know?" asked her friend. He had fallen into homely ways of speech, to fit the time.

"You 've done real well, ain't you?" asked Sabrina eagerly.

The Senator nodded.

"I have, Bina," said he. "I have. I 've made money, and I own a grown-up son. He 's got all the best of me and the best of all of us, as far back as I can remember — and none of the worst. I 'll send him down here to see you."

"He must be smart," said Sabrina. "I 've read his book."

"You have? Did n't know there was a copy in town. Nobody else here has heard of it."

"I see it noticed in the paper. I sent for it. I never spoke of it to anybody. I guess I was pretty mean. Folks borrow books, an' then they don't keep 'em nice."

"Bina, you 're a dear. They 've been telling me how you take care of the whole town. Richmond Blake — he 's a likely fellow; he 'll get on — he said you were the prettiest woman in the township. Said his father told him you were the prettiest girl."

Sabrina's little capable right hand went out and drew the sheet over her blue draperies up to her chin.

"You 're not cold?" asked the Senator solicitously; but she shook her head and answered:

"You 've seen foreign countries, ain't you?"

"Yes. I 've seen India and I 've seen the Pyramids. I thought about you those times, Bina — how we recited together in geography; and I was the one that went and you were the one to stay at home. But near as I can make out, you 've carried the world on your shoulders down here, while I 've tried to do the same thing somewhere else — and not so well, Bina — not so well."

Her sweet face clouded. She was jealous of even a hint of failure for him.

"But you 've come out pretty fair?" she hesitated anxiously.

"Pretty fair, Bina. It 's been a good old world. I 've enjoyed it, and I don't know as I shall want to leave it. But now I feel as if I were working for the next generation. The little I 've done I can pass over to my son, and I hope he 'll do more."

He laid his hand on the garnered sweets beside him. The herbs were uppermost. "Spearmint!" he said. Sabrina nodded, and he ate a leaf. Then one after another he took up the herbs, southernwood and all, and bruised them to get their separate fragrance. It was a keen pleasure to him, and Sabrina saw it and blessed Clelia in her heart. Presently he sat back in his chair and regarded her musingly. A softened look came into his eyes. A smile all sweetness overspread his face. It gave him his boyhood's mien.

"I 'll tell you what, Bina," he said, "in that first rough and tumble before I made my way, you did me a lot of good."

Sabrina lay and looked at him. Even her eyes had a still solemnity.

"You wrote me a little note."

More color surged into her face, but she did not stir.

"I was pretty ambitious then," he went on musingly. "My wife was ambitious, too. That was before we were engaged, you understand. We got kind of carried away by people and money and honors — that kind of thing, you know. Well, that little note, Bina. There was n't anything particular in it, except at the end you said, 'I sha'n't ever forget to hope you will be good.' It was queer, but it made me feel kind of responsible to you. I thought of you down here in your garden, and — well, I don't know, Bina. I showed that note to my wife, and she said, 'Bina must be a dear.'"

Sabrina's eyes questioned him.

"Yes," he said frankly. "She 's a dear, too — only different. It 's been all right, Bina."

"Ain't that good!" she whispered happily. "I 'm glad."

He had pulled out his watch, and at that moment Richmond's voice sounded clearer, as the two out there in the garden came to summon him.

"By George!" said Greenleaf Gilman, "I 've got to go." He rose, and took her hand. He stood there for a moment, holding it, and they looked at each other in a faithful trust.

"You take some southernwood," counseled Sabrina, and he laid her hand gently down, to select his posy.

"I wish your wife could have some," Sabrina went on, in a wistful eagerness, "I don't seem to have a thing to send her."

"I 'll tell her all about it," said her friend. "I 'll tell her you 're a dear still, only more so. She 'll understand. Good-by, Bina."

When his carriage had left the gate, and Clelia came in with that last look of her lover still mirrored in her eyes, Sabrina lay there floating in her sea of happiness.

"Why, dear," said the girl, drawing the sheet down from the hidden finery. "You cold?"

"I guess not," said Sabrina, smiling up at her.

"Did you keep that pretty lace all covered up? What made you, Sabrina?"

"I don't know 's I could tell exactly," said Sabrina, in her gentle voice. "Now, dear, I 'm goin' to get this off an' have my clo'es. I 'm better."

"You do feel better, don't you?" assented Clelia joyously, helping her.

That night they supped together at the table, and when the dusk had fallen and Sabrina sat by the window breathing in the evening cool, she said shyly, like a bride:

"Don't you see, dear, sometimes we put off grief an' we don't need to have it after all."

"I see about me," said the girl tenderly, "but I don't see as anything pleasant has happened to you."

"Why," said Sabrina, in a voice so full and sweet that for the moment it seemed not to be her own hesitating note, "I 've had more happiness than most folks have in their whole life. I 've had all there is!"

A SMALL PERSON

BY

MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "A CELESTIAL GARMENT"

MRS. ARUNDEL was greatly mystified when her small daughter was invited to the "Simmy Limmage" by Miss Earle, with a number of the Kindergarten children. When the exact location was explained by the teacher as the "city limits" and the occasion a birthday picnic for her little nephew, Clinton Clifford, the mother gave a smiling consent. Clutching a tiny chatelaine purse by its diminutive chain, Carita sidled up to Mrs. Arundel and fell to whispering, after a shy, "'Scoose us, please," to Miss Earle:

"'Course, mama, I won't spend it if you can't 'ford it, but mama dear, I 'd feel so much more like a person if I had a little money in my purse!"

The persuasive voice rose with the telling, till the final bit of wisdom blessed the ears of both women.

"Mother's little philosopher!"

It was only another pet name to Carita who had long ago ceased trying to understand the laughter of grown folks in answer to her utter seriousness. But comfort came from the depths of the mother-bag, source of all delight, in the form of three small coins.

Mrs. Arundel's laughing eyes followed the little figure with its wee swinging purse, fluffy uptilt of abbreviated skirts and the bobbing brim of a sailor hat, swinging from its elastic about the child's neck, while a tangle of auburn hair escaped in all directions.

Carita was not one of the Kindergarten's regular attendants, and before Miss Earle had marshaled her brood off the cars, May Williams had commented sniffingly on Carita's "baby ways." May was in the habit of queening it in her Kindergarten world.

Carita's legs certainly had "baby ways," they stuck out straight from the car seat; the position was not unfavorable to the display of their shapely plumpness. And man, whether in prime or immaturity, loves ever to guide a fresh young heart untouched by life's experiences. So Carita's widening eyes of appealing loveliness and humble admiration for their wisdom drew to her side and refreshed these sophisticated small men.

The mystery was great to Carita when told that they were "there"—but forming a bobbing link in the gay chain of boys and girls, she whirled merrily to the inspiring air of "King William," as they circled beneath the swaying green boughs. Clinton Clifford stood in the center, casting a knowing eye over the budding charms of the little women surrounding him, as the high-pitched voices caroled alluringly:

"Go choose your east go choose your west,
Go choose the one that you love best;
If she 's not there to take your part,
Choose another with all your heart!"

Clinton seized Carita with a firm clasp and the ring closed again as the mystic rite continued:

"Down on this carpet you must kneel
Sure 's the grass grows in the field;"

He dragged his chosen one to her dimpled knees facing him, whispering impressively:

"Now, you 've got to kiss me when they sing it!"

"Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
Now you rise upon your feet."

Clint felt hot and glad as with frank enthusiasm Carita offered a softly clinging bud of a mouth. Then she chose him with sunny insistence, despite sarcastic instructions from all save Clinton, to the effect that the game should be played turn-about fashion. He, with lofty defiance of rule or duty as host, refused any other "bride," so discord terminated the game, the "truly gardners" declining to sing at the eternal nuptials of "that baby."

At last the magic, low-lying cloth was spread with the birthday cake, blossom-decked, in the middle.

"And now, Clinton, it 's time for the flower-giving!" said his aunt.

"Take the bouquet and hand it to the little girl you love best of all *in the class*. Then lead her to the feast, the others following in procession singing, 'Merrily we 'll march in time.' "

Miss Earle cuddled the small person tenderly as she made a plain sign to Clinton respecting his old-time love, May Williams. Then she whispered confidentially to Carita:

"You see, sweetheart, he 's got to choose a good leader who knows the song — but *I* choose you!"

Taking the great bunch of flowers, with its shining encasement of tinfoil and border of paper lace, from its sugary hole in the cake's center, Clinton paused dramatically, casting appraising eyes over the rosy, upturned faces, though his heart knew no shadow of turning. The small person watched with resigned but yearning eyes.

"Well, then — and that 's — Carita Arundel! 'Cause she 's a gardner for to-day and a reg'lar peach for looks!"

With a throbbing bound one little heart gained heaven, but consternation overwhelmed the rest, while angry protest voiced itself:

"But that baby don't know a single song!"

"What 's the dif? I 'll holler loud 'nough for two!" cried dauntless Clint.

Big eyed, Carita stood erect, breaking through Miss Earle's enfolding arms, the future woman stirring deliciously within her as she knew herself dowered with love and beauty. At Clinton's approach she dimpled ecstatically, cheeks ablaze, the world at her feet! With the morning-time freshness of life, she ran a joyous step to meet him, pink palms outspread, a dewy bliss misting the blue of her eyes. Clutching hotly her precious trophy, a broken cry, "O-h-h! Clinty!" stirred that hero's heart. Bending close to his peachy bit of a bride, he masterfully drew her arm through his and whispered:

"Now we 're 'gaged!"

"Will we be truly married like papa and mama?"

"Sure!"

"O, Clint! *Can* I name the children?"

Her glowing face moved him, but a fellow must have reserves of generosity, so he confided:

"Just the girls."

But Miss Earle, the frustrated matchmaker, interrupted their low-toned conference.

"Come, children, lead off the line!" and her voice rose with a laughing trill, followed by aspiring trebles, Clinton a whole choir in himself, while Carita's heart warbled a wordless song attuned to pure delight. Around and around the feast they marched, to flutter down into hungry little heaps of famished childhood. Carita awaited, with innate feminine tact, the moment when Clinton was eating tri-colored ice-cream, to say bewitchingly through the fragrant shelter of her great bouquet:

"We 'll have a big fambly, won't we Clinty? 'Cause papa says it 's sad for a child like me to grow up alone, and mama says, 'one but a lion.' But we 'll have 'bout a dozen, won't we Clint?"

This prospect, even seen through the glamor of a variegated frozen rapture, was too much, so the boy ejaculated:

"Gee! I can't 'ford twelve! It takes money! Why, pa says it keeps him humpin' just for us three. But I can s'port four kids."

Knowing, even at her tender age, the need of money to "s'port" children, Carita clung to her purse, inwardly vowing to save every penny till it was crammed full and she could "'ford" an extra daughter.

"Then how many *can* I name?"

"Why, half of four, o' 'course, and that 's *two!*"

His eyes loved her, though scorn shook his voice, but he felt dimly that it was best for the man to know the most as he held up the proper number of fingers. Now, all was clear and her little mother heart floated away on blissful waves of maternal dreaming.

Seeing himself forgotten, Clinton gulped ice-cream in chilly silence and darkly plotted the wisdom of not having any "kids," as he heard Carita in radiant absorption, whisperingly name her rosy digits: "E-duff — and Hor-tense — and —— "

"That 's all!" snapped the small home-founder, ruthlessly cutting short the sweet enumeration of her jewels, for he languished in benighted ignorance of the reserve potency of the magic purse.

A RETRIBUTIVE TRIP

BY

JEANNETTE COOPER

AUTHOR OF "A CANDID VIOLET," "A WASTED REHEARSAL," ETC.

"I CAN'T see the necessity for it" — stiffly — "I am quite capable of showing you Boston."

"But I wish to go on one of those 'Doing-Boston' cars. Those signs are so fascinating. Seeing the sights — Tours for Tourists — oh, thank you" — this to an agent who presented her with a printed list of the things to be seen. "Do look at this, Mr. Conant: 238 different places" — she stared at him with round eyes — "all for fifty cents. If you have n't the change, I can lend it to you." Mr. Conant frowned.

"I have sufficient money," he said with increased stiffness.

"Then run along and get the tickets." She accepted a further donation of pamphlets and glanced inquiringly at her companion who had not acted on her suggestion to run along.

"Do you think you need all those?" He indicated with much distaste her rapidly increasing store of printed matter.

"I don't suppose I shall need them all," she explained, "but I can't tell, you see, which ones I may find the most useful. I don't mind carrying them," with an implication which he did not take up.

They stood in silence for a few minutes, while the crowd waiting for the car increased. The agents vied with each other in presenting Miss Ardwell with pictures and pamphlets.

"Boston is so interesting," she said. "It was lovely of your mother to ask me to stay over, and me only a summer-resort acquaintance."

"We do not look upon you in the light of a summer-resort acquaintance," with considerable meaning in his voice.

"Oh, does n't she?" calmly changing the pronoun. "Well, that shows how uncommonly liberal she is."

"Why uncommonly liberal?" he inquired in the tone of one ready to take up a challenge.

She opened one of her folders. "Let me see what comes first," she said, with an irritating air of not having changed the subject. "Boston Common, Old South, Public Library" — she ran her eyes rapidly down the list. "Residence of Mr. Trotter. Who was Mr. Trotter?"

"I don't know," shortly.

"And you said you could show me Boston!" She returned to the list. "Faneuil Hall, State House, Statue of Paul Revere, Y. M. C. A. Building." Again she raised reproachful eyes to his. "I might have missed that," she said. She turned from him to survey the boy who stood at her elbow. "How many views in your book?" she inquired. "Does it contain the residence of Mr. Trotter? Or the Y. M. C. A. building? Then I will not take it, thank you," with regretful firmness.

Mr. Conant looked down at the slim figure in the tan dust-coat, and the stylish brown hat with its floating veil.

"Of course you are just doing this," he said, "but what I would like to know is, why?"

She wrinkled inquiring eyebrows over his lack of lucidity.

"Just doing it?" she murmured.

He stood a moment eyeing her speculatively, while she turned her thoughtful attention to the selection of souvenir postal cards.

"You have a fountain pen, have n't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Mr. Conant; then, with the expression of one who gives it up, he plunged into the crowd. When he returned, hot and irritable, she was catechising another seller of views on the subject of Mr. Trotter's house. She greeted him with a resigned shake of the head:

"Not one of them has it," she told him. "I do wish I had brought my camera."

"It is the one thing lacking," he said.

"Yes, is n't it?" She followed with blissful eyes as he strode through the crowd. "I should have liked a picture of you on the car."

"You are having an awfully good time all by yourself, are n't you?" he said, turning to help her on.

"But I am not quite by myself," amiably.

"Thank you. Are you comfortable?"

"I should like to sit on the end, I think, if you don't mind changing."

"Not at all." They made the exchange with some difficulty, and he found himself wedged in next to a fat old lady who carried as many pamphlets as Miss Ardwell, besides an umbrella and a map of Boston. Mr. Conant's expression partook of the stoical.

The car started. The guide swung his megaphone into place and began to roar out his accurate statements and misstatements. Miss Ardwell sighed ecstatically. "Don't you love history through a megaphone?" she said. "I do hope I sha'n't miss anything." She bobbed her head from side to side in her anxiety. "Tablet to somebody on the right. Episcopal church on the left. What is it noted for?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe Mr. Trotter attended service there."

"Maybe!" Mr. Conant poked an elbow into the old lady, trying to dodge Miss Ardwell's floating veil.

"I 'm afraid you are n't comfortable?" she said.

"Oh, entirely so," he rejoined.

Buildings flew by on either hand. People on the sidewalk surveyed the car with amused interest. People on the car clutched their hats and fixed their eyes on the white teeth at the end of the megaphone.

"Richest street in the world," repeated Mary in awed tones. "Fancy that! I wonder if they leave the positive and comparative degrees out of the Boston grammar. They don't need them. Everything that is n't the oldest is the largest or the richest, or the finest, but nearly everything is the oldest. I am learning such a lot of things."

Mr. Conant looked down at the brown hat. It tilted a little and a pair of innocent blue eyes met his. "I should think you would try to help me," she murmured.

"I don't think you need any help," he retorted.

"I do," she assured him. "I am so aware of my own lack since reaching Cambridge."

"Considering that we came down from the mountains only yesterday, you can't have an overwhelming sense of your shortcomings."

"Those things come like a revelation," solemnly. She looked pensively down at her list. "It was so good of your mother to send you with me to-day," she said.

"To send me," he exploded in smothered protest. "Do you suppose any one had to send me with you?"

"You must find my conversation so light. In Chicago we don't dwell much on really important subjects." The quill in her hat grazed his chin as she bent eagerly to peruse a tablet. "I never get one of them read through," she grieved. "After this, I am going to begin in the middle of every alternate one. In that way, I 'll get some beginnings and some endings even if they don't belong together." A youth with a red band on his hat turned around and smiled at this, and Mr. Conant's frown deepened. Mary was apparently unconscious of both.

"That was n't the Y. M. C. A. building, was it?" she murmured. "Oh! house hit by a bullet during the battle of—what did he say?"

"Agincourt," said Mr. Conant.

"No, it was Lexington or Bunker Hill," supplied the fat woman.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mary. She said it so cordially that the fat woman felt emboldened to wheeze inquiries at Mr. Conant whenever she in turn failed to catch the megaphoned fact and fiction. Miss Ardwell did not trust herself to look up when this occurred. She kept her dancing eyes on her list, but whenever the fat woman, awed by the polite solemnity of the young man, relapsed into silence, Miss Ardwell leaned forward and gently encouraged her.

"Finest stained glass window in the world," announced the guide.

"Ah!" murmured Mary. "I suppose Michelangelo — no — who did he say made it?" She appealed to Mr. Conant with her note-book in her lap and her pencil at her lips.

"I don't know."

The fat woman leaned forward across him. "It was some woman," she said anxiously, "but I did n't catch the name."

"Oh, it was a woman?" said Mary. "Then it was either Betsy Ross or Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Thank you." She made an entry in her note-book. The fat woman eyed her doubtfully. The young man with the red hat band turned around with another smile and the air of one who would fain offer help, but observing Mr. Conant's face refrained.

The car whizzed through unpleasant slums and aristocratic suburbs. A hot wind blew dust and odors into their faces. The man behind the megaphone poured directions and information unceasingly into their tired ears. The fat woman was getting hopelessly at sea. The man with the gaudy hat band was looking less and less at the guide and more and more at Mary.

"Memorial Hall, Cambridge," bellowed the megaphone, "built in ——"

"Dear me! Where is he?" fluttered the fat woman. "I thought we were in Dorchester." She held up her list to Mr. Conant, pointing with her fat, red forefinger. He found the place for her with grave endurance.

"If we get off here," he said to Mary, "we can walk home. It is only a few squares."

Mary surreptitiously wiped the dust out of her eyes and repressed a sigh of relief. "As you like," she said in the tone of one who knows what is due a host. "We are not nearly through, of course. I should think it would hurt his feelings to have people get off. It looks as if we did not like it."

Mr. Conant stopped the car with a grim face and descended. He helped Miss Ardwell down, and lifted his hat to the fat woman.

"Oh, there's a tablet," exclaimed Mary. "Who —— "

"I don't know whose it is," said Mr. Conant; "this is the way." He spoke with much decision, and took her arm to help her across the street.

"It may be somebody's grandfather," said Mary. John was ruminatively silent. "We might have had a nice afternoon together on the river," he said presently.

"Instead of which we had a nice afternoon together on the car," brightly.

"Of course I don't for a moment believe that you wanted to travel around in that car for pleasure," sternly.

"You are so quick," she murmured.

"It was some sort of punishment for me," he went on.

She glanced at him with admiration. He gloomed a moment in silence. "I have n't had a chance to say two words to you all day," he complained.

Miss Ardwell was busy arranging her pamphlets so that they would be less burdensome.

"I believe you did it on purpose," he continued. She shifted the pamphlets again.

"Shall I carry them?" ungraciously.

"Oh, if you please. They are getting so heavy." She handed them over promptly.

"What do you want to keep them for?"

"Why to remember a pleasant day," her tone was one of surprise.

They walked two shady blocks without further words. Mr. Conant's expression showed that he was not intending to try any further remarks.

"After all," said Mary, "you need not have made such a fuss about going. We did not meet Miss Winthrop or any of your friends."

"I was not thinking of meeting Miss Winthrop," he said.

"No?" said Mary. "She is very delightful." Another long silence. "I was so interested in hearing you talk of your grandfathers last evening." He flushed: "I am sorry you were bored," he said. "Esther is interested in genealogical subjects."

"Bored!" protested Miss Ardwell. "I liked it of all things. I was going to tell her that my grandfather kept a grocery store in Elgin, but I did not get the opportunity. After being frivolous all summer it is a relief to get into a subject of real importance."

He flushed again. The habit was one of his trials. Esther Winthrop always tactfully ignored it. Mary Ardwell always looked at him with an enjoying gaze. "It is becoming," she had assured him early in their acquaintance. "It makes you look such a nice boy."

Now they walked another block in silence. He was wrathfully trying to read the puzzle of Miss Ardwell's mind.

"You do not like Miss Winthrop," he said finally.

"Like her?" said Mary. "I sat all the evening and admired her in that Paris gown with a halo of grandfathers around her."

"You do not like her," he repeated astutely. "I can see that plainly."

"You are quite mistaken," said Miss Ardwell. "I find her very enjoyable. She told me how you used to take her canoeing."

"Yes, we were brought up together. I was so disappointed last night not to take you as we had planned, but of course Miss Winthrop's coming made it impossible." He paused, stung with a delayed but delightful thought. "Is that why —" he began; and then he stopped, and dropped the pamphlets over a stone-wall into somebody's garden.

"Don't walk so fast, Mary," he said. "You 've paid your debt with interest. I have n't had a chance all day to speak to you. But now that I know why you did it ——"

Mary flashed a denying glance at him, but he only laughed. Evidently his own perspicacity was a pleasant thought to Mr. Conant.

"Never mind the reason," he said. "Never mind the blush either. It makes you look such a nice girl. Will you go canoeing to-night?"

Mary pulled a red leaf from the vine that hung over the wall.

"Miss Winthrop spoke of coming over with a book for your mother," she said.

Mr. Conant shut his firm mouth.

"It does n't make any difference," he announced, "if all Boston comes. Will you go?"

Mary looked at her red leaf, and was silent.

"Won't you, Mary?" This time the tone was anxious.

"Why, yes," said Mary. "if you want me to."

"If I want you to!" He laughed out jubilantly.

"But," said Mary, demurely, "can't three people go canoeing?"

"Not to-night," said Mr. Conant, decidedly.

A SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

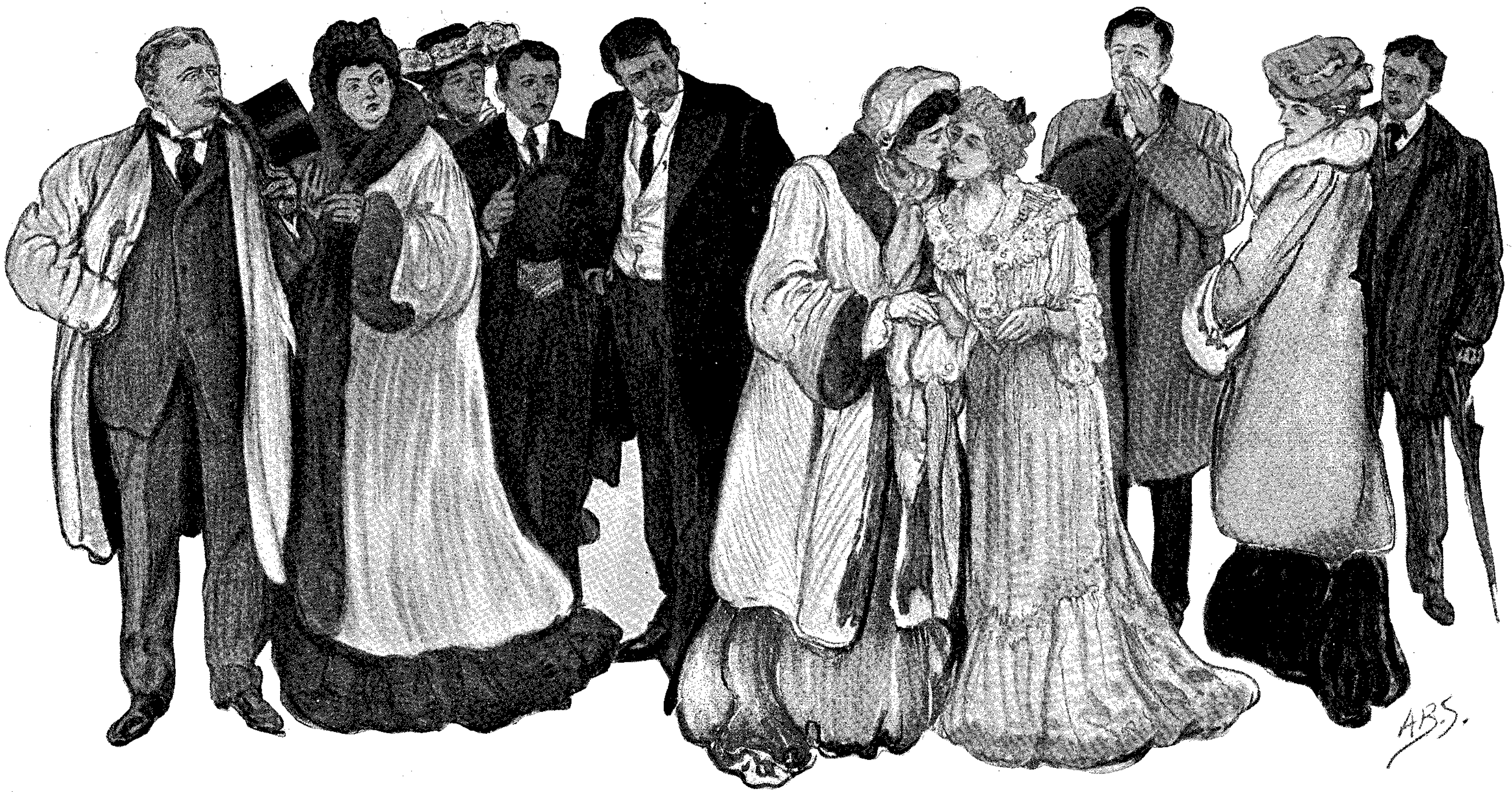
WHITE in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travelers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

"A Shropshire Lad."



"SHE ROSE STAUNCHLY SUPERIOR TO THE PETTY, YET EXCRUCIATING ENTANGLEMENT OF THE SITUATION"